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AMONG THE MASSES;

OR,

WORK IN THE WYND.

By

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Glasgow.



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1867.

BV2875

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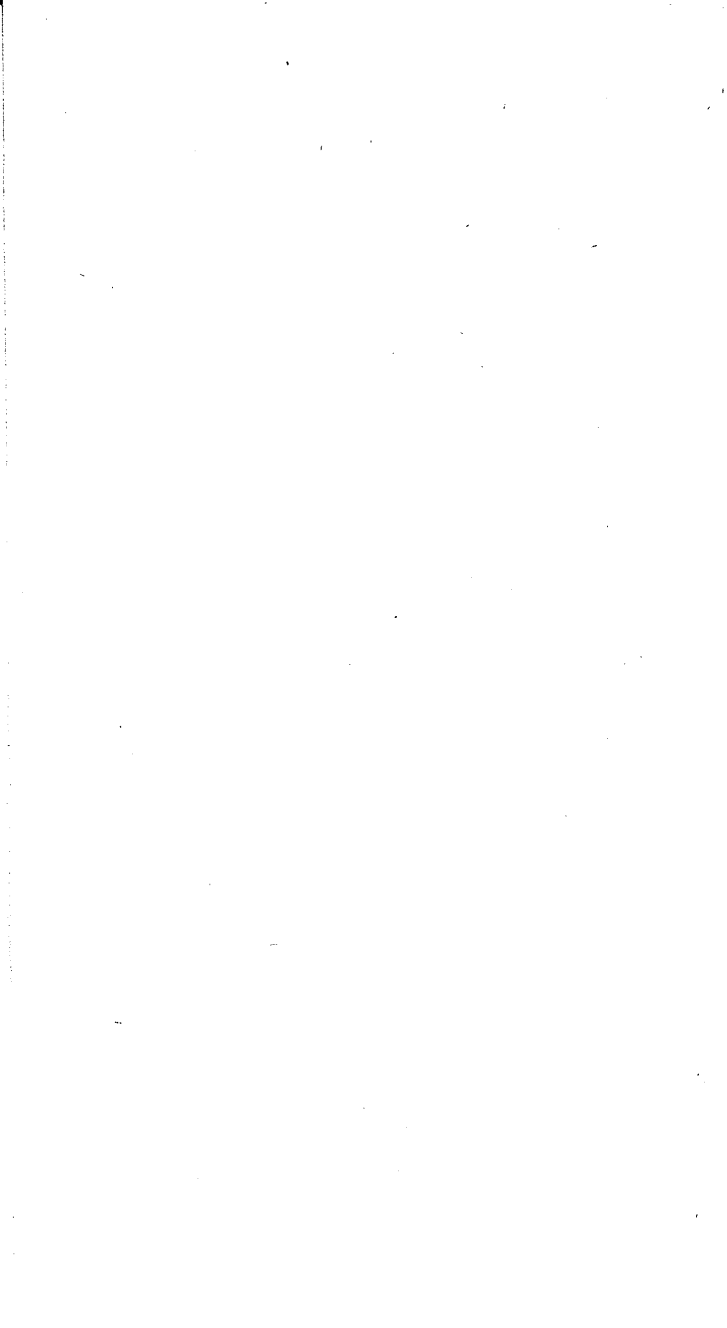
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I.

"Then said He unto the disciples, It is impossible but that offences will come; but woe unto him through whom they come! And the apostles said unto the Lord, Increase our faith. And the Lord said, If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might say unto this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up by the root, and be thou planted in the sea; and it should obey you. But which of you, having a servant ploughing or feeding cattle, will say unto him by and by, when he is come from the field, Go and sit down to meat? and will not rather say unto him, Make ready where-with I may sup, and gird thyself, and serve me." . . . Luke xvii., 1-10.



LUKE arranges the Discourses of our Lord, to a considerable extent, in accordance with their consecution of thought. He does not, thereby, confuse the order in which they were spoken as to time; but he makes the words of Jesus to grow out of one another, rather than as in an almanac to be associated merely with particular days. He did not require to discover, for this purpose, some artificial theory. Each discourse, individually complete, forms part of a larger design. He had only to examine his Master's words, like the separate jewels for a crown, in order to fit them into their places. The links and nicely fitted joints are not on the surface; but may readily be seen by careful handling and skilful eye. The jewel is set before the eye; but the setting is worth seeing too.

The parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus precedes the parables of this discourse, and prepares for them. We have there suggested to us what

has been hitherto the ordinary relation between rich and poor. Sickness, hunger and sores, are laid at the rich man's gate. He, in his purple and fine linen, fares sumptuously every day. Some crumbs that fall from his table are carried to Lazarus; but the dogs lick the sores. Blessed, nevertheless, have been many among the poor; and how hardly do they that have riches enter the kingdom of heaven.

The Lord has been thinking and speaking of all this, and he sees many scandals at which men stumble. There is a sea of such offences; it ebbs and flows, but there it must be. It were better to have a millstone about one's neck, and thus be cast into that sea, than that he should add one drop to its bitter brawling billows. Therefore, let us take heed to ourselves. If offences come in our way, let us not add to them; let us rather drain them off by brotherly rebuke and forgiveness. Well might we, thinking of all this, exclaim, "Lord, Increase our faith." The more we see of the world's evil, and know how inevitable it is, the more we must turn back upon the Lord as our only hope. But our Lord seems to remind us that we must have faith in faith itself, that we must live, work,

conquer by faith. We must use faith as our Aaron's rod—stretched over the sea, and making a way towards the land of promise. Especially must this be done as to offences. We must have faith in the meekness, faithfulness, forgivingness of Christ as the truest and strongest life. We must not go back upon the natural strength of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. We must not call up our pride and desire of vengeance. We must not make use of the serpent's fang, pressing out the poison as we use the tongue. We must not only have faith, but use it. For faith is more powerful than it seems. Small as a grain of mustard seed it has marvellous vital force; especially applied to offences, plucking up mountains and casting them into forgetfulness, or plucking up strong roots and planting them in depths, amid what tends naturally only to confuse and break and drown, and where such growth seems impossible. If ye had faith of this kind, ye might say to this sycamine tree, Be thou plucked up and planted, and IT SHOULD OBEY YOU. For faith does not work by physical force; but by words of divine power that find the ear of living and dead things, and that give them ability

and willingness to obey. Faith thus can move among impossibilities or things naturally inevitable, and command as it has learned obedience.

But in this kind of work, we must take heed to ourselves. In thus commanding, we are servants, not masters. We must not offend with secret pride or self-elation. We are not to think of what we have done, so much as of what we are commanded. We may have our ploughing or our pasturing, but at the close of each day's work, as at the beginning, we are not our own. For this work is never done, because the obligation to obey is never interrupted and never exhausted. In the end, having done all we could find to do, as well as all we were asked to do, let us say, We are unprofitable servants. We have done that which was our duty. What we have is of grace. Our doing does not deserve anything. If we could do all commanded, it would be only our duty. We can have no surplus due to us from the Lord; for we are always in debt, and paid far in advance. We began His service by being made servants in the most absolute sense, being born and bought for service. Even then, when deserving nothing—before we had done a hand's turn—we received

God's unspeakable gift, we were made heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ Jesus.

The work of faith, in the presence of inevitable offences, is mainly a work of ploughing and of feeding. The Lord's servants have to commence with and keep at the field of the world, and the life there committed to their care. The field is often only a few well fenced acres, with steading and offices, and such stock and labour as seem adequate to keep things agoing. Such is the ordinary aspect of church work. New fields are taken in, no doubt, and improvements adopted; but there is a large portion of human life at home and abroad that seems to many Christian workers no more fitted for ploughing and feeding cattle than the sea. The Church is thus apt to get like the Rich Man, with Lazarus and the dogs at his door.

Yet, if the parables here have any meaning, there is a divine possibility of overcoming things otherwise impossible. It is possible not only to sail over this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable both small and great, where go and go down the ships; whence rise the billows and the storms ready to swallow up even the

bark in which Christ and his disciples are passing from one point to another; but it is also possible to pluck up great roots of life and plant them in this same sea. If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye might do it.

But this work of faith is not merely the work of ploughing and feeding cattle. It is personal service to the Master, in such wise that in the weariest hour, when you are ready for supper and sleep, you must gird yourself and serve Him. You have the ordinary work and the ordinary day, and you come home weary; but, unexpectedly, you find that the Master needs you. You are in the presence of materials from which you can make ready His meal. You must gird yourself and serve Him. Afterwards you will eat and drink. Faith alone will not do this: but how cheerfully will love!

This is precisely the kind of work most needed in a world full of inevitable offences, in which you must forgive, not a foe merely, but a brother seventy times seven every day. And when you have done all this, you are to say, We are unprofitable servants. Do you think this hard? Suppose you had a servant. Suppose you had

one born in your house, or bought with your money. Whether you demanded this kind of service or not, would you not feel that you *might* demand it? Something very like this is the case in domestic service, so that often there is no limit to the time of work, and no thanks of any kind for the most protracted and precious service. Of many an earthly master we may truly say, Doth he thank that servant? I trow not. Is this then the case with your Master? Has He no thought for your weariness, no care for your weakness? Does He look the selfish and thankless master that is always exacting without the least consideration for your strength and comfort? I trow not. But in this profound and exquisite parable, the Master reminds us that we serve Him only indirectly in many things. We are, like slaves, hired out. And, therefore, much is exacted of us in present circumstances, while He is absent, or only present by deputy, that never would be demanded if He were present. What a blessed service if we had to minister directly only to Him! Would He ever take the least service from us without a blessing? He will one day speak of a cup of cold water given to one of the least of His

brethren, and bless us for it. The parable thus opens to us a profound view of true Christian work. Such work is never done till the day is done; and not always then, for the day may be stretched into the night, and our rest postponed to an hour nearer the morning. Again and again every true worker will find, often when least expecting, when he is weary and in need of rest and renewed strength, that the Master calls him to further service. Blessed is that servant whom the Master finds willing and ready. And as He is now invisible, there must be some visible service, visible at least to faith, in which we may make ready that He may sup, some service in which our expected enjoyment is postponed and another and better substituted, in which our loins have to be girt as for work that needs all our collected activity and strength. Such a thought points to occasional, perhaps to very frequent opportunities of doing special personal service to the Lord, service that prepares first what will be food offered to Him, and that entails also the gladness of waiting while we see our humble preparation accepted.

Christian life must always bear this double

aspect of devoted waiting on the Lord Himself, and unwearied attention to the work He gives us to do. There is much work we shall decline to attempt, or fail to continue, unless we feel that in doing it we are doing personal service to the Lord. Much of the work to be done among the poor, the sick, the sunken, the morally weak and dead, the ignorant, the criminal, the haters of goodness and the despisers of righteousness, will present such real difficulty and awaken such dislike, that unless we see personal service to Christ in all this, we shall not gird ourselves for such work, nor postpone for it our own rest and refreshment. The same remark will often apply to the spirit in which we have to co-operate with others in the most benevolent and evangelistic enterprises. We would not readily grudge the ploughing and the pasturing, when especially we can have some distinct department in the field-work to ourselves; but when we come home, having to fit in with others of the household, in committees and church courts; or to meet misunderstandings and misjudgments, jealousies and prejudices; to get organizations for labour arranged, or to keep the wheels in motion; to supply material for repair

when some part gives way, or to submit to improvements and general overhaul of our methods of work; unless here also we hear the Master saying, Gird thyself and serve Me; afterward thou shalt eat and drink, we shall be too often ready to throw up our work and retire from the most important engagements.

The Christian Church, whatever may be its form of government, has everywhere substantially the same fellowship for life and labour. The more this is developed the more will offences arise; and as these are rightly removed will the life be invigorated and the labour become more effective and fruitful in results. Just as the body when engaged in active exercise brings into play nearly all the important muscles with their intricate relative organism, causing necessarily waste of tissue and exhaustion of force, but at the same time whetting the appetite and preparing thus, by food and repose, for a healthy repair and growth of the vital elements; so, when a Church gets thus into its proper work, will there be continual occasions when a deterioration of structure and spirit will seem to result; but if this is met by the word and prayer, by increased unselfishness and

brotherly affection and courtesy, the available life and labour will appreciably increase.

The Christian Church is essentially based on the strongest associative principle. It is on set purpose opposed to all that separates men and renders them selfish and sluggish. It is connected in this with the highest possible motives, with the largest possible resources, with the widest possible aims, and with the simplest possible methods. The rich and the poor may here meet together, for the very foundation of a Church is the coming of the Richest to be one with the poor. The Church lays hold of the most powerful natural elements in the individual and in the community—on the faith, the conscience, the heart; on birth, marriage, death; on the family, the school, the state; fitting in to the best, and making it better; laying hold of the worst, and making the most of it; doing great and immediate miracles by simple words and loving deeds; and yet laying hold upon years and ages as the framework for a web of wondrous design and perpetual value; especially does it suit the necessities of the multitudes that live by labour, and who form, meantime, the great majority of the human race. The Church, to these,

is the entrance into a new kingdom, in which there is room to rise from the lowest to the highest place, in which there is scope for every gift and help for every generous enterprise, in which there are days of rest without toil, the earnest of a better life in a better world.

This may suffice by way of preface to this Book. It is about planting churches among the dark, seething, sea-like depths of city life; *planting* churches, not building them of stone and lime merely, but of Christian men and women and little children; churches planted and built up like sycamine trees, with great strong roots that must lay wide firm grasp of human life if they are to stand; and must have, by root and leaf, close fellowship with the rain and sun of heaven if they are to stand not bare and barren, but green, growing and fruitful. It is both about how this may be done, and how this has been done. Principles have, through years of faith and patience, been put to the test of experiment; and now some of these roots are plucked up that they may be still further PLANTED IN THE SEA.

II.

"But does not every community contain a numerous class . . . heterogeneous and helpless, inorganic and unserviceable, constituted of the uncounted multitude that has filtered down? . . . The existence of this inorganic multitude—this undefined, undefinable, unintended, and nevertheless this constant body, must be distinctly recognized in a community that would think itself to be in a hopeful state . . . and not merely recognized, but held constantly in view, and cared for."

THE WYNDY OF GLASGOW are in the heart of the city, long, narrow, filthy, airless lanes, with every available inch of ground on each side occupied with buildings, many of them far gone, yet packed from cellar to garret with human life. Glasgow began its history in the middle ages, first as a fishing village by the banks of the Clyde, and then as the seat of an archbishop, whose castle and cathedral, with various convents, crowned the heights toward the north. The university by and by was reared midway in the High or main Street leading down to the river, and the lordly houses of the nobles and lairds of the surrounding country gradually ranged themselves between. The Wynds, grouped near the Laigh or Low Kirk, otherwise St. Mary's, called also the Tron, because of the weights and measures tested there, were at first the streets, clean though narrow, between the well built mansions with their

gardens and orchards that gave air and room for life. These Wynds opened from the Trongate into the Bridgegate, and for many a day the good city clustered around. In the Bridgegate, close to the main bridge, were the mansions of lairds and merchants. Here stood the first Merchants' Hall, beside which rose, two hundred years ago, the noble spire that still looks down upon the Guildry Court, and which has seen the city, then of 8000 inhabitants, spread almost out of sight with its present half a million. Among the churches early planted was the Wynd church, a large and much frequented place of worship, where the judges on circuit went, and where the fashion and wealth of the city appeared. So much was this the case, that even in modern times the young men who cared little for religion would jest about going to the High Kirk in the morning, and to the Wynd (wine) in the afternoon!

But gradually as the city extended, the Wynds fell into other hands. St. Andrew's Square, to the east of the Saltmarket, for long the Buchanan Street or Regent Street of Glasgow, and Glassford, Virginia, and Miller Streets received into larger mansions the richer men, and the orchards

and green places in the Wynds became built over to make the most of the ground. The Wynds thus became arteries to long winding veins or *closes*, as they are fitly called, running up and down through the thick built spaces dense with flesh and blood; and only thereabout, when you carefully felt your way, could you make out any vital pulse at all. At length, some sixty or seventy years ago, the Wynd church was removed and its site turned into the Kail (or green) Market, and the present St. George's was built in Buchanan Street; many of the people bewailing that it was removed so far into the country! But even then, there were many respectable families in the Wynds living in the old roomy houses, with their dark wainscot and marble chimney pieces, families whose sons are now among the merchant princes. But these families also moved to other newer streets and squares, and the old houses became sub-divided and sub-let to humbler people. Yet still, in the memory of persons lately or now living, the voice of psalms and family worship, morning and evening, was heard from many a dwelling there. The Tron Church still remained a favourite place of worship. It was near the Old Exchange

and the Cross, and when Dr. Chalmers preached his famous sermons there, on the Thursday afternoons, the church was crowded with the best of the city, breathless under his burning words. During his ministry the Wynds could not be forgotten. Many a merchant and lawyer was induced to spend some hours in the week visiting the poor and teaching their children. Men like David Stow, the founder of Normal Schools, who first reduced his theory to practice there, laboured for years and not in vain; for after they had ceased through age and infirmities to devote their time and strength, their hearts would warm at the mention of the wynd or close where they had laboured for years; and they would delight to tell how, out of their thirty or forty Sabbath scholars, so many had become ministers, or doctors, or merchants, or in humbler places were married and living godly lives at home or abroad.

But still the Wynds deteriorated. Many a building yielding a large rental was left without repair. From the influx of thousands of Roman Catholics from Ireland; from there being so many dark devious dens to which the thief and the harlot, like beasts of prey, could retire, and from

which, as night came down, they might creep out to seek their prey; from the gradual exclusion to a large extent from the district, of the sober, industrious, God-fearing native element; from the multiplication of whisky-shops; from the wild orgies of Saturday night and the annual saturnalia of the Fair (rather the foul) holidays, with their shows and dancing booths; from the old churches gradually losing their hold of the district by losing the members that lived in it and watched over it; from all such reasons the Wynds became worse and worse every year. The Tron Parish Church before the Disruption, and the Tron Free Church after, under the pastorate of Dr. Robert Buchanan, still held up the old flag, and continued to lead successive regiments—all volunteers as for a forlorn hope—to rescue even the few that still might be saved. In addition to the Parish School, relinquished with the Parish Church, Dr. Buchanan by the help of various friends had purchased a candle manufactory in the Old Wynd at a cost of £1100, and had turned it into a school. Another was opened in a hay-loft in the Bridgegate. Sabbath Schools were organized for children and adults; an unusually able missionary, James Hogg,

full of quaint humour, tender human sympathy, and graphic power of speech, was appointed; and finally, through the Free Church Building Society, a new Wynd Church was projected, and was opened in 1854 on part of the old historic site. It was in the previous year that I was introduced to the work. As a divinity student drawing near the close of my preparations for the ministry, I wished to add to my curriculum the practical studies, which could best be carried on in such a district; as a medical student would in the hospital and by the bedsides of the poor.

I shall never forget my first impressions of the houses I visited and the people gathered out to be taught. The old candle work, whatever it did in its first condition, was not, even now in its second, making much appreciable difference on the darkness of the district. I have not forgotten the pithy words with which I was greeted among my first efforts by an experienced Sabbath School teacher of the Free Tron—"Ah, Sir, its awfu' work this. The folks here are like rotten wood, they winna haud the nail!" Mr Hogg spent a day with me in redding the marches of my future work—a field of twelve acres closely covered with 12,000 souls—

and thus helping me to some insight into the variety of the soil. Our first visit was to an upper room, which we reached by climbing half a dozen dirty, crazy stairs. From the upper staircase window we could see the old crow-stepped gables of neighbouring tenements, and the broken chimney pots over many a roof. My friend without ceremony lifted the latch, and stood like the sudden apparition from another world before the startled group within. Standing in his shadow, I photographed the faces and fixed the impression. The room was large, but with bare walls, and without chair or table. A few bricks in the fireplace had been blackened by an occasional fire. The boards of the "set-in" bed had evidently been turned into fuel, and only a few rags and a little straw lay in the corner. Three persons sat on the floor with a broken bottle and a couple of broken tea cups. They were drinking as we entered, and a cup hung suspended in the hand of one to be duly photographed. The householder—a little wizened man of fifty—sat opposite the door; his wife, about the same age, with a draggled dress and dirty mutch, from which her untidy hair escaped, sat close to him; and with

his back to us sat a stranger in good black dress, and with thin silky grey hair falling over a forehead that bore the marks of some culture. We learned afterwards that he had once been well off, because well to do, with a dozen men in his employment; but here, under the spell of the old tempting spirit, he was in the midst of another spree. The old wizened face belonged to the Mission, and needed looking after. "Weel Jamie," said Mr. Hogg in startling reproachful tones, "Hoo are ye getting on?" The old man startled, and now in sober earnest, dropping the cup from his hand, with what remained of its contents, cried, "Jist gaun to the deevil again, Maister Hogg." His wife, still seated, put her fists in fighting attitude, and dealt imaginary blows upon the face of her husband, rebuking him the while for using such language to the gentlemen. Her husband, apparently accustomed to the accompaniments of her oratory, remained unmoved, telling some of the sad events that had filled the days since last out at the Service. His wife, however, continued to interpose with tongue and hand, insisting that the place of such a sinner was to sit silent and listen; till her husband at length

ordering her to be quiet, she retired obedient to his authoritative tone; but still, for the rest of the interview, she continued occasionally her manual exercise behind him, punching in imagination her husband's head (indeed matrimonially her own) in most artistic fashion.

Another visit was paid to a dingy garret, where, in a corner on a bundle of rags, stirred at our approach what seemed at first in the dark a great black dog, but was in reality an old woman, blind and infirm, lying there most of the day, while her only son was out at work. I asked her why she was not in the Poor-House, where she would be at least kept tidy and in some comfort. She said she would never go there, if she could help it, and "her boy," who earned but a few shillings, agreed with her. As we passed out, we saw two or three books on the window-sill below the little cobwebbed window. One of them I found to be a well-thumbed copy of Horace! It was his daily portion.

One among many introductions made that day I must not omit. In Margaret's Place we entered a dark but decent room, where an old blind woman lived alone. She was nearly eighty years of age;

her nose and chin nearly met, and long elfin locks, half black and half grey, gave her a weird appearance. She belonged, as Highlanders say, to Western Ross, and had settled in Glasgow a good many years before, a happy wife and mother. At Mr. Hogg's request, she told me in broken English some passages from her life. She had come to the city, she said, full—and now she was empty; but the Lord had blessed her with Himself. In her worldly prosperity she had no real knowledge of God, and felt no need beyond her husband and her six bonnie lasses. First one, then another of these daughters was taken away and hidden in the grave. As one after another was removed, she only blasphemed the Great Disposer. What were they to Him, she said, and they were everything to me! She would sit daily on their grave, weeping for them, and turning with bitter words on Him. She seemed to weep herself blind. He took away the sight of my eyes, she said, but I made my man lead me still to the grave, and I said I can feel it yet, although I cannot see. Often in the winter days she thus thrust her fingers through the snow. At length, she said, He took away the feeling of my hands to the

elbows, and then He gave feeling to my heart, and I knew that He had done all things well. Some time after this her husband was taken away, but she was then strong in faith, and helped with her own hands to put the dead body of the good man in his coffin. On telling of the goodness of her Maker as her Husband, amid her accumulated griefs, she said: Some time before my husband's death, I dreamed that three bonnie leddies came to my bed-side, and said that they were to bring me a husband. I said I had one already: my man was lying beside me. They went away, and a bonny man, like a gentleman's son, came and said, Will you marry me? I said I would not; but at length he persuaded me, and he put his hand in mine, and it was small and soft as the hand of a child. I never saw him again, and never will till I cross the Jordan. But one day after my man was dead, and I was sitting at the fire alone and grieving, thinking how desolate and helpless I was, a hand was laid on my shoulder. I was not asleep, but waking as I am now; and the same voice I had heard before said, Dinna greet, dinna greet: I'm your Stewart, (her name was Stewart,) I'm your Stewart now, and there will be no scrimp where

my hand is: and He has kept His word until this day.

Among studies like these I spent my summer vacation. I often visited in these times thirty and forty houses in a day; now standing beside a woman busy at her washing-tub, speaking about the things of her peace till she would wipe the soap-suds from her arms and then the tears from her eyes: again, sitting beside the shoemaker or the tailor, urging them to arise and seek the Lord, and getting perhaps the usual promise, I'll may be give you a call! The hall in which the Sabbath service was held gradually filled up, mainly with poor fallen and infirm souls, but gradually also with younger and more hopeful material. In that summer, the foundation of the Wynd Church was laid by the generous and humane William Campbell of Tullichewan, a man who spent half of his large income for years before his death in good and noble work. At all events, he helped to build us this synagogue. I stood with many others that day on the walls then rising up among these ruins, and I shall never forget one glimpse of surrounding things. Some minister was pouring forth an earnest dedication prayer.

My eye caught the face of many a poor wretch at neighbouring windows and stair-heads looking wistfully on; but while petitions were going up, two women commenced to fight, tearing at each other's hair, and their earnest cries went up also with ours, and mingled with our amen!

The work of visiting such a district was by no means pleasant to the eyes or to any of the senses. In the hot summer days, among ill-ventilated rooms and badly-drained closes, it required considerable courage to face such well-defended walls; and often by the bed-side of the dying, how depressing it was to see the coverlet crowded with flies, and not a hand to keep from the clammy face the tormentors that would not admit repose. My first visit to such a case broke me down. The man was old, had been decent and industrious, but knew little of Christ. He was ignorant of many terms in common use among those accustomed to read and hear the Bible; and, as a divinity student, I got one of my first lessons in opening the ears of the deaf and the eyes of the blind. I got my own eyes opened too, when I found my bottle of wine

had been drained by a drunken daughter, and not a drop given to her dying father!

Such lessons as these made it necessary to watch lest the heart should get hardened, as the surgeon sometimes gets through familiarity with suffering. I found that garments and petticoats made by a Dorcas as devoted and beloved as the original, and bibles too, would find their way to the pawn shop, if the half-price at which they were sold would admit of turning a penny. In these sad depths, application would be made to a medical dispensary for a bitter draught, if there was the chance of getting a bottle to the bargain! The cases of typhus and of cholera were most trying; especially as on entering some low cellar you were met by the salvo of an infected atmosphere well rammed home, with no possible escape but by the way you entered. Yet now with fourteen years' work in such a district, and never refusing the cry of trouble, I have scarcely had an hour's headache in consequence. With regard to this and a kindred subject, my experience may encourage some more timid fellow-labourer. A few years ago I was introduced to a somewhat famous preacher of the metropolis in order to give him

some information about Mission work. He received me in very stately fashion, and among other inquiries asked: "And—ah—do you visit yourself—all those dark, dirty places?"

"Yes."

"And are you not afraid of the—ah—those creatures that must abound there?"

"Well, I try to make this a work of faith; and you know the promise of the ninety-first Psalm: 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night!'"*

As an illustration of the grim humour to be found in such a district, among all its wretchedness and tears, and to render unnecessary any further reference to the plagues that still accompany the unbelief and hard-heartedness of our spiritual Egypt, from which the poorest of our Israel ought to be free, I may mention what occurred during one of my visiting days. I had entered a house in the Laigh Kirk Close, and noticed that it had undergone some extraordinary transformation. The wooden walls had been

* The old English Bible by Rogers of 1537, commonly called Matthew's Bible, translates the verse: "So that thou shalt not neede to be afraied for any bygges by night."

rudely coloured, and the joints of the boards were marked by deep black lines.

"Ye're looking at my wa's," said the woman.

"Yes. What sort of ornament is this you have introduced?"

"Na, na; we dinna meddle meikle with the ornamental here. Its for use; and I'll explain by telling ye what my nee'bour woman below said to me yesterday. 'Mrs. Alexander,' says she, 'what hae ye been doin' wi' yer boags? It seems to me they've made a general emigration on us doon below, and they're a' as black as sweeps!'"

She had brushed some fine warm pitch into the seams, and had made her lodgers flit! Such is one form that the battle of life assumes sometimes among the poor.

I find among some papers relating to this early period of my work in the Wynds, a Report which I prepared by request of Dr. Buchanan, to lay before a meeting of his congregation in the City Hall. It was drawn up in March, 1853, after I had been engaged for ten months in visiting the district and making my first experiments in Home Mission Work. I shall present only a few paragraphs, by way of indicating the impressions I had

then taken of the work, and the stage to which the Mission had then been carried.

Somewhat more than four years have now elapsed, I said, since your Mission work, at least under its present form, was commenced in the Wynds. In a few weeks the Wynd Church will be opened. Your scheme was then launched, somewhat like the small fleet of Columbus, to discover through unsounded waters a new world. I do not know whether any here murmured at the length of the voyage, or doubted the possibility of final success; but I am sure not even Columbus occupied a nobler position when he first stepped ashore, than did your leader when, a few months ago, he laid the foundation of the Wynd Church, and planted the Cross on a site once more regained to Christian effort and hope. The work of these last four years has thus far gained the end at first proposed; but this is only the basis on which to build other results. The present position of your Mission suggests, therefore, a brief glance at the past and the future.

But the work of the missionary is not one which can be easily set forth in its details. What he has expended and realized cannot be easily

audited. His work is amid the wastes of an ocean but seldom visited, and is known and prized like the coral islands of the South Sea, only when an abundant vegetation attracts the voyager of after times. The merchant or manufacturer may find from his ledger the state of his affairs; but the journal of the missionary cannot record all his daily transactions, nor can he, at the end of the year, run up the columns of his accounts and put in figures his profit and loss. He has made many adventures, for which no return has yet been received. Some still float upon the waves, and contrary winds may long defer his hopes or wreck them within sight of shore. His life, in some respects like that of the soldier, always needing courage and patience, often needing daring and a sort of recklessness of life in the hour when a battle has to be waged and a victory won, is seldom attended with the same stirring music. The soldier as he goes off to battle is cheered with loud huzzahs, and is welcomed when he returns by congratulations and rewards; but the missionary has often to go forth with the sympathy of very few, and amid the doubts or murmuring of very many; he has first to prove

that his work is needful before he gets the resources for properly attempting it; he has no brilliant achievements with which to feed the enthusiasm of the people; nor has he often hair-breadth escapes to make his work heroic. An attack of fever or of small-pox is very different from one with rifle or sword. Most of his labour is so commonplace that it would scarce bear recital, and would not merely fail to interest the general public, but would cool the enthusiasm of nine-tenths of the men that might honestly try to do it. That smaller portion of his time which is connected with a higher class of duties and motives is productive of such apparently insignificant, because graduated results, that unless to those who can wait as well as work, the work will soon become impossible. To the active, waiting is the most difficult of all work. To do some great thing by one grand stroke, will become an impulse to a much larger class of minds than to accomplish the same result by a daily repetition of humble duties. But in Home Mission work the grand stroke, if ever it is to be achieved, must be preceded by many that may seem to miss the aim and only beat the

air. For that, we must not only wait, but wait working.

In this work strong faith is needed, and an enthusiasm proof against the indifference of the world and the partial coldness of the church. The man that would have even a probability of success, requires to combine most opposite extremes of character. Active, yet patient; decided, rapid, and as some would think impetuous in his movements, without being injudicious, like a well trained steed that at its swiftest pace can feel the rein, and be made to stand like a statue till a touch start it again. He must be kind, and yet sometimes seem cold, that he may sympathise with the needy and be proof against the designing. Frank and open, that the most timid may approach and speak without stammering; and yet of sufficient firmness not to descend below the level of Christian manhood. With a firm grasp of the guiding principles of life and of the great truths of the Gospel, he should be able with simplicity and point, in plain and earnest language to speak to the heart. Besides all this, there is need of readiness in resources, and a quickness to seize on opportunities which occur but once to most men, and by their sudden

appearance test a man's fitness for his place and his time. He should have a ready sympathy with all pure delights, and while sensitive to all that is most beautiful and good, should not be too easily driven from duty by the reverse. He should be able to awaken sometimes in the dreary dens of vice a yearning for the sanctities of home; and amid the dinginess and dirt of unswept courts, and the stifling air of unventilated rooms; and beneath a dark leaden sky that looks on no verdure and ripens no bloom, he should be able easily to recal thoughts as if newly gathered from the haunts of summer, and make some desolate heart feel as if he came from Araby the Blest, with its odours still lingering about him.

If you had in the Wynds the worst field selected for your work, you were fortunate to secure in Mr. Hogg one of the best workmen; and in now looking at the present position of the Mission and its prospects of further success, and knowing something of the nature of the work and the qualities necessary for its proper execution, I feel that it is not possible to do justice in a few words to the pioneer, who first, in this fresh effort, felt his way through the labyrinths of

the Wynds, and wore a path by repeated visits so well defined that none that follow him can miss the way. From his graphic pictures and stirring appeals, you have long been familiar with the general aspect of the work and the nature of the various agencies in operation. I need not speak of the School, the Sabbath Evening Classes, the Mission Services, the Library, the Savings' Bank, the Dorcas Society, the Visitation from house to house. When you remember the difficulties attending your first efforts, the meetings of six or a dozen individuals, the labour spent on each and lost on many, the mental indolence and incapacity, and the moral indifference and deadness which characterized the mass that had to be moved, the stolid listlessness which met the pathos, the untaught eloquence, and even the tears of your Missionary; when you contrast the influence felt now here and there throughout the parish, even by those who have not only no sympathy, but have some antipathy to the work; when you look at those who have been reclaimed to decency, sobriety, industry, and godliness, you can best read in the present the history of the past.

The Tron Parish, you are aware, contains

about 12,000 souls; about 8000 of these perhaps are Roman Catholic, whom your agency is inadequate to attempt. From the remaining 4000 nominally Protestant, if you set apart 800 as church-going, you have still at least 3200 on whom your missionary efforts may be reasonably expended. But of these, at least one-half are almost hopelessly sunk in vice, and with your agency, limited as it is in relation to the stupendous difficulty of dealing with this class, little can be done, though much has been attempted. Like treacherous quicksands, they are in constant motion, and treasures of labour and wealth would disappear as fast as they were poured in. Looking then at the remaining 1600 or 2000 thus roughly estimated, considered within reach of your agency, what, it may be asked, has now been done? We have, you are aware, three services on the Lord's-Day. At the morning service, 120 may be considered as the average now, at the afternoon 200, and at the evening 150, these numbers varying, of course, especially in the morning and evening. Many attend only one service, some two or three, and some only occasionally. The evening service is generally the

first attended, then the afternoon, and then also the morning; so that a test can thus be applied in a general way to the result of our efforts in securing any to habits of church attendance. From an examination of these facts, we have reason to suppose that about 400 different persons are attending your Mission services more or less regularly. The 81 communicants remaining, out of 141 admitted to fellowship from the beginning, whom we know best, represent 234 individuals young and old, that is two-thirds additional, more or less connected with the Mission. On this average the 400 would represent 1200 more or less connected with the Mission; but as the average of the communicants may be too high a rate for occasional adherents, we may set down safely the number at seven or eight hundred; although if we take into consideration the 560 attending your Sabbath Schools, and the 340 attending your Day School, the whole will nearly approximate the higher estimate. But taking the lower figure, the present agency, without a complete church organization, may be regarded as having overtaken at least one-third of the field of operations possible to it. And this may be taken as the highest

point to which the present agency will likely attain, if its means are not further extended. Your present meeting place is full; but it is very doubtful whether a larger place would be filled, or even the present number kept together, if there were not an immediate prospect of entering the new building, and of having a Ministry and a Church. These, of course, are mere external details, but they may yet be turned to account in reaching those general laws which may be regarded as almost invariably affecting City Mission work.

Having referred to some evidence of higher ends being reached than mere attendance at religious services, in the altered appearance of many, the growing comforts of home, the increasing desire for education, and especially the deepening tone of attention to the Word and Sacraments, two facts were prominently referred to,—the first attempt at a native mission agency of about two dozen, to visit their neighbours and bring them out to the meetings; and the spontaneous and growing liberality amid deep poverty which had been seen, even during the severe months of winter. The higher ground had surely been visited with

showers, unknown to us, when these streams were beginning to flow.

In speaking about the future I said, or rather proposed to say, for I was done long before this—Your Mission agency will require to be altered, and to stand towards you in a somewhat different relation than it does now; but this change is not only necessary for the work, it is the point to which all your previous efforts have tended. It is interesting to notice in the history of the Mission the development from a prayer meeting to the outline of a church. This is not so much from the force of external appliances as from the internal effort of the Christian life to work itself into the ecclesiastical form. I then went on to speak of the aim of the Territorial Church as contrasted with that of the City Mission. The City Mission doubtless did a good work which the churches had long neglected, but it was a work too narrow and defective to be more than temporary and transitional. It aimed at a prayer meeting rather than a church, thus influenced a more limited circle, and lost much of the good of its own labours in sending off to neighbouring churches those who might have been otherwise

retained and trained for service, and who in such churches could often get no assignable place and no sufficient superintendence. The Territorial Church is better; but is also, as generally understood, still incomplete, and therefore inadequate to the work in its present form.

I then proposed to speak briefly of three great elements in the work of an adequate Home Mission—1st, The indifference of large masses of men to the Gospel, or to the methods by which the Gospel is administered; 2nd, The infidelity pervading the more active minds, and the difficulties affecting the more simple and earnest; 3rd, The social evils which may be regarded as the transitional positions which help to lead many either to indifference or to infidelity. There are thus three classes to which evangelistic effort must be directed—the indifferent, the infidel, and those who from want of education, from social debasement, from want of sufficient superintendence and initial help, or even of proper openings in the church for their individual activities, become either infidel or indifferent. The church, whether in her organized capacity or by individual effort, must thus apply

herself to evils within and without, to evils that exist and to causes that are fruitful in producing or perpetuating and propagating them. The Wynds exhibit mainly, though not exclusively, the first and the third classes. There are transitional evils, such as the want of education and of proper dwelling-houses that can be made homes. . . . But long ere I got this length my hearers were impatient for their own homes, I suppose, and I felt that while I had much to say I had also much to think over before I said much; and so we agreed to put away these unfinished problems to a more convenient season.

III.

"A fresh eye, a fresh hand
Might do much at their vigor's waning-point ;
Succeeding with new-breathed and earnest force,
As at old games a runner snatched the torch
From runner still : this way success might be."



MISSION WORK IN OUR CITIES AND LARGE TOWNS has made a history within the last half century. In the earlier part of that period, the form the work assumed was that of visitation from house to house, by volunteers from some neighbouring church. We have still this form perpetuated in the Christian Instruction Associations and District Visitation Societies connected with various congregations. But as the population of our growing cities increased, the necessity became apparent of some larger and more adequate agencies, for overtaking the multitudes that were settling down in religious indifference outside all the churches alike, Established and Nonconformed. It was, however, about 1816 that the attention of three men in Glasgow, widely different in their gifts and spheres of activity, became deeply engrossed in the same subject, and who finally, in different but parallel lines, developed their plans

for overtaking the spiritual destitution of our large towns: the one was David Nasmith, the founder of City Missions; the other Dr. Chalmers, the founder of Territorial Churches; the third, David Stow, the founder of Training Schools.

David Nasmith was a Sabbath School teacher. In visiting the homes of the children attending his large class, and in following the course of his pupils as they became young men and women, we perceive the laboratory in which his experiments were carried on, and the materials out of which his plans were formed. He saw the necessity of providing instruction for a large part of the adult population with whose children the schools were filled; he found it impossible to get the various clergymen of the city to overtake more than a limited portion of the meetings held in kitchens and school-rooms; volunteer laymen could not be got to do all the visitation needful from day to day; and thus naturally was formed, in 1826, the City Mission to secure funds for the payment of one or more agents to labour permanently at this work. This and the other congregation immediately offered to raise the salary of a missionary, and to surround him with a band of

unpaid helpers, so that in two years after the formation of the Society twenty paid agents were at work in various needy districts. In 1828 he was obliged, through ill health, to resign his connection with this most interesting movement; but he was thus providentially freed for similar labour in other places. Henceforth, for the next ten years, his life was unceasingly devoted to establish in other cities also his favourite agencies—City Missions, Young Men's Societies, Female Missions, and Monthly Tract Societies. First in Dublin, where he resided for some time, and then in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Dundalk, Coleraine, Newry, Belfast and many other places, he planted similar institutions, and stimulated the Christian activity already engaged in the service of the poor. He then crossed the Atlantic, and spent some time in the United States and in Canada, with similar results. On his return he paid a visit to Paris, where a City Mission was organized; and finally he settled in London, where he established the present City Mission, with its 400 agents and large revenue; the Town and Country Mission, which has been the means of establishing and helping to sustain such Missions over a large extent of Eng-

land; and the London Female Mission, which has proved of such helpfulness to many a poor sister who has fallen in the slippery streets of the metropolis, or has caught thus a friendly hand before she fell. In all these efforts, David Nasmith was a most enthusiastic labourer, without hire. He invariably refused, although he had no private fortune, and had for years a sickly wife and several children, to take any salary from the societies he formed. He was a true and faithful servant of Jesus Christ, and lived upon His bounty. About the very time (1830) that George Müller,* now of Bristol, was led to decline receiving any further salary from the brethren to whom he then ministered, David Nasmith had already given up the situation by which he had his living his wife at the same time sacrificing a comparatively lucrative business, and both had lived cheerfully and carried on their Master's work chiefly on their own small capital, with such addition as the Lord was pleased to send. On this principle he crossed the ocean, lived and travelled from place to place, many who were

* See a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with George Müller. Part First. Nisbet: London, 1855.

largely blessed and stimulated by his efforts thinking he was a man of independent means, as indeed through grace he was. A very few friends, chiefly in Scotland and Ireland, knew this well kept secret of his life, and they were wont to contribute £5, or £10, or £20 to the wants of this vineyard labourer who knew the heat and the burden of the day. Among these friends were first, and to the last, Miss Oswald of Scotstown, well known till a ripe old age for her liberality to the cause of God; Cunninghame of Lainshaw, Miss Harriet Read, Joseph Claypon, Alexander Gordon, and others of Dublin; and Hubert Mayo, William Hitchcock, and a few others in England. Often, and especially in the closing part of his busy and devoted life, he was in great straits—never in debt, but often begging earnestly at the throne of grace. Even when travelling from place to place, at Leeds or Sheffield or Bradford, or at Holyhead impatient to cross the Straits, he was often left without a sixpence; and after paying the rent and expenses for some successful public meeting, he had to forego even the dinner at three-pence which so often satisfied him, unless some hospitable friend took him home, which was not

always the case. And thus this true Apostle of Modern Missions fulfilled his course. In feeble health, against the remonstrances of his beloved and faithful yoke-fellow, he went his last journey to Guildford, and there amid sudden disease and excruciating agony he died at an inn, one Christian brother alone, who had received a letter of introduction by his hands, witnessing his end. Even amidst his closing earthly thoughts, of wife and children and bright gleams of heaven, he was still bent upon his work. Says the friend who saw his end: "He then lay very quietly for some time, and looking at me as I sat by his side, he said, 'I want you to have a Town Mission here!'" Some twenty devout men buried him in Bunhill-fields; and instead of a stone for his grave, they raised and placed £2420 by his hearth, in part payment of the four years he had spent on the poor of London and on themselves.

A large part of the work of David Nasmith has disappeared, both in this country and in America. Many of the societies he begot were not carefully nursed after he left them, and had a premature end. He had a great faculty for organization, and exercised a potent spell upon any Christian circle

that gave him a little time to repeat his incantations; but he could not always teach the mystery to others. At all events, in the metropolitan institutions he created, as well as in the city missions of Glasgow, Manchester, and other places, he gave a large and permanent endowment to Home Mission work. The City Mission is not the most perfect and efficient method for this work; nor did David Nasmith believe it was. It was for him the most available method, and what his hand found to do, he did with his might. Early in his career he wrote: "Our City Missions are of great importance; but they are necessary, I conceive, only because the churches are not doing their duty; the sooner that churches act the better—what a different effect would they produce. . . . I long for the time when the churches of Christ, instead of these voluntary associations formed for this purpose, shall become missionary bodies." Such were the views with which he started, and such in substance they remained, although his feelings were affected by various obstacles in his path, and in London he was heard to say: "I have entirely given up the ministers, for there is no getting on with them,

and so I have betaken myself to the laymen." But even with the laymen he could not always get on. He was himself, in his personal religious life, devotedly attached to his minister and his church; but in his City Mission and other benevolent work, he would know no name but that of Christ, and, before the end, left his beloved London Mission rather than agree that denominationalism should appear on its constitution, although that was proposed only, as in the strife of Abraham and Lot's herdmen, to divide the committee ground in fair proportions.

Such, briefly, was one of the heroes of these hard won battle-fields. On his death-bed his friend said—"It is hard, amid such trouble as this, to say, The Lord's will be done;" but he said with energy, NOT AT ALL. Such was the brief negative with which through his life and death he stilled every murmur and every temptation to turn aside.*

Dr. Chalmers was the minister of the Tron Parish when his attention was first drawn to the state of things in the Wynds, Saltmarket, and

* See Memoirs of David Nasmyth, by John Campbell, D.D. London: Snow, 1844.

Gallowgate of Glasgow. From his parish in Kilmanny he came to the city, with the idea of a well defined territory for his ministerial work. Even before the burning earnestness of the life of faith had seized him, he diligently went through the annual visitation of every family in his country parish. He was the frequent visitor of the school—he was principal of that humble college, and did not treat the office as a sinecure. And he had no sooner settled fairly to his pulpit and public work in Glasgow, than he laid himself alongside every available phase of life in his parish. Sabbath Schools were vigorously prosecuted. The narrow closes became crowded as he entered, and a score of beggars sought to secure a first visit for the sake of the charities he was believed to dispense. So he denuded himself of the civic silver and gold, and found a more cordial welcome when he went up to the beautiful gate of the temple through those who lay stretched outside, although now he had nothing to give but what could be received through faith in the name of Jesus. He stirred up every available helper within his reach, especially seizing upon the elder from his pillar-like place in the church porch beside the plate,

drawing him, panting, up innumerable stairs, spending little time in talk, refusing even the traditional prayer in each house, for said he, "If I were to pray in every house it would take me ten years to get through the work." The work was thus, while it lasted, all the harder that it admitted of little rest. "Well," said he, looking kindly over his shoulder upon his elder, who, scarcely able to keep pace with him, was toiling up a long and weary stair—"Well, what do you think of this kind of visiting?" Engrossed with the toils of the ascent, the elder announced that he had not been thinking much about it. "Oh! I know quite well," said Dr. Chalmers, "that if you were to speak your mind you would say that we are putting the butter very thinly on the bread." But this was the true way to discover the other world that lay within reach of most church-going people, yet was really unknown, except from the vague rumours of some rare navigators, who had been near enough to bring their guesses wondrously near the truth, but had yet failed to stir up sufficient general interest so as to open up an ocean highway between the two worlds that were so distant and so near. In the parish Dr.

Chalmers learned what crowds were living there, who had no seats in the church; and in the pulpit, what other crowds were round him there, who had no place in the parish. He had a large congregation, and in addition a large parish. The pew rents in the church were too highly priced for the poor in the parish; and though the rents were low, the parish people had for years forgotten the way to the church. The congregation, scattered at various distances, needed to have the word followed up by diligent work on the part of the preacher; and the parish, that had no word preached, needed the preacher still more to go from house to house. Yet Dr. Chalmers perceived that the pastor in his visits would most powerfully affect those who had felt in conscience and heart the force of his Sabbath services; yet it was manifestly impossible to overtake a congregation of more than a thousand hearers, and at the same time a population of more than ten thousand, a large portion of whom were neither hearers nor doers.

In the end of 1819, Dr. Chalmers was transferred by the Magistrates and Council from the Tron to the new church and parish of St. John's. Here he had full opportunity of trying and testing

some of those parochial principles and plans over which he had been brooding, and on which he had been getting light during these four years. Here he could fill up a large part of the church with families from the parish, allocating whole pews, if necessary, at a moderate rent. He could lay aside the church door collections for the poor, and distribute, not by the hands of workhouse officials, but by the members of his Kirk-Session, after careful inquiry in each case. Now, with the choice assistance of Edward Irving, he arranged for four services every Sabbath, for the visitation of the whole parish in two years, for the erection and partial endowment of sufficient school-rooms for educational work day and night, and for the proper care and help of the poor. He had even his summer lodging in the parish at the rate of six or seven shillings a week. Dr. Chalmers insisted on thorough visitation, by not only the minister and elders, but by their volunteer assistants in the Sabbath School. The following incident, unknown to the biographer of Chalmers, may best illustrate the results. It is told of himself by a Sabbath School teacher of great mental vigour and fiery earnestness of moral purpose:

Twenty-nine years ago, there lived in a little shop, in Kirk Street, Calton, a family consisting of four girls and a boy, then about eight years of age, with their mother and grandmother. The father was dead. It was December, gloomy without, but more gloomy within the dwelling. All the inmates were lying helpless in spotted fever, except the boy who was now recovering, and who had then barely strength to carry to the rest a cup of water. It was Friday afternoon. The mother tried to rise, and with his aid she reached a chair. An expression of unutterable compassion came over the wild glazing eyes as they rested upon her desolate children. Then she turned away her head, for tears were stealing down her cheeks. Silently she sat, for memory was busy with the past. The boy spoke softly to her, for he feared the wildness of her dying eyes; but she answered not; only more sad became her look. Nursed with the too fond affection which an only child receives; surrounded in the opening years of womanhood with every comfort; dark had been her married life, so dark that ere the fever laid her low, her heart was broken. Next day she died. The boy had been her only nurse, for none

would come near the plague. The neighbours stood without the door, and when they learned her death they brought a coffin and then a hearse. There were no mourners at the funeral except the boy, who sat shivering beside the driver. He wished to see the spot where his mother was laid. The rest recovered, but things grew worse. The old woman took to drink. The May term arrived, and she with the children went forth homeless. For six weeks they begged and slept on stairs. At last a single apartment was secured, twelve feet square, with earthen floor, and a small window within two yards of a dungstead. It was fortunately in St. John's Parish, opposite the Barracks in Gallowgate. The boy collected shavings from a joiner's shop, and on this bed the children slept as if in paradise. Still they begged. The first Sabbath morning, an angel sent by a pitying God visited the dwelling. Some of his scholars were unwell, and the Sabbath School teacher of the district, going round before going to church, was informed by the neighbours of the new family. He knocked, to invite the children to his school. Seeing the desolate appearance of the house, and there was not a morsel of bread for breakfast, he

gave the old woman eighteenpence, told her to get some bread for the children, and wash their faces, as he would call for them in the afternoon to go to school. He came and took them by the hand. This was all the alms he ever gave, for Dr. Chalmers had wisely taught his agents not to carry the poor, but help them to walk. On the following Monday he informed the visiting elder, a gentleman living near Blythswood Square, of the condition of the new comers. He was the person thrust into the vineyard by Dr. Chalmers, and for many years after the Doctor had left Glasgow, that elder visited his district every month. On inquiring into the past history of the family, he at once put things right. Some cast-off clothes from his own house decked out the children like gentry. One of the girls was sent to service, another to Millar's Charity School, while the boy was got into Hutcheson's Hospital. Before and after school hours, by being a message boy, he earned his own bread. The regular kindly visit from teacher and elder induced the old woman to abstain from drinking, and to put to proper use a small annuity she had. From the hour these visitors entered the miserable dwelling, there was a complete revolution. It

became a home. Year by year things grew brighter. Before he was twenty, the boy could keep his sisters and grandmother in such comfort as steady working people enjoy. The hardships of his youth were needed to teach him some sympathy for the poor, and after Providence had thrown him into severer trials to teach him sympathy for the tempted, he sat down and wrote the book in which these facts are told.*

In four years (1823), Dr. Chalmers left St. John's and Glasgow, but he carried with him to St. Andrew's and to Edinburgh the profound impressions and fruitful principles which he had received and elaborated as to the work needed in large towns: but it was not till eleven years more had passed (1834), that an instalment of his long-cherished desires and latterly loud and continued demand for church extension was achieved; and not till thirteen years more (1847), in the year of his death, that he produced, in the West Port of Edinburgh, a solitary model of the kind of church that, above all others, he wished

* The Moral Statistics of Glasgow in 1863. Porteous & Hislop. Glasgow: 1864.

to rear for the City Poor. It thus took thirty years for such a man, with all his great gifts and social influence, to work out his idea of Home Mission work, and to leave a model of what he sought to multiply. "Here is the patience and the faith of the saints."

Dr. Chalmers became convinced, from his own careful observation, confirmed by the Reports of the Royal Commission in 1837, that about a third of the whole population of the Scottish metropolis were living in the entire neglect of religious ordinances; and that in Glasgow upwards of 66,000, exclusive of children under ten years of age, were in the same condition. Since the days of the Reformation, the population of Scotland had more than doubled itself; while not more than half the number of churches needed had been provided by all denominations together. Edinburgh alone needed forty additional churches, and Glasgow upwards of sixty; while the latter city was adding at the time 8000 every year to its population.

In 1834, William Collins of Glasgow originated and completed, with the help of many liberal coadjutors, a scheme for the building of twenty

additional parochial churches there. A central fund of £20,000 was raised, and in 1841 the effort was achieved. Stimulated by this harvest of his past seed-time in the work, Dr. Chalmers carried through the General Assembly a Scheme for Church Extension throughout the country; and in five years he raised a quarter of a million, and built two hundred churches. But not satisfied with this, at the suggestion of his liberal and noble-minded friend, William Campbell, he started a supplementary fund for the raising of an additional £100,000 and the building of another hundred churches. Thus the work went on till the Disruption of 1843; which within little more than a single year added five hundred churches to the number.

Dr. Chalmers aimed not only at additional churches—but endowed churches. He wished to make it unnecessary for the ministers of these necessitous new parishes to depend entirely for their stipend on general congregations and high seat rents. Three desiderata he demanded—(1) Churches near the people; (2) Seat rents suited to the means of working people; and (3) Districts containing not more than 2000 souls, small enough

for a minister thoroughly to cultivate. For years he hoped that as the buildings were raised by the liberality of the church, the endowments might be provided by the liberality of the Government. As this hope gradually faded from his heart, another filled up even a larger space and with brighter colours; for he saw in the full freedom of the Church from State interference, and in the larger grace of liberality granted to the Church, the conditions for undertaking enterprises hitherto thought impossible.

But, after all the population able to pay for even low priced sittings were provided for, he perceived that "a far larger ulterior space remained to be entered, on the greater part of which we shall never be able to plant a single footstep without help for the maintenance of the clergyman, as well as for the erection of the sacred edifice. It is not of the mass of this remaining destitution that we have alone to speak. It is of the degree and quality of the destitution as of a far more helpless and aggravated character than any which we have had yet to encounter. By every step in advance, or at every fresh descent that we make on the churchless territory of Scot-

land, we come into engagement with poorer and more wretched localities than before. We have already traversed the whole of that practicable border, or by another mode of conceiving it, have already made full penetration through that uppermost layer of the heathenism of our land, in which the people, with the moderate aid of 35 per cent., have managed to make out the remaining expense and complete the building of places for worship for themselves. But we have now come to the people, not only destitute but friendless, from whom we have little or nothing to look for in their own resources, and who have no wealthy and generous supporters of what is good connected with them, either by residence or property, who might patronise their local subscriptions, and help it forward by their munificence.”*

It was not till 1844 that Dr. Chalmers could turn his attention to this last and most sunken class of the community. Then, in an old tan work of the West Port, he began to excavate and prepare the way for a church. It was not till 1847 that the church was built and opened, when 300 sittings were taken, and 100 out of 132 communi-

* *Church Extension*: by Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Edin. 1851.

cants were from the district. It was not for some years after, that other eminent ministers were able to attempt a similar work. The Disruption Church with all its first expenditure, may be said to have been completed in 1852. About that time, or a year before, practical attention was turned in various quarters to what was called the out-field population; but it was not till 1854 that Dr. Candlish succeeded in Fountainbridge and Dr. Buchanan in the Wynds in opening Churches after the West Port model.

David Stow, the head of a large manufacturing firm in Glasgow—a man of ceaseless energy, yet of quiet thought and genial, generous sympathies—was associated with Dr. Chalmers, first in the Tron and afterwards in St. John's Parish. He was successively a Sabbath School teacher among the children, a visitor and deacon among the poor, and an elder over his proportion of the congregation and parish. It was while busy on week day and Sabbath at the various duties thus laid upon him, that he became satisfied that even in Dr. Chalmers' elaborate economy for large towns, a most important department was imperfectly administered. Mr. Stow perceived the infinite

importance of getting as much as possible at the roots of the wide-spread ignorance and immorality that abounded. He saw that however much might be done with adults, the main work must be done among the young. He saw that the Sabbath School gave but an hour in the week, and that the week day school was the true place in which to grapple with the evils of the rising generation, so as to make happier homes and a better race of men and women. It was in 1819 that Mr. Stow's mind was strongly drawn to this subject. He saw that the young needed not only teaching but training, not only intellectual but moral culture. But he saw that to accomplish such a work he must train the teachers and remodel the schools. On this great practical question, bearing so closely on the elevation of the poor and on the purification of the masses of population, especially of cities and large towns, he continued to ponder, till in 1826-7, in the very year in which city missions were founded, he formed the Infant School Society. In 1828 he opened his first Training School in the Drygate, and in 1830 he was able to turn one of the schools built by Dr. Chalmers, in the east of the city, to the same purpose. In 1832 a Training

School was opened for the Wynds in Low Green Street, where the work was carried on till, in 1837, the complete buildings were opened for his celebrated Normal Seminary. Here he continued his great enterprise, till at the Disruption, as an elder of the Free Church, he found it necessary to leave the Seminary to others; but in 1844, in new buildings raised at a cost of £10,500, he still further extended the influence of the training system. From these establishments several thousands of trained teachers have gone forth and still go for various churches and to all parts of the world. But while the training of teachers was thus proceeding, the establishment of Training Schools in the city made little progress. A number of these, at considerable cost, were opened in necessitous districts, but had to be closed or made over to the old system, from the impatience of parents, or from the difficulty the promoters found in making such schools self-supporting. "But after an extinction of moral training schools in this city and neighbourhood for nearly ten years," Mr. Stow wrote in 1851, "the tide is now beginning to change, and several schools have lately been established on the

training system in very necessitous situations. Three of these by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and his congregation in one of the lowest Wynds of the Tron Parish are at this moment in a most flourishing condition.”*

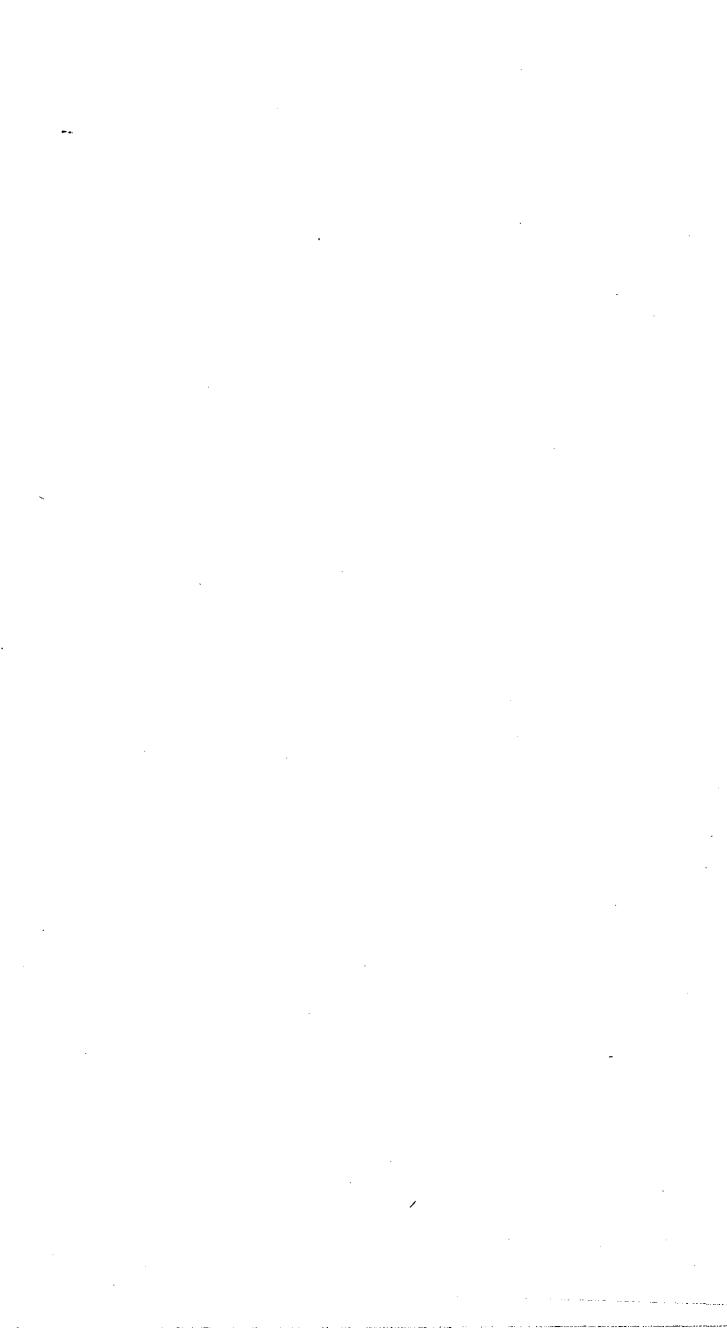
* The Training System. By David Stow, Esq. Ninth Ed. Longman: London, 1852.

IV.

"Evil and suffering are vast in this world ; but they are not illimitable ; they are not infinite. . . . A deadly miasma has its area, its skirts and its altitude ; it may be laid down upon a map. . . . These things known then, the good sense and the practical ability of instructed philanthropists takes in hand a task that is difficult indeed, but which is far from being hopeless."

"A sense

Will struggle through these thronging words at last,
As in the angry and tumultuous west
A soft star trembles through the drifting clouds."



BEFORE THE WYND CHURCH WAS BUILT, a considerable preparatory work had to be done. The Sabbath School in the Tron Parish had ever since the time of Chalmers been worked with the highest efficiency. Large and well-appointed Training Schools had been added in 1848 to the educational facilities of the district. Missionary and benevolent agencies, at considerable expense, were doing their utmost. But no single congregation at that time was equal to the whole undertaking that was necessary. Public interest and liberality had to be called forth. To this further task Dr. Buchanan set himself. By lectures and speeches* in the City Hall and the Presbytery House, and resolutions powerfully urged in the General Assembly, he finally got two admirable movements inaugurated—the formation of a Free Church Building Society, with a subscription of £10,000, payable in five

* See especially his "Schoolmaster in the Wynda." A Lecture, 1850.

years; and a Committee of the Assembly for Glasgow Evangelization, with the Rev. Andrew Gray as Convener, and an annual collection over the Church for several years. Mr. Gray immediately set himself to another auxiliary task, and raised £10,000, to be apportioned under the name of Chalmers' Endowments, for a prescribed term of years to certain Territorial charges. The Evangelization committee proposed to provide for the first three years a stipend of £150, and for the fourth year £100, each successive year thereafter decreasing by £10. In addition to this, the endowment specially devoted to the Wynd Church by the late Miss Hunter was then worth about £60. Such preparations surely indicated the earnestness with which all concerned were bent on making this battle a victory.

During these preparatory operations the attention of the Christian public was to a considerable extent drawn to the Wynds, and to the plans commenced there. The work of church extension had hitherto only reached the border of this great wilderness. Tens of thousands had completely fallen away from any real contact with the Gospel, and an increasing number of well paid artizans

were settling down into a similar condition. Besides, such districts were inhabited mainly by the poor, and the sunken were getting more and more removed from the public eye. The extension of the city on all sides into the fields and suburbs was making it more and more difficult for the old workers in the Wynds to continue their weekly visits. A great gulf was forming and yearly widening between the Wynds and the West-End. The streams of busy life, like mighty rivers, had long been making new channels through a richer soil, and those large oozy depths were thus less and less within reach of the main routes of those who go down to the sea of city life. Unless something were done quickly and on some scale adequate to the increasing necessities, not only would the work be soon beyond the resources of any labour and means at the command of the benevolent, but the black seething bog might burst upon the green fruitful borders that were still with difficulty retained. This Wynd work was thus not only deeply important but critical. Not only a large stake, but possibly a last, had been laid down by the present promoters. Many others refused to cast their money in the marsh,

and some who did were not quite confident that the worth of it would be recovered. To those intrusted with the guidance of the movement it became vitally important, as the Wynd Church was gradually completed, to secure a minister that might with some hope of success go on with the enterprise. To give further opportunity for securing such a man, I consented to give the winter after my summer was over, and went with others to several able and earnest preachers to entreat them to accept the post of honour. I was amazed at the reluctance then felt by many to look favourably at work of the kind. Yet we need not be surprised that men of earnestness and faith should regard such work as hopeless; and those who had just passed a long, laborious, and expensive curriculum, with no experience of this kind of work, and no preparatory studies directed to it, might perhaps be excused if they shrunk from judging themselves fitted for such work, in strength and patience and aptness to deal with the lapsed. Many men who might not shrink from sacrificing themselves, might not be willing to take the responsibility of sacrificing the work, in an experiment that might very quickly wreck

them both. The church now built was but the scaffolding for the church that was to be built within it; and the stones had to be taken, as for Nehemiah's wall, out of the rubbish around. The church built was but the barge moored over the sunken rocks, where the lighthouse must be reared. Who could tell whether he could long survive diving beneath these waters, or that any building he could construct could long withstand the force of those billows that broke there always, and were stirred into such wild rage by frequent storms?

At length it became manifest to those who had the responsibility of carrying on the work that I must be asked to go on with it. When they had reached that point, I was by another path brought to it. I felt that necessity was laid upon me; yea woe unto me if I preached not the Gospel here; for I was called by One who had the right to send. The Assembly was then asked to relieve me from the closing session of my course, and so under the solemn authority of the Church, through her Committee and Assembly, I prepared to face, and, if possible, solve some of those problems which had already been roughly chalked on my blackboard.

The work in the Wynds was now precisely, as

to agencies and success, at the point reached in the West Port and in Fountainbridge. Hitherto among the class to which these churches were offered, Home Mission work had been mainly confined to kitchens and school-rooms. The missionaries offered to them had been on the whole earnest, but rather half-educated men, or largely engrossed with their studies for the ministry. The service provided was generally on a fragment of the Lord's Day, usually in the evening, and it consisted only of preaching and prayer, without breaking of bread and full fellowship of saints. Something more like the glorious gospel of the blessed God had, in connection with the new movement in Edinburgh and Glasgow, been brought nigh. If the churches were not yet ready to bring the poor to their own sacred houses, or if the poor were not yet ready to come in, the churches were providing decent houses in which the poor might be feasted by themselves. It was an experiment. Many were not quite sure that it would succeed. It was manifestly an experiment, on which some men had already spent labour and money; and a few more were now willing to spend themselves.

After all, the idea of Dr. Chalmers in the West Port experiment was not absolutely new; for it was the reproduction of some of the old vital elements of the Church of Scotland. It was the Parochial system of the Reformation, with a few modern agencies, such as the Sabbath School and the Savings' Bank, applied to the sunken population of modern cities. It was the school and the church, the teacher and the pastor, with their subsidiary agencies applied in a new Reformation to very much the same ignorance, immorality and superstition, as in the old. Dr. Chalmers left no hint as to the ultimate views he entertained in such a work. He seems to have thought only of a well-conducted school, a good congregation drawn out of the parish, a minister intimately acquainted with the 500 families in his model territory, with elders, deacons, and Sabbath School teachers, steadily working in their respective proportions. The Wynds were like, and yet unlike, the West Port. They had, in the first place, a sunken population of nearly 12,000, six times the maximum of Dr. Chalmers for a district; and that population bordered on and insensibly melted into districts quite as sunken and quite as populous.

Glasgow, unlike Edinburgh, had this population much more inconveniently removed from the wealthy, educated, and helpful classes. The Wynds were the lowest moral level of a large and rapidly-extending surface. They were constantly receiving the drainage or dregs of nearly half a million. Half the population of the district, or more, were Irish and Roman Catholic. It had been difficult, and indeed dangerous, for decently dressed people to pass through certain portions of the district without insult and outrage. The Saltmarket and the Bridgegate were constantly crowded from morning to night with hundreds ready for riot. The houses were dilapidated; the closes filthy; pauperism, crime, indecency, drunkenness, fanaticism, brutality, had here their home. Something had to be done; and I accepted the Wynd Church as the best available position in which to begin. I was ordained by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery; and I received on the same day the hearty right hand of fellowship, at the door of the church, from those who were now members of the Wynd Church, and were the nett result of above three years of varied and most earnest mission effort. These members, now entrusted to

me, numbered exactly ninety-nine, and were literally the poor, the lame, the maimed, and the blind. Yet out of their deep poverty, and in many hard earned pence, they had contributed about £50 to the Building Fund, and, at my suggestion, this their first gift into the treasury was expended on a circular pulpit window of stained glass, and with these verses inscribed:—

OUR FATHER.

JESUS THE
MEDIATOR.

THE SPIRIT
OF TRUTH.

FATHER,
I HAVE SINNED,

That last verse has more than once, since then, been the means of catching a careless but curious eye, and of helping a poor prodigal heart home.

On the evening of that to me most solemn day—22d August, 1854—the little church entertained the Presbytery and their minister, with various helpers of the Free Tron Church, at tea. We all met in the hall under the church, a hall seated for about 200:—the largest hall in Glasgow would not contain to-day at tea half the number that have since then had their roots planted in and about that sacred spot. I shall never forget the

peculiar benediction with which Andrew Gray, of Perth, in a brief interview with me about that time, closed his official connection with the Wynds. With his arm about my neck, such was often the expression of his tender moments, and his eyes directed up, he said: "Lord bless this young man, and make him a good and faithful servant in the Gospel of thy Son; and oh, preserve him from ever becoming a popular preacher!" I said, Amen.

On the following Sabbath I began my work, and perhaps I may best close this chapter, and indicate some of the views with which I started, by giving

MY FIRST SERMON IN THE WYND CHURCH.

"Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea; and that my service which I have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints; that I may come unto you with joy, by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."—Rom. xv., 30-2.

In returning among you I am to some extent only resuming my old work; but in some important aspects, my work is new. Not because we have exchanged our upper room in the Bridge-gate for this church in the Wynds; for this man

and that were born there, and we have learned, I trust, by this time that God's house is God's presence, where we see heaven opened and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of Man. Nor is it new in consequence of any essential change in our services here to-day. I read indeed from another copy, but it is the same blessed Book. Your Missionary, though now your Minister, has no new message and no new Master. I preach the things which concern the King. I preach the everlasting Gospel. But in some respects I begin here a new work, though in the great essentials I continue the old. Hitherto I have been as the hired labourer for a season now I have the vineyard in charge—for a season indeed still, for the time is short; but for the season of life, if the Lord will. A little while ago I expected to return for a time to my own vineyard, before I gave myself entirely to that of others; but the Church, like Elijah, found me at the plough, and casting a prophet's mantle on me has called me away; and this day I seem like Elisha to take my yoke of oxen and prepare their flesh with the instruments, and give to the people that they may eat. I accept the mantle which

has been thrown upon me. I run to follow the form the Master assumes, and I begin to minister to you, seeking to do every service unto the least of you His brethren as unto Him. I am not now so much one sent by others to labour among you, as called by yourselves. In this respect the work is new. A solemn charge, and with your consent, is thus committed to me, for which I must give account in the great day. I must be to you the savour of life or of death—a blessing or a curse. My soul is now bound up with yours in the bundle of life. If I am faithless to you, I am faithless to myself. When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, He will doubtless reckon with me for each of you. A little flock indeed you are; but not on that account the less precious to Him who laid down His life for the sheep, and went after the one that was lost until He found it. In beginning this work, then, I feel that it is fitting, and I dare say you expect, that I should speak a word in season. I have accordingly chosen these words of Saint Paul as best expressing the feeling which pervades my own heart to-day, and which I believe will find a ready response in yours.

The Apostle was now in Greece, but looking

forward to a speedy journey to Rome. He wished only to carry to Jerusalem, and leave there the contributions of the Macedonian and Achaian churches, and then to proceed at once to preach the Gospel to them which were at Rome. It was a noble enterprise. The stronghold of Satan was there; but there also had been displayed a banner because of the truth. There were a few there already known to Paul, and dear to him. Such were Priscilla and Aquila, his helpers in Christ Jesus; such was his beloved Epenetus, the first fruits of Achaia unto Christ. His desire was to strengthen the little church there by his presence, to increase it by his labours, to establish it by communicating some spiritual gift. But Paul was desirous that his coming to them should be as much in answer to their prayers as the result of his desires. And so in this Epistle he not only expresses his own prayers, but earnestly beseeches theirs. "For God is my witness," he says, "whom I serve with my spirit in the Gospel of His Son, that without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers: making request if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come unto you; for

I long to see you that I may impart unto you some spiritual gift to the end ye may be established." And then he proceeds in the words of our text.

Some may feel that in using these words on this occasion, I am assuming for myself, or for you, or for both, too much importance. I shall therefore state in a few words the principle on which we are entitled thus to apply to ourselves and to our circumstances this and such like passages of Holy Scripture.

The Scriptures were not written merely for one set of men, nor for one age of the world, nor for one set of circumstances. They have been put into certain types, from which successive impressions may be taken; or the types have been rather given in certain seeds and cell-life, from which precise likenesses, with almost infinite incidental variety, may be grown. All Scripture is less or more connected with special circumstances of time, or place, or persons; and because the doctrine, reproof, correction, or instruction cannot be applied to all times or places or persons, we are apt to conclude they can now be applied to none. We feel, indeed, no difficulty in applying some

expression of penitence, or prayer, or praise, or holy resolution, to one's own case; although these have been originally, though not always so obviously as in other cases, yet, in reality, quite as much connected with special times, or places, or persons. In applying such Scripture, it is not necessary that every circumstance now should be, in its minutest characters, exactly like those in which they were first used. It is sufficient if the essential characteristics be so alike as to justify us in transferring the moral element from the one set of circumstances to the other. When, for instance, our Lord gave to the apostles that command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," He gave a command connected with particular time, place, and persons, but not therefore applicable to these alone. No single apostle could exhaust the command, nor could they altogether, for it extended to the end of the world. To feel that Christ addresses that command to me, it is not necessary that I should hear Him personally, as they did; nor even that I should occupy the office of an apostle; nor even that I should leave this place and journey throughout the world. It is only necessary that I should

form part of the true Church, which has within itself, by the grace of Christ, sufficient gifts for His work in each successive period, and that I should be prepared to do my part in making the glad tidings known, wherever, in God's providence, I may be set or sent. And in such circumstances, I may hold by the promise, as faithful and true for me, "Lo! I am with you, always, even to the end of the world."

So here. I do not assume the place nor the authority of an Apostle; far less do I pretend to the character and the gifts of Paul; no more than I regard you as living in Rome, or as being possessed of the character and gifts of Priscilla and Aquila and others there, "who were of note among the Apostles." It is sufficient authority for using the instruction here, if our circumstances are in essential respects the same with theirs; it is enough if I, with due authority called and sent, propose this day to come among you as a minister of Jesus Christ. "If I am not an Apostle to others, doubtless I am to you; for the seal of mine apostleship are ye in the Lord." (1 Cor. ix. 2.) If indeed Paul spoke here what could properly be spoken by Paul only, then it would be otherwise.

But Paul speaks here in the common character of a minister of Christ, and he addresses a request which should be fitly spoken to every true Church in the world. Paul is not here speaking from one of the twelve thrones that judge the tribes of Israel; he is not announcing one of those commandments from the Lord, which, as an Apostle, he was sometimes empowered to do; he speaks by the Spirit, or else his words could not be our authoritative text; but he speaks here as I desire to speak to-day, in most humble earnest words: Now I BESEECH YOU. He speaks to them here, not as with paternal or apostolic authority, not as over them in the Lord, but as a brother of the household of God: now I beseech you, BRETHREN. He pleads thus not with reference to his labours and his perils, his bonds and afflictions; here he claims nothing on his own account; he pleads only the Master's name: Now I beseech you brethren, FOR THE LORD JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE. Blessed be God! Paul has no better title to Christ than you or I. Paul had indeed greater gifts and higher honours; but he was only the greater debtor. Did Paul die for you? Does Paul now plead for you? Paul is only the servant of Jesus

Christ, and therefore I can take up Paul's plea, and with all boldness beseech you for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake. Paul asks nothing for his own sake: he pleads only for the Lord's, and for the love of the Spirit, and he asks nothing which one brother may not ask from another. He only asks, as Joseph did of Pharaoh's chief butler, "Think of me when it shall be well with thee, and show kindness I pray thee unto me, and make mention of me unto the King." He only asks of them a helping hand when God is helping them: "that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." And this not for his own profit or comfort merely, but also for theirs, "that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."

These words of the apostle, then, may be regarded as embodying the great duty in which ministers and churches should engage, especially in looking forward to their meeting together—the great end to be kept in view from the first till the last. This I do not bring forward to-day as a duty, as something commanded, though it is so. I bring it forward as the first favour I ask. I put it even as a first request for myself, yet as a gift

that will also enrich the giver; for the prayerful, like the merciful, is twice blest. It is for myself, but also for you. I have on set purpose begun thus early to introduce the personal pronouns, the I and the You, into this place, and into this sacred service; for I trust I shall never stand here as the mere mouthpiece of traditional phrases, nor hide myself from your knowledge and your sympathy in the formal dress of a mere church official. If I should appear sometimes an egotist, it shall, I trust, be because I am a person: I trust, after the noble egotism of Paul, "I am debtor," "I beseech you, brethren," not to preach myself, but, as I trust, the better to preach Christ: for we preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake. I shall intentionally do this, that you and I may thus come the closer together, soul with soul; just as in going among you during the week our hands shall clasp one another in kindly sympathy, and we shall speak more and more freely of things which concern our hearts and homes. I certainly wish the personal, rather than the official, to be noticeable here. I wish that any authority I may come to have among you, should spring rather from

my place in your hearts, than merely from my place in your pulpit, and thus the true dignity of my office—for I magnify my office—will be best secured through the worth of real work and real affection.

To bring out more clearly from the text, what I think may be of use to us, I shall arrange what I have further to say under two lines:

I. How, or in what way I beseech you to pray for me: "That ye strive together with me."

II. WHY, or for what reasons: for the sake,

1st, of those who believe not;

2nd, of the saints, or Church in general;

3rd, of yourselves.

On these points I must now speak briefly, and must pass over several topics which might be profitable, but on which I shall have other and perhaps more fitting opportunities of speaking, I trust from this place.

I. To pray well, is by no means easy. Prayer is not the mere repetition of a form of sound words. Prayer is not mere attention to a form of extempore worship. To pray is to strive earnestly. The Apostle calls it by a word from which we get our word 'agony;' not however implying

necessarily, as our word does, the idea of intense pain, but always of intense strain. It is the straining, and sometimes the consequent pain of one engaged in running, leaping, wrestling, or other such trials of athletic strength and endurance. He thought of those engaged in the public games of Greece, who made the most careful and continuous preparation, attending to diet, general health, and to the full development of muscular strength and agility, and at last in the struggle straining as for life. Such is the idea Paul had of prayer, and such the sort of prayer to which he challenges the Roman disciples to engage with him. Nor is this idea of prayer peculiar to Paul. It is the idea of the Patriarchs, the Prophets, and the Psalms. It found its highest expression in the Saviour's bloody sweat. It is the idea, which all who engage rightly in prayer, sooner or later learn. We believers never conquer but in good fights of faith; we never climb the heights midway between earth and heaven but by slow and painful steps, panting most when about to attain. We never get rid of our spiritual diseases but by a crisis, something like death; the devil is never expelled from a soul, but he seems to tear it in

his fury, as an enemy, before he deserts a fort, spikes the guns and strives to burn and blast everything with ruin. Jacob, we are told, was left alone by the brook Jabbok, and there wrestled with him a Man until the breaking of the day. And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And Jacob said, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he said unto him, What is thy name? and he said Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed. It is such wrestling as this that has always prevailed—wrestling that begins by One taking grips with us, rousing us out of the slumber, or fear, or indifference of our spirits, until we turn on the arms that lift and twist us and put us out of joint, but on which we can hang our weight, and from which we can thus gather new strength. Like Jacob, at some turn of our life's journey, and when the darkest hour has fallen, we put wife and children and goods safely across the brook that crosses our path and seems to give a natural line for battle; we re-cross to view our position, and as the night closes round us, we seek a few moments alone. But a strong

hand seizes us as we are about to cross to our treasures and our strength again, draws us back, wrestles with us, throws us down. One who would bring down our pride, who would allay our passion, who would strengthen the weak hands and the feeble knees, even though He should send us, like Jacob, halting through life. But how few turn round on this Strong One in the darkness and the solitude, wrestling till the day break, and ready then to continue, if needful, till the day is done, saying, I will not let thee go except thou bless me. How few of us know how to get in and get out of the grips in this mysterious contest. How the soul pants and struggles with dim eyes and parched mouth, scarce knowing sometimes how or why it does so, yet still holds on through all the long encounter, now flinging about its empty hands for a hold of something, or feeling every nerve strained to agony lest it should let the mysterious wrestler go, feeling now the strength of this touch and then of that, till all he can do and all he can say is summed up in the words, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." It is as one has seen a child seize on his father and delay his departing steps, not by strength of hand,

but by the hold he has on his father's heart. I will not let thee go, the child cries; and the father remains a prisoner in the weak hands that scarcely circle his knees. I will not let thee go—again comes breaking out perhaps amid sobs and tears—except—and the father lingers still and bends down with caresses. The child is lifted in his arms, is pressed to his bosom; and still the little wrestler, clinging above as he clung below, with head nestled in his father's bosom, sobs out still—whether in the body or out of the body one can hardly tell—I will not let thee go.

But the prayer that in these words I desire of you, is not simply individual. I beseech you, brethren, that ye STRIVE TOGETHER. Promises are given to individual prayer; but there are large and special and prompt blessings to united prayer. The latter, indeed, includes the former. Each strives, while we strive together. Jesus teaches us to come together around Him, and join our prayers with His, saying, Our Father. If you, who are already gathered here, shall find it good to be here, it will be in some proportion to our union in love, in faith, in prayer. I beseech you, therefore, not to stand apart, praying, like the

Pharisee, each by himself. Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another; love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous, not rendering evil for evil or railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, knowing that ye are thereunto called that ye should inherit a blessing. I beseech you, therefore, to strive together for me, husband and wife and child, around your table when you give thanks for the past and ask grace for the present and the future; and around your hearth, when you are gathering up the fire for the night, and asking the Lord to keep you, ask Him also to keep me. I beseech you strive together for me, neighbours, who have learned something of Him who lived far as the breadth of heaven from you, and yet reckoned Himself your neighbour when Priest and Levite passed on the other side, and who came down beside you as you lay wounded and nigh death, and not only cared for you, but brought you here to the inn, giving charge and undertaking the charge of your further care: remember me when two or three together you meet in His name. I beseech you strive together, members of this Church, who, whether as hand or foot, are professedly ready to act here as one body, that

when I speak it may be as one mouth glorifying God, that even when I am silent I may feel the electric thrill of the same pulse of prayer and blessing between you and me and God.

But I do not ask you to any work or any warfare in which I shall not accompany you, in which I am not prepared by God's grace to lead you; for I beseech you brethren that you strive together with me. My work is yours, and yours mine. You know not how often, in looking at the work here, and then at the worker, I may be ready to turn back in despair. Your prayers may come upon me like a soft cool wind, amid the heat and burden of the day. Your prayers may come upon the hot sky as a cloud laden with showers, when the seed has just been sown. As I go through these Wynds, I may seem as a traveller in the desert; but I shall be as one who has some green spot, because of its quiet still fountain, for every day's journey and for every night's rest. If even some day, like Hagar, I may be ready to cast my half-dead burden from me and sit down to die, God may then open my eyes and show me a well of water where I thought there was none. As I enter your houses, my tongue shall grow eloquent

if I feel assured you have been asking God to enable me to speak as I ought to speak. As I sit in my study gathering up some thoughts for you day and night, the thought of your earnest prayers for blessing will help me to sift the seed and cast away what might glitter in some lights like gold, but would not taste to your hungry souls as bread. And as I enter this place on the Sabbath morning, I shall need no thunders of the organ quivering amid these beams to stir or still my spirit, or play the voluntary for our after service, if my soul has already heard the music of your earnest hearts greeting my steps and quickening my approach; for the beating of hearts loving and beloved makes magic music to keep us moving, the only monotonous music of which we never weary. Only when it is still, when the silver cords are broken or harshly struck, do we know the full power their low whispers possess. I shall need no incense to perfume this place and cling in fragrant fragments about these walls, if your prayers ascend from lips touched with a live coal from the altar of God. If we have been thus earnestly striving together during the week, we shall not spend the Sabbath in listlessness and sloth; we

shall rest indeed, but our rest shall renew our strength.

II. But let me now point out three reasons why I beseech you, brethren, thus to strive together with me in your prayers to God for me.

1. For the sake of those who believe not. Paul urged on the Romans to pray for him that he might be delivered from those who believed not in Judea, that he might not be hindered in his purpose of visiting Rome. We know that his fears were not groundless, for it was on this visit to Jerusalem that he was taken prisoner and sent, not in joy but in bonds to Rome. Brethren, this Wynd Church, as you know, has been set down amongst them that believe not. I have not indeed any fear of personal injury, or even of any systematic attempt to hinder me at my work. But I feel persuaded of this, that if we are really doing God's work here, we shall have a battle to fight. And the more truly spiritual our work the more will Satan and evil men strive in one way or other to oppose it. Let us not be taken by surprise. Let us make every preparation, not only for defence, but for bringing down the strongholds of Satan around us. And the best preparation

you can make is what I beseech you, brethren, to do—strive together with me in your prayers to God for me. I come here not merely as your Minister, but as their Missionary, and I shall be most useful to you when I am most useful to them. But for this I look to you as my fellow-helpers. I look to you to strive together with me, not only in prayer but in work. I expect you to bring others under the influence of my preaching; but I expect you to bring these and others also under the influence of your practice. I expect you by your prayerful, holy walk and conversation, to commend the Gospel to those among whom you live. This was the character of the early Christian churches. They were small communities of faithful men and women gathered out of the mass in mere handfuls, but put back again to leaven it. These were the churches that in a few years changed, in many respects, the character of society throughout the world. I beseech you, brethren, that ye strive that such may be our mission and manifest work here.

2. But another reason is, for the sake of the Saints. Paul had a service to do by bringing the contributions of some churches of the Gentiles to

the poorer brethren in Jerusalem. He feared that their Jewish prejudices against the Gentiles might render this service less acceptable. Brethren, I have such a service to bring from some of our richer brethren to you. I present you, in their name, with this church, with this mission agency, with my own service. I trust that no groundless prejudices shall render this service less acceptable than it ought to be. I desire you to see in this effort of the Church, what the Gospel accomplishes in the hearts of men. The Church is thus doing for the world what the world will not and can not do for itself. The Church, constrained by the love of Christ, is thus teaching the ignorant, helping the weak, enriching the poor, raising the fallen. The Church is continuing the disciple-work of the first days of the Gospel, healing the sick, cleansing the lepers, casting out devils, raising the dead. The Church is thus showing the only true type of human brotherhood, the type of "the man Christ Jesus." But what is the Church? It is only a portion of the world transformed, the old hearts made new, God's workmanship created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works. I beseech you, brethren, strive that this my service, which I am

commissioned still further to perform, may be acceptable among you, and that you, also, and others here, may show forth the same triumphs of the grace of God over everything that is selfish and vile.

But this is not all. I have a service from the Church for you, but I have also a service from you to the Church. You may more than repay all that has been done for you, by helping forward this good work among others. If our Church in the Wynds be successful, it will awaken more liberality on the part of the Church at large, and more devotedness on the part of the Ministry, to carry similar efforts to other places. I confess myself ambitious to do good service to the saints in this respect. I confess myself ambitious to place the Wynd Church fairly and fully in the front of this movement. I have the most unpromising field in some respects; but if the soil is stiff and stony, it has been long fallow. If it is bare and sour, and open to highway and byeway, it is unrestricted and unclaimed. It opens new regions to our enterprise where may yet rise the cities of our God. Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works. I beseech you, bre-

thren, strive that this my service, which I have for Jerusalem, may be honoured of God in carrying forward the greatest home-work of the present time.

3. I urge this request upon you, finally, for your own sakes, that I may come unto you with joy, by the will of God, and may, with you, be refreshed. The Apostle's coming to Rome at all, depended, God willing, upon his being delivered from his enemies in Judea; and his coming with joy, upon his service being accepted of the saints. Brethren, my joy among you will depend, in like manner, upon my work being successful among them that believe not, and, consequently, may be of some service in the great work of the Church of Christ. Times of refreshing come only from the presence of the Lord. But the Lord is nigh unto them that call on Him, to all that call on Him in truth. He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him. If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them, said Jesus, of my Father in heaven; for where two or three are gathered together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them.

Now, brethren, I beseech you, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit. I need not ask those of you who pray not for yourselves, to pray for me; nor those who strive not in prayer at all, to strive together with me. I address those who have learned something of Christ, who can ask, and be asked, for His sake, and who have His Spirit and the love of His Spirit. What two mighty motives are here—the Lord Jesus Christ's sake and the love of the Spirit! In the one, the pledge that our prayers shall be heard; in the other, the principle which secures they shall be made. And what mighty helpers! One Advocate at the right hand of the Father, and another at our own; one making continual intercession for us, another helping our infirmities, and making intercession within us according to the will of God.

Who, then, is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the Lord. The work is truly great; for the temple we build is not for man but for the Lord God. For each one now made willing to help we say with David, "Our God, we thank Thee, and praise Thy glorious name. But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be

able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of Thee, and of Thine own do we give Thee." I ask no one to give up other needful work for this; but I proclaim from the first, that no one will be welcome here, who comes merely to look on. If one, already here, is alarmed at the prospect of a long and trying campaign, even though we have not the half yet of Gideon's sifted band, we proclaim his words in the ears of the people, saying, "Whosoever is fearful and afraid, let him return and depart early." But every one here, whom the Lord shall this day try, and of whom He shall say, 'This shall go with thee, I point to Midian in the valley, and say, Arise, and let us go down unto the host!

Surely our work here, my brethren, is not hopeless. Surely we have got Gospel enough for the Wynds of Glasgow. Are there no blind eyes, no deaf ears, no dead hearts? and have we not One amongst us able to heal and to make alive—have we not the Prophet among us that can summon thee, O Breath! from the four winds, to breathe upon dry bones in this valley of our vision till there rise and stand up an exceeding great army of living men? Are ye not witnesses this day

that Jesus Christ is still the Healer and the Helper, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Does He not say to you now what he said to John's disciples, when they asked, Art thou He that should come, or look we for another? Go and show again those things which ye hear and see—the blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them. There is welcome here for the needy prodigal and a feast without a brother's grudge. There is a place here for the woman that was a sinner in the city, with no scowling Pharisee to scorn her tears and no greedy Judas to count her broken box of ointment wasted upon the Lord's feet. There is room for blind Bartimeus, and no crowd to keep him back, but helping hands to guide him on. There is peace for the guiltiest, rest for the weariest, love for the loneliest, help for the weakest, joy for the saddest soul that ever crept out of the daylight to die. Woman! go call thy husband, yea call him if he with whom thou livest is not thy husband, and come with him. Father! bring thy son hither, though he be possessed with a devil. Martha! go call thy sister

and come quickly; nay fear not for thy dead brother, for the Master is come, and He is the Resurrection and the Life, and can quicken whom He will. Let us arise and meet Him and beseech Him to abide with us till we have brought all our sick and impotent folk to Him. Only believe: all things are possible to them that believe. With a praying people and a present Saviour, our church in the Wynds will be a blessing in the world. Now the God of Peace be with you all. Amen.

V.

"I go to prove my soul!

I see my way, as birds their trackless way.

I shall arrive! What time, what circuit first,

I ask not:

In some time—His good time—I shall arrive:

He guides me and the bird. In His good time!"

THE MINISTER OF THE WYND CHURCH had now to form his own plans, and work them out. There were exactly ninety-nine members on the communion roll, but not one could yet be safely entrusted with any office, or could be asked even to teach a Sabbath class. About one hundred and fifty sittings were let, and about four hundred and thirty empty. On the evening of my ordination, my friend, Dr. Buchanan, at the close of his speech to the two hundred at tea, laid his hand kindly on my head, and said, "I now leave my young friend to himself." Among the few words, on that night, I felt able to utter, I thanked him for that hand's turn, as well as for the many others done for the work. I thought it was needful that all there should understand, that whatever co-operation we might have, I was not to be a curate to anybody, and the Wynd Church was not to be an appendage to any other whatsoever. As show-

ing the necessity, then, for some such independent course, at the beginning of such a work, not so much for the friends there as for others, I may mention an incident that occurred when I entered, a few days after, on the first meeting of the Presbytery. The clerk was gravely asked, although in a whisper, by one of the brethren, whether the Minister of the Wynd Church had really a seat in that Court, as he had no interest in the Sustentation Fund! The question was speedily answered, and to the satisfaction, I believe, of the inquirer.

The first plan adopted, was to get the loan of three elders, one from the Tron, and two from other Congregations. For upwards of two years, till I could rear elders of my own, these three friends promptly obeyed every summons and attended heartily to every duty connected with the necessary administration of discipline and finance. The District Sabbath Schools remained for about the same time in the hands of the Tron teachers, till I was able to relieve them by a native staff. About half a dozen of these attended the Wynd Church for part of the Sabbath, and at length finally cast in their lot with us. It is important to notice this, as it indicates the sort

of ecclesiastical furniture with which it was supposed a Territorial Minister was set up twelve years ago. A few months after, it was proposed by some of the office-bearers and Sabbath School teachers of the Tron, that some money lying on hand should be devoted to the payment of a missionary, for a time, in the district. My gifted friend and still most faithful helper, William Allan, agreed to accept this work, and continued laboriously at it for a year, when he resigned and went back to business. But when the appointment was made, an important question came up for consideration, and may be noted in connection with the plans first adopted. It was made a necessary condition of the appointment, that the Missionary should be attached to the Tron Church, and should report only to their Session. I said then, what I hold more strongly now, that in missions, as in war, there must be an undivided command. It was providentially ordered, however, that this work was to be carried on for years, not only among the people of the Wynds, but with the exceptions named, and one or two to be mentioned, entirely by themselves, and the field was thus cleared for an honest and thorough experiment

both as to what could be done on them and what by them.

Indeed, the main, and as it seemed to me, most needful question to be kept in view from the first was this, Can a Church, a true primitive Church, after the example of the Acts of the Apostles, be gathered from these Wynds? Can we now, in these days, grow such a Church simply from the seed? I wanted honestly to try that. My future ministry and life's work depended on whether that was possible. If nothing could be done but gather people into a building to hear sermon or service, I confess I had no mind to labour at that. If even higher work could be done, but only upon people in respectable dress, and already living decent industrious lives, I would have doubted if this was the work of the Gospel. I wanted to know if miracles of grace could still be wrought in the name of Jesus—if the true evidence that Christ is come was to be found in the work He still continued to do—if we could still point doubters, like John's disciples, to similar facts, only more inward and more needful, and fully promised, "the deaf hear, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the dead are raised up, and to the

poor the Gospel is preached, and blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in Me." This, therefore, was my first work. I was glad that already the field was so far cleared, and the marches so well marked. I was jealous, almost to a fault, for several years, of every well-dressed stranger that entered the church. I did nothing to encourage him to settle with us. I was anxious that no doubt should finally rest upon the experiment we were conducting. I hoped no one should be able to say that we had carried other soil from long-cultivated fields, and so dressed our own bare rock. Here were not bare rocks, but fields long fallow, covered, indeed, with thorns and full of stones, but black and rich and with a fresh wholesome flavour, when we turned them up and cleaned out a bit here and there. I did not object to a few more hands. If any stranger took a liking to our lonely station in the wilderness, and was willing honestly to work, we embraced him, and took him home and let him dip his morsel with us in what our Boaz furnished for the young men in His field. One after another dropped in upon us, and when we exercised our right of search, we always found their papers right; some

letter of commendation in the Master's hand, in some needed faculty or grace, made the stranger doubly welcome, and made us glad to find that He was not forgetting us. And so when we found, gradually, various heads of departments were appearing and quietly settling in their places and turning to their work as if ordered, we took courage and resolved, more than ever, to give ourselves to prayer and the ministry of the Word. We were the more satisfied with this way of beginning the work, that for a good while, indeed for several years, we had very few sight-seers about us, and nobody that could only be turned to ornamental purposes. After all, the workers of the choice kind indicated and thus sent never mustered half a score for three or four years, and they were all hard working but intelligent and earnest men, each with some talent to begin with and diligently putting it out to usury.

For the first five or six Sabbaths indeed the church was crowded; but after that we were gradually left for years to ourselves, except that now and then at rare intervals some one or two would visit us to see the Wynd Church. They were easily known by their looking rather than

listening. They would sometimes favour us with their criticism, as visitors do in public places on summer tours. One would ask why so many well-dressed people were present, for surely these people did not live in the Wynds. Another would suggest that we were surely preaching over their heads, if they did. But as the church thus was emptied of strangers, it was not easily filled with those that dwelt around. The people came in very very slowly. Each one had to be asked before he came—some had to be asked scores of times. Some had to be carried, as in the Gospel, on the shoulders of four. But we were always compelling some to come in, and some were made to take up their beds and walk. Some, like the woman at Jacob's well, went back to the city saying, "Come see a man that told me all that ever I did." We were greatly encouraged by occasional discoveries that there were words, delivered in the sermons, sharp as Ehud's dagger, and quite as deadly to the flesh in its haughty usurpation of God's Kingdom. This and the other, who had been led into regular attendance, would turn away in a rage, like Naaman when he got the prophet's message. They believed some one

had been detailing to the minister the secrets of their life, and that his eye and everybody's was on them. But amongst such like cases there were a few others who had long lived in the obscurity of their deep poverty a life of faith and prayer, aged people most of them, like Simeon and Anna waiting for the consolation of Israel. It was a pleasant thing to have the interior of our church decorated with some such venerable heads, deeply carved by sorrows and years, yet better to our sight than any saints or angels cut in stone. How these old folks rejoiced in the Wynd church as their own. I remember one of these, a few months after my ordination, slowly ascending the stair on the Sabbath morning, the first to enter as the bell which I had raised during the week to the belfry, having for weeks before been busy raising it by subscriptions, was ringing out its cheerful tones: "Ah!" she said, "it's like a Kirk noo; that bell's as guid as a missionary, and will need nae stipend." The church easily attracted persons of this class. Some came with certificates of church membership twenty-eight years old, kept carefully, like title-deeds, when everything else was gone. Others came, too, who remembered better days, and were

looking for their return, although still, to a large extent, followed by the evil birds that had picked up so much of the good seed from their hearts, and had frightened away the dove-like blessings that once built about their roof. The first two sittings were taken and paid for—front seats in the gallery, the best to be got—by a husband and wife of this sort, who lived in the most depraved building in the district, yet were there in many respects like Lot in Sodom. There were also rare specimens of the original native element—the Wynd aborigines—that had lived there for forty or fifty years, and would not leave the old fire-sides, although their righteous souls were vexed by the wicked round them from day to day. These loved the very ruins of the place, although they mourned among them like Jeremiah. Others had been carried to the district and had settled there, as things in flood-time wrenched from other places, and would not have remained if that flood had gone farther, or another had come to lift and float them back again. Yet, these varied characters formed the first magnates of the Wynd Church. There was John Duncan, the bill-sticker, who remains with us till this day, leading gently to every meeting

on Sabbath and week night, his pale, patient, blind Mary, the wife who, even then, washed and baked for him. She died a few years ago, lifting up her face for the second and perfecting touch of those fingers that had already given her inward sight. There, too, was Alexander Thorburn, standing daily at the auction-room door, or at the photographer's with necklace of pictures; and his wife, too, that needed all her clear vision to keep him straight. There, too, was John Bonar, sideling with slow pace into the meeting, but always there with fresh gilt bible, at which he looked from an angle impossible to any other eye. From morn to night he laboured at a wheel, his body and spirit the only motive power the small business could afford; but when the day of rest came, he watched every turn of the sermon, and could give most accurate account of what seemed to him the result. There were strange characters too, such as little Charlie, so we called him, though he was a man of thirty; but he crept into church and up the stairs upon his knees, climbed on the pew like a cat, and there, with his broad brow and deep attentive eyes, no one could have supposed that he was unable to walk like other men. And there was old Widow

Aitken, more than four score when she died, who, a few months before she was taken home, called to say, "Deed, I'm past work noo, and the Minister maun just settle a bit pension on me for the rest o' my days." There, too, was poor Sandy Wilson, with feeble knees that could with difficulty get past one another, and stammering tongue that could hardly utter a sentence without many a stop and stutter. Sandy had a green swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons, that thirty years before had done duty on his marriage day, and among all his poverty, for poor he was, though he cobbled diligently from morn to night, he still kept this memory of his prime. As illustrating one peculiar difficulty in the way of regular attendance in those days, I may record the following incident. I had missed Sandy from his pew, and was at his little box of a place on the Monday morning.

"Have you been ill, Sandy?"

"Na, na, Sir, but a mouse got in-into my box, b-below the b-bed and ate a hole, like a croon piece, in the m-middle of my coat!"

But Sandy had another wedding garment that nothing could mar. Within this present year I

found him on crutches in the Home for Indigent Old Men. I sat beside him, as of old, talking of his dead wife, and of the home where she was making ready to meet him. "Eh, sir," he said, "do ye mind the twenty-third Psalm?" on which I had preached several of my first sermons. "It was in thae green pastures that oor Shepherd found me, and carried me home rejoicing!"

There were many widows in our Israel in these days; and some, with little to support them, found that a blessing could still be got on the handful of meal in the bottom of the barrel, and that they could borrow vessels of their neighbours and fill them from their own wondrous cruise of oil. I remember climbing up to a little garret to see one of these. She was blind, and a little granddaughter was now able to bring in half-a-crown a week, but had to leave her most of the day alone. The old woman was now very feeble, and sometimes unable to rise. I found her thus in her bare garret, and on the low bed. A broken crock filled with fresh water had been left beside her in the morning, but she had been too weak that day to lift it, and nobody had come near her. I gave her to drink, and then she opened her lips and

told me how often for years she had begun the day without knowing where to find a morsel; but she testified to the ceaseless providence of God, and how even till that hour her wants had been supplied. On one of our first communions an old widow of this stamp had in her frailty or deafness failed to notice the closing table service, and her grief was very great when she found that all was over. My valued friend, Mr. Campbell of Tullichewan, was on that day, as on several others, serving tables as an elder, and I shall never forget, when we spread the table again for this one of God's poor, and preached a few moments to her that yet there was room, enough and to spare, a Saviour unspeakably rich and patient and willing to wait till the last was served, how reverently he carried to her the bread and the wine, the tears stealing down his cheeks as he witnessed her lowly and warm devotion. It was, I think, on that same day while sitting at the table watching the elders going round with the salver and the cup, that I noticed a poor old man of eighty-one years, admitted there for the first time to the communion, take the large slice of bread handed by the elder, and instead of breaking off a morsel and

passing on the rest, ignorant of our custom, he retained the piece, and manifestly with a keen appetite began to eat the whole. I stopped the elder as he was about gently to speak to him. I said—"Our Master would not take it from him; it may help him to understand better what the table means." There was no danger of Corinthian dissipation, and this communion was his first and last on earth.

In these early days we had few young people in church. Our attendance was principally composed of very old and middle-aged people. A marriage was rare, and the children of the families were with few exceptions dead or grown up. We started a Sabbath morning school for those who were getting in years beyond the usual Sabbath evening classes. We had also from the beginning an admirable prayer meeting on the Sabbath morning for young men. But immediately after our first communion a few young women, who had been at the table, came to me saying, "We have been very much impressed with what you have been saying about not only being hearers but doers of the Word; we have been thinking about what you were telling us last Sabbath of

the Lord sending His disciples to say that the kingdom of heaven is at hand; we have been feeling compassion for the multitude, and have been praying that the Lord of the harvest may send labourers. Meantime we have come to offer ourselves. We think we might go round some of the houses with tracts, and here we have six shillings to pay for them. We hope to give that at least every month." I rejoiced very much at this blossoming of my almond branch. I suggested that they should not only leave tracts at the houses, but, entering every house opened to them, bringing in and leaving if possible their peace, should seek to abide there till they had occasion to go thence. They agreed to invite, during the hour's interval between morning and afternoon service, the people about the neighbourhood to come with them to church; and that we might not labour in vain we were to meet together for five minutes every Sabbath at the close of the morning service to apportion the tracts and implore power from on high. These were hard working girls, chiefly engaged in factories or ware-rooms, but in a few weeks we had thirty of them thus engaged. And every Sabbath afternoon for

months after, I saw, as we sung our opening psalm, one and another of the more successful entering the church with several followers in ordinary working dress. In a little we arranged to speak to the people of the district about their buying Bibles for themselves, and in one year these girls sold no fewer than seven hundred at full price. These were our first Bible-women, and were working for two years before the famous Missing Link was made known by the much and justly honoured L. N. R. This Bible-work went on and goes on still.

About this time I commenced two training classes—one for men and the other for women. I felt that we ought to have a department in which workers could get initiated, and in which work also might be commenced. We needed an Experimental Department, in which we might prepare work and workers, and in which our failures might do little harm and much good. We were saying to the people, Go work; why stand idle? and no one must be allowed to answer, "No man hath hired us." These classes were intended to give not only instruction, but practical training. They were not only to help to explain the

life of faith, but to introduce to its walk and work. In the class for men, therefore, we had often up before us, in addition to our regular subject, the questions and difficulties of the workshop. Sometimes I questioned the class, and sometimes they questioned me. From this class I got my first trained male helpers. First a dozen of them began to visit the district—and from these we got our first collectors, Sabbath School teachers, and office-bearers. Indeed we early made it a standing order that no man was to be elected an elder who had not first been proved as a deacon, and no man made a deacon till he had purchased promotion in some subordinate department. In the Female Class, after the Bible lesson, I read some choice extract from Tennyson or Mrs. Browning, or some other author equally good, and thus took the opportunity of stimulating and training a pure taste, and giving some food to the fancy. Some of my friends on the outside who got a glimpse of my habitat on their vacation tours, laughed heartily at my romance; but my girls grew into noble women—true gentlewomen in all but the purse, which is not essential to a lady's full dress—except indeed to its cost. I was always ready to

take and give a good hearty laugh, and was not therefore easily laughed out of a rooted conviction; but sometimes I had difficulty in repressing indignation at the views entertained of the poor, and what was most likely to be useful to them. I remember about the beginning of the second winter of our church life, I arranged to have our household of faith entertained at tea on the New Year's night. We secured the Architectural Exhibition Rooms, whose limited accommodation we just filled, and whose various sketches and sculptures and mouldings might interest and please the eye. We had a little time for walking round the rooms, and then sat down for our tea and talk. Among other friends who kindly agreed to help me were two men deeply interested in the work, and not unused to philanthropic speech. But before they rose to deliver themselves, I overheard one say to the other, "I say, I have been thinking that this is surely high life below stairs!" I have had occasional opportunities of seeing since how many fail of success in their efforts among the masses, because unknown to themselves they really "despise the poor;" and I have been led to distinguish and make something of the distinction

between a large amount of the fashionable petting and patronage of the poor and that real human sympathy and true sense of what human life truly consists in, which was the glorious characteristic of Him who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, who received sinners and ate with them. We had from the first a few men and women among us, notwithstanding the many frail and feeble, who were noble specimens of true manhood and womanhood. These had breadth and culture, although they were working for their bread; and we had thus an opportunity not only of speaking about the elements of strong and beautiful character, but of illustrating and of gradually imparting them. From the first there was thus, from various circumstances, kept up among us a love of reading and of thought, and some sympathy with all that was really good and progressive in the times.

It was in the beginning of our second winter that another agency, of prime importance to us, was started—our Sabbath Evening Service for people in Working Clothes. Some of the visitors came to me, headed by my friend David Cunningham, who was one of the first few sent to us, and

has for years devoted much time as our treasurer, and unusual skill and efficiency as the unpaid leader of our church music, and the guide of hundreds of our youth into a deep love and knowledge of much that is essential to the service of praise. "We cannot longer," they said, "get people to follow us into Church in the afternoon, because, they say, we are all now so well dressed?" "What do you propose then?" I asked. "Could we have a short service in the evening specially for this class?" I at once answered that I would make a beginning. I would preach again in the evening, if they would come out in their working clothes, so as to induce others to do the same. The tame elephants, as in jungle hunting, might thus bring in the wild. This was at once agreed; and about thirty visitors—the young women putting aside their nice dresses and bonnets, and the men their broadcloth, and coming out in the dress which they wore at work, went round and gathered the first evening thirty others. We now instituted what we called our Night Brigade, a band of male visitors armed with bull's-eye lanterns, who penetrated the dark closes and stairs a little before the service began, to get promises ful-

filled. The second evening we had ninety present, the third about a hundred and fifty, and soon we had the church half filled, sometimes crowded, when some of the visitors would peep into the vestry, before service, and say, "We have swept the closes clean to-night."

From the very first this service was to me the most impressive I had then seen. It was very short, never exceeding an hour or an hour and a quarter, and conducted with the same attention to details as the other church services. But the audience affected me profoundly. They taught me how to preach. There they sat, many of them in rags, some of them unwashed, some brought in from their firesides as they sat after their Saturday night's dissipation. Many had never in their life been within a church door, many had not been for ten and twenty years. And there they sat, as I stood up to preach, looking into my eyes with eager search as if for light, waiting to know if I really had any good news for them. They seemed to say, "We have come for once in our life, at any rate, within your reach, and we shall listen to-night till you're done. Say your best. Do your utmost. We are dead hopeless creatures.

We know we're lost; you need not tell us that. We believe in hell; we have been there. But is there salvation for us? Can you do anything to save us. For God's sake try." And I did try. But for a little I lost sight of them in tears. For my words were broken and mingled with sobs. But, as it happened, my emotion moved them. Some of them were softened and their hearts took away impressions from the truth. I told them, in the end, that I had been preaching Christ and now I preached myself, their servant, for His sake. I offered them the Church; I offered them myself as their Minister; I offered them, if they would rise and follow the Lord with us, houses, and brethren, and sisters, and such help as was promised us of God. We spoke to them as they came in and went out, and tried to make them feel at home. We had in those days no Dorcas Society. We had to say, like Peter and John, "Silver and gold we have none, but what we have give we: in the name of Jesus Christ, rise up and walk." But soon we saw those who had lain for years at the beautiful gate of the temple, mere lame beggars from their birth, rise up as we said "Look on us," and especially when we "took them by the hand"

and helped them to rise. They were seen going into the temple leaping and praising God. How soon, when they sat at the feet of Jesus, they were "clothed and in their right mind."

The Church now began to fill more rapidly. At each half-yearly communion we had a larger addition to the membership—sometimes thirty or fifty. The Communion Class, held for six weeks before the Communion, was our harvest time. Then our latter rain fell, and we reaped our precious seed. What stories of life were told me at those periods, and what records of mercy were unfolded! I remember, at the first meeting with the three elders ordained from among ourselves, I went over the list of those I could recommend for admission to the Church, telling certain facts regarding each as to their awakening and how they had been led to their present position. In going home after a protracted meeting, one of these friends said, "What a new idea this meeting has given me of the work of the Gospel. I had got to think that such things were now only to be read in books!" We admitted our new members publicly, from the first, on the evening of the Fast-day, in presence of the Congregation, and

giving them the right hand of fellowship intimated that they were thus introduced to the rest. On one such night, after we had admitted about sixty, I said a few words in closing the service to those who had been looking on, warning the lingerers lest they should be too late, and come up only when the door was shut. The benediction was pronounced and the people were crowding out by our narrow aisles, when a man, dressed in blue pilot cloth, with a great shaggy head and a rough weather-beaten face, one eye hopelessly disfigured as if by some terrible blow, came up, with his large blue bonnet in his hand. "I want to be admitted," he said. "But you have not been attending the class and it is too late for this time, as I have just intimated."

"I want to be admitted for a' that."

"What makes you press forward to-night?"

"Seeing sae mony press into the Kingdom, and I'm like to be left oot."

I turned to my elders, and said, "The Lord may see fit to send us this man and we must not make classes and other such arrangements the only rule." So, turning to him, I engaged to see him next night, and to report to the Session on Saturday.

We met. He was the Briggate Flesher,—Bob Cunningham,—a noted character in the Wynds, wild, reckless, drunken; a man who had been accustomed to the ring and had lost one eye there; who had been in jail for homicide and narrowly escaped hanging,—yet here he was, suing for admission among those whose feet were washed before supper, and were “clean every whit.” I soon discovered that he knew nothing of ordinary religious phrases and the terms in which familiar doctrines were usually stated; but he had got to know the things themselves and had his own way of putting them, some of them in language borrowed from the slaughter-house. “I’m a changed man,” he said, “the guid used to be drooned by the evil, but noo it’s floating on the tap. Hoo am I changed? Jesus Christ did it. I was the lame man at the gate of the temple, and faith in His name has healed my ankle bones and made me stand and walk. I was covered o’er wi’ sin; but Christ took me, and washed me in His bluid and cast a’ my filth away.” He sat down with us next Sabbath morning.

Cases like this were of course very encouraging. They showed the value of such an agency

as the Evening Service—not only an open door into the Church without money and without price, but with messengers going to many doors around, saying, “Come now for all things are ready.” We saw how many, like Nicodemus, came first by night. We saw how true is our Lord’s word, “Seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you.” It left the poorest without excuse. It gave the most timid encouragement. One young man, stumbling down the Wynd on which our Church-door opened, noticed the board which we had nailed up with the announcement of this service. He had been brought up by pious parents. He had when a boy been laid, as he afterwards said, at the foot of Jacob’s ladder—only no one had urged him to climb. He had come to the city and gradually been drawn into evil, till at last, looking back from one of the dram shops of the Saltmarket, what a distance he had fallen! Sometimes he reached, by slow and painful effort, some way back and up the steep sides of the incline; at other times, wandering over Glasgow Green, he would look into the dark depths of the Clyde, and think how easy it would be to sink.

Only he knew that there were depths below that bottom, and he feared them. He entered the church with some sense of shame, because his clothes were so rude. But our church-officer, ever on the alert to help a soul, took him by the arm and put him in a pew, and told him he was welcome there any part of the day. Next Sabbath he was out in the afternoon, and for three months he was there regularly, before he ventured to call on me, and ask help in his struggles after peace.

Even though the service did not, as in such cases, end in immediate results, or in any, we saw the power it had by the kind of persons drawn in from time to time. It was like the cave of Adullam. Whoever was in debt or distress would come, although they left us again. One evening it was reported that the Spae-wife, as she was called, of the Laigh Kirk Close, who lived by fortune-telling, and to whose door came not only the simple but the gentle, carried there, more shame to them, sometimes in those days in cab or carriage, was present in the meeting. "The auld body," said the Beadle, "didna seem to be very comfortable under the sermon, and went oot early; but I had

grippit her wee bit black doggie and lockit him up, to see whether she could divine where he was!"

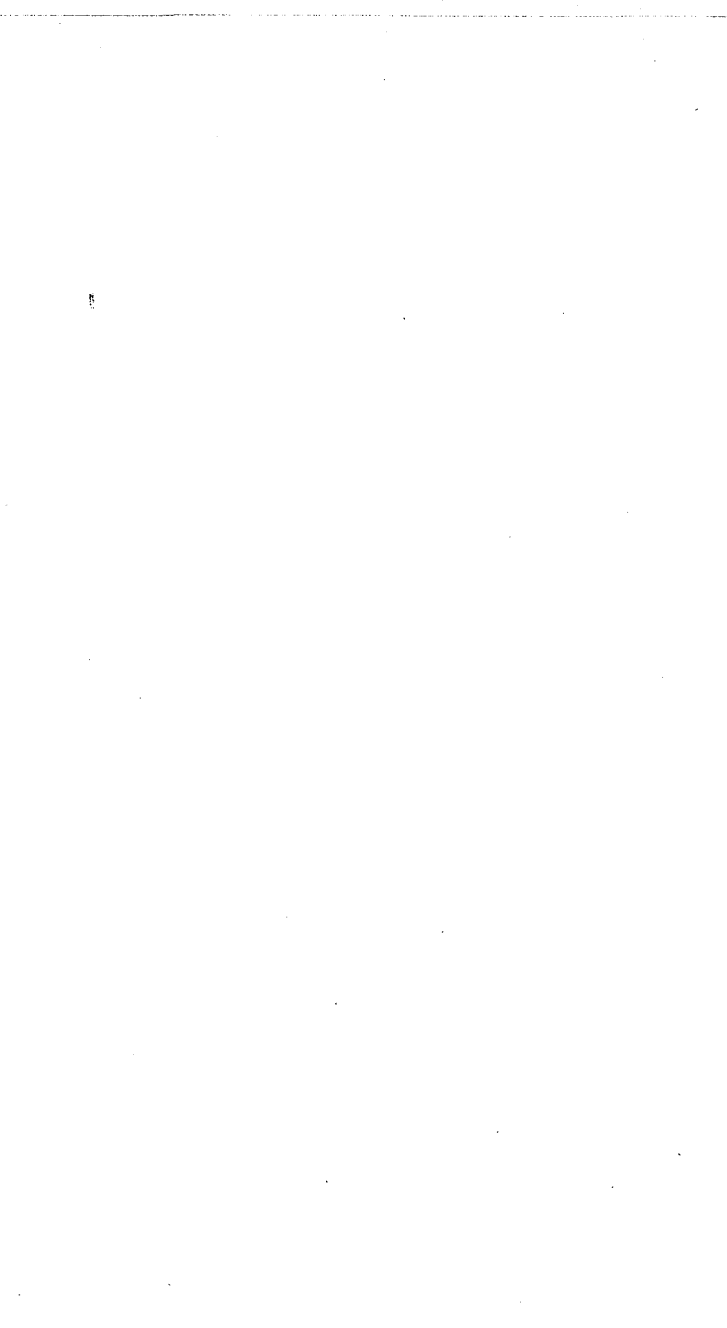
One phase of the work was very interesting. At almost every communion there would come to us some weary heavy laden souls that had carried their burden of guilt and grief for years, and at length had found rest. Some of these living together for ten or twenty years, were at length regularly married, and received into fellowship. They had felt like lepers, and could not enter the congregation till they were pronounced clean.

Our frequent adult baptisms were very impressive. Sometimes the parent was baptised and his house, bringing back scenes of apostolic times. These baptisms invariably took place in presence of the church, and ten or fifteen men and women thus publicly professing Christ, the faith of all was quickened.

In these cases we came often, like the geologist, upon long buried strata, retaining deposits of ancient forms of life that are by no means yet extinct.

VI.

"This is the glory of our Reformation, that it has restored preaching to the Church, I may even say to the Catholic church. Surely that was a noble movement, by which the priesthood passed from a simple celebration of rites (which had become a species of magic), to science, to thought, to speech, to aggressive action."



WHAT ARE THE PRINCIPLES FOUND TO BE MOST FRUITFUL IN YOUR WORK IN THE WYNDYDS? To that question often put to me from various quarters by earnest workers in different churches, this whole book is intended as an answer. There are hints given throughout, but scarcely to be noticed by the general reader, that will be of value to those who know something of the difficulties of such work. Hints of this kind are most usefully embedded in a narrative. One engaged in work wants not only to know the experiments another tried, but what made him think of them, what led to them, and what came of them. At the same time, it is also of importance to single out and set aside for special examination the processes, or the tools, or the chemical ingredients that were found most useful, and were therefore always in demand; and having now gone over the beginnings of the work, and before going on

to describe the larger results, this may be the place for a pause to single out some of the principles that were found of deepest value and power.

I need not speak here of the Gospel itself as the power of God unto salvation. This underlies all. Herein was our life. Nor need I speak of faith in One wise and loving and powerful, and especially near and ready to help; nor of prayer as actual speech from a living mouth into a living ear. I have already made clear one principle that seemed from the first of the greatest importance in such work, that the Gospel to the poor is life in its full sense—life large and bountiful, not only in spirit but form, in fellowship as well as food, in complete organization not only to initiate but perfect, not only to beget but to sustain and multiply. It is life in Christ, and therefore also Church life, life acting as well as acted on, feeding as well as fed, growing and fruitful by means not only of external help, but of internal and conscious effort. The Gospel is not therefore to be given to the poor in mere extracts. They are to be hearers and doers of the whole. Christ is as rich for them as for others, as rich in gifts as well as grace. The poor need not be at this Rich Man's gate among the

dogs, but at the children's table, clothed in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day. Another principle is that every church should be organized after the outline and finish of the primitive models. As a poor man may have a fine physical form and be endowed with strength and manly grace, so, and much more so, a church of poor men should be thoroughly furnished unto all good works. Such a church may ask the great Head not only to grant gifts for men, but gifts in men; not only to send men to them, but form men among them. Another principle is that each member of the church, as a member in the body of Christ, has a definite and designed place and a necessary function there, whether of hand or foot, eye or mouth; even as nerve or vein, receiving and transmitting force, each has some needful office to fill, simply because in Christ Jesus. And further, that the Word of God is able to make them wise as to all they need to know; that the Spirit is given to every believing man; that in particular the Gospels present to us Christ manifest in the flesh, and the very form our life must substantially assume as disciples called and sent forth; that the Acts set forth the principles on which Church life is to be

carried on, and the methods still substantially pursued by Christ from His place of power in heaven; that the Epistles give us specimens of Church life as to its evil as well as its good, for warning and encouragement; and that the Apocalypse opens up what is needful to be known till the present dispensation come to a close. And finally, that providence is not separable from grace; that Christ is head over all things to His Church; so that we may cast all our care on Him, and ask what we will.

It was necessary not only that I should act on these principles, but that I should teach them and get them practised by all about me. Special opportunities occurred for this in the continual necessity for filling up vacant places in the various agencies and offices of the church. We had to train helpers for every work. As one grew skilful, he was advanced, or his work was enlarged. Even in the necessity of getting various persons and temperaments to co-operate, the strong to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please themselves; in getting men to consult together and exercise their judgment in spiritual matters and methods of work; we had opportunities that

form a mission school. Nor could we trust to this work once started simply perpetuating itself: the particles of the body were in constant motion, and the waste had to be supplied from without. These principles were therefore necessarily introduced incidentally or specially into the ordinary weekly teaching of the pulpit; and I shall best perhaps illustrate this by giving three addresses from the close of 1858 and beginning of 1859—one at the ordination of three deacons; another at the reception of new members; a third from a series of sermons on disciple-work.

AT AN ORDINATION OF DEACONS.

I.—TO THE DEACONS.

Brethren, you have been called from among your fellow-members in the church, to do service for them and for the Lord. The name you now bear means that you are ministers or servants. All work in the church is ministering. The Master himself took the form of a servant, and even now, at the head of the House and the Kingdom, His hands holding the sceptre bear the marks of His toil. Angels delight to take this livery of

believers, and willingly minister to the heirs of salvation.

You are now set apart by solemn prayer as consecrated men, like the Levites of old, to do work about that Temple that is yet to be filled with the glory of the Lord. Although not ordained to preach nor to rule, like our two classes of Presbyters or Elders, you are ordained to a standing office in the church, in which you may purchase to yourselves a good degree and great boldness in the faith. Remember what distinguished saints have held this office. Think of Stephen the first martyr, the New Testament Enoch that walked with God and was not, for God took him. Think of Philip, that true deacon, who received among his gatherings the first fruits of Ethiopia for the Lord's treasury. Think what character was required of the first seven, to whom this service was entrusted, "of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom." Remember what a noble succession of such men have served tables in the church ever since. As if you felt the hand of Stephen and of Philip and such like receiving you into their fellowship, resolve through grace, to be men after their model,

men fit to take service beside the Apostles, and leave them free for the word and prayer. Remember, although the Deacon is not an Evangelist, whose work is one requiring a special call, that Philip was a deacon before he was an evangelist, and he must, therefore, have had the spirit and zeal of an evangelist while he was yet only a deacon. Every office-bearer and member in the church of Christ, must, in a fundamental and true sense, be an evangelist, carrying the good news, one who is a deacon as well as a disciple, because there is not only a Gospel but a Lord to be ministered to in the Gospel. To each of you, therefore, as to every bishop and elder, may the words of Paul to Timothy be addressed: "But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an evangelist, make full proof of thy ministry, (diaconate)."

The detailed nature of the Deacon's work is not laid down in Scripture. Like the duties of Pastor, and of Ruling Elder, his duties are put in general terms. The Apostles said, It is not fit that we should leave the Word of God and serve tables, that is, distribute the means of the Church to the poor. The first seven were appointed to relieve

the Apostles and Presbyters of such service in the church as might interfere with the ministering of the Word and prayer. You are called to a similar class of duties. You say, by your faithful work to me as pastor: Preach the word, be instant in season, out of season; give thyself wholly to the ministering of the Word and to the saving of souls. We, with our brethren in the deaconship, undertake to relieve you of all such work as might interfere with that, to help you by all such work as might further the Gospel. You say to the ruling elders: Be true overseers of the flock: seek after the wanderers, stir up the slothful, rebuke the evil, warn the unruly: look after the seed that is sown: take care of the baskets in which Christ's broken bread has been gathered. We shall strive to relieve you of such cares as befit our office. We shall not only gather and keep, but carefully lay out to the best of our ability, the free-will offerings of our brethren for the house of our God. We shall encourage their liberality by setting forth, as far as we can, the golden law of the House, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

But while on the one hand your duty is to re-

lieve the pastor and elders of such cares as might interfere with the Word and prayer, you are on the other hand to have a special regard to the poor. The first seven were appointed because some of the poor complained that they were neglected in the daily ministration. Let this mark the character of your service to the poor here: whatever—little or much—is placed at your disposal for the needy, see that no one is neglected. There may be little silver or gold, but there is abundance of the true riches. Your visitation among the poor around us here, with nothing but kind words and helpful advice and good comfort from the Word of God, will often be worth more than money. If you can help a poor drunkard to put away his wasteful cup; if you can guide some honest worker out of work, to ask employment from the Great Provider, and help by other influence that may be within reach to find an opening; if you can get ignorant neglected children to school; if you can bring out to the ministration of the Word the ungodly families around, to receive what unsearchable riches are offered in the Gospel, you will do more for the poor than if you had thousands to lavish. At the same time, I trust

that now, after the early struggles of our little church here, the time may have come when some way may be devised of providing more than we have yet been able, some help especially for the many poor widows among us, which shall preserve the blessed truth of our union and communion in Christ, and of our stewardship under Him.

Remember, it is because you are believed to be in Christ, that you are now put into this ministry. You must be new creatures. Read the solemn words of Paul about the deacon as well as the bishop or overseer, and you will see that you are called not only to be unblameable in your public duties, but in your private relations. If the deacon's wife must be grave, not a slanderer, sober, faithful in all things, what must the deacon himself be? If her children must show that the house is ruled well, what manner of person ought he to be in all holy conversation and godliness?

Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high priest of our profession, Jesus Christ, who was faithful to Him that appointed Him. Be ye faithful unto death, and He will give you the crown of life. The Lord is not slack concerning His

promises. He sends none a warfare on his own charges. He is himself the Head Deacon, the Minister of the New Covenant, who will give you grace in your time of need. Seek for His daily ministration of the Spirit, that ye may be full of the Holy Ghost and of wisdom.

II.—TO THE CHURCH.

Brethren, I wish you to remember that these men are this day gifts from the Great Head of the Church to you and to me. What a gift to a household with much work, three such choice servants, giving their service as a labour of love, looking for reward not to you but to Christ. Remember that they are really consecrated as Christ's servants, and your servants for His sake. Esteem them highly in love for their work's sake, and let them see that you appreciate their efforts to fulfil their ministry. Remember, they will have to give both time and labour to much difficult, and it may be occasionally, disagreeable service. Encourage them. Don't seem as if you never took notice of them. Pray much for them, and your hearts will always warm to them. They are set apart as examples to you: for you are not to throw

the whole work of the Church on them and the other office-bearers, especially the whole burden of the poor. For each one thus ordained we should have fifty unordained men and women, devoting their service to Christ to spread His Gospel. I am bound to give thanks always to God for those who so zealously, and in such numbers, occupy the various posts of duty connected with the church. Let them remember the ministry God has given them, and seek to be more and more faithful to Him that appointed them. We have now reached a period to which I have long looked forward, the completed organisation of this church. This day we have seven elders and seven deacons, and with them a band whose heart the Lord hath touched. Let us put before us the real work the Lord is doing,—the work of the new creation,—bringing into light and beauty, out of chaos and darkness, the heaven, and earth, and sea. Let us attend and serve Him as the sons of the morning, who rejoice in the work of His hands.

ON ADMITTING TO COMMUNION.

JOHN XIII. 1-17.

We have here the Master's and disciple's work. What He does to us, we are to do to one another. This washing of the disciples' feet was but a sign of the work He was entering on that night, laying aside His garments, taking the basin and the water, girding Himself with the towel, and then going round kneeling before each of his disciples, in the form of a servant. It was no unnecessary or ostentatious office. He knew how needful it was, that no one else would do it, or could. He did it as the Master over His own house—as the Master making His guests welcome—the Master taking the form of a servant to do His work the better.

Think of all the reality that acted parable presents and represents. Think of the garments He laid aside, of glory as well as of mortality, one after another, till He was girded with the death clothes in the tomb, till he went down where the fountain had to be unsealed, laying down first His own blood as the price of that water which fills the basin, with which He goes round one

circle after another of footsore, weary, unwashed disciples. Think what this washing was for. All filthiness of flesh and spirit, all such sin as stains our feet from every path of life, even when we are otherwise clean every whit. Jesus provided for all this. For this He laid aside His garments and girded Himself with death. Now, to each of you, He will offer this service in turn.

Do not mistake. It is not servant's work this, although it seems so. It is the Master serving, who lets no servant in the house do this for Him. You are His guests, invited to the house to be yours and His for ever, to the supper the first of an unending entertainment. He shrinks from no needful service that befits His place. You could not otherwise be sure of a welcome, not otherwise could you sit in comfort in His clean house, nor enjoy His feast with soul and body refreshed.

But a service that might befit ordinary masters, can it befit Him—so infinitely above His guests? No wonder the disciples were at first speechless. No wonder that Peter protested for himself and for all. They did not know His meaning at first. They could not for long; till He came back to explain.

So it is still. Many a disciple approaches the supper without knowing all its meaning or its power, like the eleven, merely because the Lord bids them and they are His friends. They accept His gift, although it is in a manner sealed, and they feel about the cover and the edges, believing that there is something precious from His hand in theirs. And so with this washing. Many a disciple lets Christ wash his feet before the supper, without fully understanding all its meaning for the present and the future. But not without a struggle. We feel, like Peter, that Jesus should not thus touch our feet, so unclean are they. We would do it ourselves; we would put all stains of travel and disorder away, especially from His sight! But this cannot be. There is no cleansing but at His basin—no washing but in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God. You don't understand this at first. This has kept Jesus long at your feet with the basin and the towel. "Thou shalt never wash my feet. I am so unworthy, so unclean. I dare not go to the supper as I am, nor go as Thou wouldst." And thus, perhaps, it has been for long, for the best part of that night which is now draw-

ing to supper time, even for you. Thanks be to God!

Are you willing now, like Peter, to let Him wash your feet? Have you heard Him say: Except I wash thee, thou hast no part in Me! You don't understand even that, quite yet. But you feel: "O let me have part in Thee! though it should be not in this basin only, but in yon sea again, where I once sunk perishing at Thy feet. Wash me, Master! wash me, not only feet but hands and head, all that is still stained with sin!" This, after all, is the right spirit, however wrongly expressed. This eager desire for all Christ's good, when it seems within reach, although in a dim way understood. This determination that nothing, if I can help it, shall part Christ and me! Alas! we were parted too long. Alas! nothing, it seemed once, could have made us friends! But now that He has part in me, that He has my heart, the world itself would not buy it from Him!

Thus it is that the Master teaches His disciples. He comes to them in His own way, and will have His work done. The disciple ignorantly, although reverently and lovingly, nevertheless, presump-

tuously disobeys, and would hinder and stop Christ who knows better. Then He, in His wisdom, stands back a step to show what He hides—death and everlasting loss of Him. The disciple, like a frightened bird, is in his nest again: “Anything, Lord, rather than lose my part in Thee. To whom can I go but unto Thee?”

Have you this heart in you? Little as you yet know of Christ, is He precious to you—so precious that you would not let Him do a hand’s turn for you, if you could do without? Least of all would you let Him put your feet near His basin, if you could otherwise be clean and have part in Him. If this is so, the thought of it will make you strive to keep clean henceforth. Remember, He must come thus now, and often thus, ever thus so long as He finds you needing His supper, and yet unfit to sit there, till you are made clean like all His guests.

But what means this washing of the feet? Peter needed nothing washed but the feet. “Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean, but not all. For He knew who would betray Him; therefore, said He, ye are not all

clean." This, you see, is only for washed souls. But the pardoned or cleansed sinner is always coming on some defiling path. You will feel at next communion even as now. When Christ comes again with the basin, you will feel it needful and refreshing before the cup. This, then, is the preparation for the supper which, in one way or another, I have been urging on you. Unless you are already washed, separated by the laver of regeneration from the unclean, you have no right to enter the room which Christ has taken for His disciples. Judas, indeed, was there for a little, for Jesus does not supernaturally prevent a traitor from getting in among His friends. Judas will soon go out, of his own accord, into the night. What part he has in Christ can be sold for thirty pieces of silver. He has still one kiss to return and then he will give his Master up. Christ, by this washing, means to remove from you before the supper, the sin of the day and the hour. Your feet, lately washed, will be stained by the shortest walk.

Will you try then to cultivate that state of heart which is ready to admit the need of washing—of being separated from the sin even of religious duties and preparations? Will you ex-

pect Jesus, and wait your turn when he goes round to every true guest? Will you have your feet ready, putting them silently in His way, overwhelmed though you may be with shame that He has to stoop from His height to be thus at your feet, when to be at His, you would leave even John's seat near His bosom? Remember this does not mean the washing of your tears, but of the water from His basin, the giving of His Spirit to cleanse you and make you feel the comfort of being clean. Your tears, like Mary's, may wash His feet—His that need no washing. It is no waste, as He tells us, thus to spend our treasure of tears or of spikenard. But tears cannot wash our feet that need His basin and towel to make clean.

After the Lord has washed your feet and taken His garments and is set down again, He says: Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example that ye should do as I have done to you.

You are now in His house, not as strangers, not

merely as servants, but as sons. You are to be ready to do as He has done, when, as it seems, He is out of the way. You cannot wash as He washes, but you must do as you can. You are to be helpful to your fellow-guests, especially when they first arrive or are inquiring the way. You are especially to help them to get rest to their souls, by getting the sad marks of many wanderings wiped away and forgotten. Many offices of kindness are included here. Go out and seek for the weary ones. Go out and help to lead them in. Give your stronger arm to their weaker; be willing even to lift them up and bear them in on your shoulders. Compel them to come in. You can lead them to the bath. You can do much for them till the Master comes to do His own work. If we could only feel that this humble work of waiting on Christ's guests is high as angel's work; if we could only learn that Christ Himself is never higher than when He thus stoops; that to wash the disciples' feet is nearest to being in Christ's place—nearer than popes and priests have imagined!

But this is not easily learned. Many think they best do their disciple-work when they point

to the unwashed feet, instead of hastily girding themselves and running for the basin. Many think they do enough when they pay a little to others to do it for them. You must try this actual work at once; put aside the garments that are too fine for it, and be like your work as the Master was when He was at it. He lays this duty on you. He is not your Lord if you decline.

What self-knowledge, what close study of the Lord's way, what true lowliness, patience, prayer, are needed really to wash the disciples' feet! How needful to insist, sometimes, that such washing is needful! How needful to come kneeling, not so much to point out as to put away sin, to wash the feet, not to force them back into the old defiling paths—to wash them in order to bring a brother to such a supper as the Lord would like to see given, such as befits His house, such as His stewards should lay out, of such things as they should have ready for guests, although of fragments reserved for themselves!

ON DISCIPLE-WORK.

MATT. X. 1-4.

This portion of the Gospel fits in very closely with what goes before. In His sermon on the mount, our Lord had very largely expounded the few brief sayings which had previously fallen from His lips. The sermon was addressed to His disciples as the groundwork of all His further teaching, opening up the spirit of the Old Testament and uniting it with the spirit of the New. That comprehensive exhibition of truth was immediately followed by a valuable series of practical illustrations, which are contained in two chapters of wondrous works and words regarding them. This teaching and healing, the healing by means of the teaching, are presented, as in the meantime, so far as we have reached, the outstanding form of His ministry; in this is brought nigh one main element of His kingdom, and of the power with which it acts on the kingdom and power of the Devil.

He is continually going about this work. Doing His Father's business, the fulfilling of all righteousness, He proclaims the gospel, the healing

of every sickness and of every disease among the people. It is while going about this, seeing the multitudes that need, and the limited means yet employed for their help, that He is moved with compassion, because so many are scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd. Then said He to His disciples: The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few: Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest.

Why does His compassion move Him in this direction? Why does He thus turn to His disciples, to those still so ignorant and earthly, so lately brought under His pastoral care? Why does He not turn directly to His Father? Why does He not turn in at once on His own great power and speak the word that once brought worlds into being? Has He not come into the world to save the world? Has He not come alone, saying, in the fulness of self-sufficient might—Lo! I come to do Thy will, O God? Has He already found Himself too weak for this work? Assuredly not. If He were so weak as to need, He is too wise to seek strength from men. But it is part of His work, to set men to work at

His mighty purposes, to take weak things of the world, and things that are despised, and make them mighty through God. By whatever means, He still works. He took a body to Himself to do one great part of His saving work, that He might learn obedience by the things which He suffered. But He took immediately also a discipleship to form a larger body, with more numerous members, to bring His power near to all that should be saved.

It is a most important lesson in the life of Christ, that He began so early to call disciples and send them forth to work. It was needful that disciples should begin, at the beginning of His public life and teaching, in order to receive the divine word from the first; but it was needful, also, that as early as possible they should begin to let the word become work. It is quite as important to remember that they did not cease to learn when they began to teach. The Lord sent His disciples at first on short errands to try their faith and train their faculties, before He sent them forth for life. They came back from their brief journeys to take their place as learners beside Him, in order to teach us that we shall soon empty

the earthen vessels, if they are not constantly brought back to the fountain to be filled. It was a lesson, therefore, for all their after time, and for us, that it is only what we get from the Lord that we can give away as His, and that we shall soon have nothing to give, if we are not constantly asking and receiving. It is only short errands of this kind that are likely to be successful. The disciple that, like a child, runs merely when sent and runs back again as soon as he can; that tells merely what he is bid and has nothing more to say, is the model apostle and minister speaking as he is moved by the Holy Ghost. In view of this, how comforting the great final promise, the standing order of discipleship—"Lo! I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Ask, therefore, and it shall be given. Thus, preaching and prayer are the body and soul of every true ministry—prayer, the side towards Christ, the inner invisible moving soul; preaching, the side towards the world, the body that is dead and useless without the soul.

I urge this view of the discipleship on every one here that seeks to do anything for Christ. It is not book-learning that makes up the scholarship

of disciples. It is not what man's wisdom teaches. It is what they learn directly from Christ, the insight they get, of His nature and character and work, into the words He speaks and the wonders He does. It is this which forms their Christian knowledge, and the doctrine they may be able to teach. If, then, you wish to be sent forth by Christ on some precious errand of mercy, listen to His call and become a disciple. Do not cease to be a disciple, even when work is given you. Then you need more than ever to learn of Him, because you have now to work for Him.

The two great forms of Christ's teaching are by word and work. First by His word spoken to you; and then through your word spoken to Him. In other words, through the written and preached Word and constant fervent prayer. This is the first and always continued form of communication between the Master and His disciples—the word He speaks to them, and the word they speak to Him. Some think it enough to read and hear, chapter after chapter, sermon after sermon, with little further exercise of mind. Is this the best way of teaching a child? Has the teacher nothing to do but go on repeating lesson after lesson, day

after day, till the school time is over? Has he not also to hear the lesson repeated? Has he not to put questions, and help to answer them? This is also the Lord's method with His disciples. He keeps you at one lesson till you have learned it well. New lessons are doubtless given in the school where you are, but they are not for you, because you are not far enough on for them. You may hear them, but you will make little of them. This may explain why some very slow scholars have not got past their alphabet, and in the meantime are likely to remain as they are. They have not taken heed to the things they have heard. They have not diligently applied themselves to the first lessons yet. The Master has come again and again their way; but they were not ready, and had not a word to say. They had lost the place, as children say, and they did not seem to mind.

If you dont pray, you will learn nothing from Christ. He is not a teacher of dumb souls. He first makes them speak, and then teaches them to speak well. He loosens their tongue, and then puts words in their mouth. This is the reason why praying disciples get on fast. None make

such progress in Christ's school as those who are often rising from their seats and drawing near the Master, to repeat His lessons, to ask questions, or get Him to teach them something they dont know. Try this plan. One week of earnest prayer will make a change. Even great divines find that this is the way to increase their knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

But Christ teaches by work as well as word. Discipleship is not the learning of words, but of things; not what is seen in letters merely, but in life. A man may read books on architecture, but can he build a house or a ship? He may have studied mechanics, but can he make an engine that will work? He may have learned the Gospel, but has he attained salvation? Has doctrine become duty, and duty delight? The Lord has expressly taught us that it is necessary not only to hear but to do His will in order fully to know His doctrine. So He never teaches us a doctrine without telling us a duty. The duty is the key to the doctrine. The most difficult doctrines become easy when you try them as duties. The first thing a disciple has to learn is a lesson he can only learn by doing: Believe! It is a mistake

therefore to think that one must be a long time with Christ before he can touch Christ's work. This is the Devil's lie with which he cheats men of the new paradise, as he robbed them of the old. It takes sometimes the form of doing nothing for a long time after coming to Christ: and sometimes doing a great deal before you come. Both ways really keep you from Christ. Christ represents His coming to make men disciples as like a householder going into the market-place to hire labourers. "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go work in my vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give thee." Your going into His work is your beginning to learn. The obedience of faith is discipleship.

The work of Christ is always vineyard work. It is first that bit of His vineyard He is pleased to call yours—that portion of His inheritance He has taken in you. It is as if He became proprietor of the cottage where you live, and said, Take care in the meantime of the garden round it, and you may gather its flowers and eat its fruit. He knows you have been long idle in the market-place, and will be slow to work for a while; and therefore at the first He stimulates you to work, by setting

you to work for yourself as well as for Him. Flee from the wrath to come. Mortify your lusts in your members. Grow in grace. Let that mind which was in Him be found in you. A noble self-interest is at first awakened, which will gradually be transferred to a diviner self, as we find that He who is formed in us and becomes the Me in us, is Christ. I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. For to me to live is Christ.

But however much this your own vineyard will need keeping, you will soon find that the neighbouring fields require your labour, and distant fields, too, that need you to start early and return late, or stay away weeks on end; so that you have often to leave your own garden in His care, committing the keeping of your soul to Him in well-doing as to a faithful Creator. Now, it is this part of discipleship which the Lord here begins to teach. He has already given us sufficient help about our own vineyard, and now He is about to use our trained labour on other parts of His field. Do not think, then, that this teaching is for apostles or for pastors only. While, no doubt, in an impressive sense intended for them, it has plain and precious lessons for the whole

body of disciples in every age. When you analyse an apostle you will find that nine-tenths of his grace and power belong to his discipleship. There is far more in every true pastor that is common to every true disciple, than is common merely to pastors. Even his special gifts of grace are generally common gifts in an unusual degree. His teaching and his watching for and winning of souls, imply duties common to all disciples, increased in him by Christ's additional call and authority for the better edifying of the church. The Levite was an Israelite, consecrated from the bulk of Israel, to keep up God's claim to the special service of all. The Levite was the Lord's in everything, and had the Lord for everything, to be an earnest of the whole house of Israel. It is one great end of the Christian ministry to mark a higher aim for the whole Christian brotherhood, than would be otherwise perhaps possible, just as among other purposes, the apostleship sets a higher aim for the whole pastorate. Paul says—Be ye followers of me, as I also am of Christ. O brethren! This is one of the solemnities of my ministry, that, like Moses, I bring down the law of life from the upper heights, where the clouds con-

ceal the lightnings, that I am bound to keep close to God, that I may be of any use in keeping close to you.

In coming to the special teaching of these verses, I wish to draw your attention to their close connection with those that immediately precede. The sight of the shepherdless multitudes moves Christ with compassion, and that brings Him to move His disciples. "Ye must now be partakers of my nature," He seems to say. "Ye must now be fellow-workers with me. See how easily the multitudes are moved. If ye offer to help their bodily need, they crowd about you. If ye could only teach them their inward need, they would crowd about you still more. They would not only come themselves for healing, but bring their sick ones with them. The harvest truly is plenteous. The very wants and sicknesses and sorrows of men are like fertilizing showers upon these fields, ripening souls for your reaping. Labourers only are needed. One can do little." Even the strong One, the man Christ Jesus can do but little alone. He, like you, had only twelve hours in the day. He, like you, could only walk so many miles, and go through so much speaking and working. More

Christ-like men are needed, who will keep close to Him and imitate Him, spreading out on every side and carrying His spirit and power with them.

He moves them first to pity and then to pray. He fills them with a spirit that works its way back to Him. O! if we could only look on the multitudes with eye and heart like Christ, we would soon pray with His words, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth labourers unto His harvest. But see how Christ sets His disciples to ask what is about to be given. Pray ye for labourers. And see! His eye is on themselves. Now, this is the Lord's way with His disciples. He works in them both to will and to do. Their way of willing is chiefly by prayer, seeking the Father's will to be done, urging or entreating that promises in which His will has long been made known, may at length be fulfilled. Where the will is, the way will be.

The disciples very likely did not know the full meaning of their prayer—Send forth labourers. Perhaps they dared not add like Isaiah, Here am I—send me! But they had come to Christ in order to follow Him; they were hearers in order to be doers of His word. They received His words

not merely with the meaning they saw on their surface, but as that was opened gradually to them, the meaning He from the first put into them.

Now, this is the sort of answer we may expect to this prayer; not the whole answer, but a large part of it. This prayer of theirs brought Paul as well as Peter into the harvest, brought Stephen and Apollos, and many others, down to the labourers of these days. But the great and notable part of the answer for them was that it brought themselves into the harvest. Already they had been brought out of the idle market place to be busy on their own bit of the field; they had been led to go looking from the neighbouring heights on the vast extent of waste though fertile land, till at last grudging that such harvests should perish for lack of hands, they go to the Master saying, Send forth labourers into Thy harvest! And then He called the twelve and gave them power.

He got but a few labourers after all, meantime. But He called all He could. He called unto Him His twelve disciples. We might learn much from this fact in our Lord's life. Our Lord lays no honour upon mere numbers. He can save by few

as well as by many. He surely rebukes our unbelief in refusing to undertake enterprises that are not supported by the weight and influence of a crowd. We must have large associations, influential committees, immense congregations, large organizations. Christ began His work with two, and was contented to have the two till He made them twelve. To Him the field was the world; but He calls His twelve disciples and sends them forth. The work of Christ does not depend on many, but on One. He is all and in all. If He has the choice and arrangement of His work, may we not leave it in His hands, only praying always the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers. He knows best how much of the fallow ground may be taken in this year and how much the next. He knows best how many are willing or fit to go forth; and he knows whether the work meantime will be better done by few or many. The work will always, I suspect, be done by few rather than by many. The twelve, rather than the hundred or the thousand, is likely to be the working set of Christ's labourers. He had more disciples now than He sent forth. Why were the few sent rather than the many? Was

it because so few had really become disciples indeed, leaving all in order to follow Him? Was it that so few sympathised with His compassion for the multitudes, and began earnestly to pray for more labourers? Was the fact not then, as it is now, that the circle of real discipleship is small compared with the circle round them that hear much but do nothing. In our churches, the members are few compared with the number of mere hearers; but the number of working and praying members is smaller still. This will still be so, till there be more of the Spirit given to the churches; but when days of Pentecost come, a wondrous spirit of unity and prayerfulness and faith will visit the Church, so that the multitude of them that believe shall be of one heart; neither shall any say that aught of the things he has is his own. This is surely the state of the Church we should desire to see in our own day. Then will the conquests of primitive Christian times be repeated; the Gospel will be preached over the world, and even in Rome a Christian Church will be found. How, then, shall we reach this? There is only one way, but that is unfailing: Pray ye the Lord of the harvest. The Lord is ready to

send those who show their readiness to go by asking earnestly that He send.

Do not run away with the impression that this applies only to apostles, and that the race of apostles perished with the first. It was disciples He called: His sending made them apostles. We sometimes magnify too much the apostolic office, so that we forget the divine gifts and graces that were in it, and that are still in Christ for His Church. In certain respects, the Apostles had no successors, for they were never to be superseded or put out of their place as the special witnesses to Christ and His truth. The Evangelists are still, continuously, to write their gospels for the Church, and the Apostles to deliver their decrees and transmit their epistles. Their inspired testimony to the truth of the gospels remains as good for us, as for the first age: their word endureth for ever. Ministers and teachers do not take that higher work from the hands of the Apostles, although they do the same work of preaching Christ, planting churches, and feeding the sheep and the lambs. But pastors and teachers do not exhaust apostolic work. The greater part is disciple-work, in which every one

may engage that will go work at the Lord's harvest.

The Apostles were not more naturally fitted for their high work, than any twelve men Christ might choose now-a-days from the disciples He has called around Him. He gave them power: for their first temporary work "against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease:" and before He finally sent them forth on their permanent work and on ours, He bade them wait for the promise of the Father, . . . for, He said, ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea and in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. In these respects, the Apostles were but the first fruits of the holy seed.

In our Lord's day, the need of healing must have been very great. There was then little medical skill, and there were diseases that might baffle the better skill of our own times. The Lord then gave power to work miracles in casting out unclean spirits, and in curing bodily diseases; but mainly, though not merely, as helps to His wit-

nesses in speaking about Him. These miracles have ceased. The lesson has been taught and learned, and such medical knowledge as is needful can be acquired without the aid of miracle, and the path for further progress is not barred to earnest and devout study. We may combine such medical knowledge with the Gospel, and use it as a magnet to draw poor sufferers from their retreats, so that we may bring them to Jesus. These miracles have ceased: but not all miracles. The Lord still gives power against unclean spirits to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease—for these are but the signs of the worse diseases, and more hopeless sorrows of the soul. If the multitude only knew about these, and that they could infallibly be cured! Have we no means of making this known? Cannot every disciple do that? Does not the Lord give power to heal? Do we really believe that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation? Or do we think that the multitude have ceased to need? Why, then, are so few moved with compassion, or why is the compassion so idle? Would not the world be the better of every true labourer that could do something at this? Would not the

Lord of the harvest willingly send you, if you were truly ready to go? Remember, all that is needful is your discipleship and your apostleship: your yielding and His sending. He gives whatever is needful. He gives the one thing needful—power: to cast out unclean spirits, to heal sin and sorrow. Behold! He has sent forth from that day to this, and never sent in vain. Some of you are witnesses that He can send with power.

The names of the first twelve are recorded. How little we know about most of them, except that they were with Jesus! What a rebuke to the vain ambition of those who seek a work for God, merely to do a work for themselves, that seek chiefly a name for themselves by preaching the name of Jesus! How many even in the Christian Church, could tell all these twelve names without looking them up? A few of them are familiar, such as Peter and James and John, but how little we know of the personal history even of these! But the name of every true apostle is written in heaven, and nothing is forgotten before God except their sin.

It is wonderful how few names are remembered from among those who have done or written nobly

in their day. How few of the remembered are known over the world, except to a few. Perhaps few names are so well known as some of these twelve. And what were they? A few humble fishermen—a collector of taxes—a physician. We put too much value on a name. Men of the world and of the Church are too often willing to sacrifice everything for a name. This also is vanity. It is not having a name, but being worthy of it, that is best. It is best to do quiet Christ-like work for His name sake, even though for His sake we are hated of all. Alas! How often the paltry ambitions and jealousies of men interfere with the grand and noble enterprises of Christ. This was seen among the first disciples when they strove which should be the greatest. And this is always the danger to which those are exposed who are raised by the Lord to do a great work in their day.

But look to the class of men by whom Christ surrounded Himself. Does He still make use of such? Are these twelve men an example and a type? He does not put aside mental power, for look at Peter and John; nor education, for look at Paul and Luke; nor wealth and practical skill

and business habits, for look at Matthew; but neither does He put aside the strong good sense and fresh vigour that is spread over the large mass of men that, like Peter and John and Paul, have to work with their hands. It is not wonderful to me that Christ chose so many at first, and so often since, for His workers from among working men. It is often pointed out as a miracle that uneducated fishermen should have preached as they did. We forget that most of the men that move and rule the world are not rising from among the titled and the rich and the schoolmen, but from the bulk of the people. Time would fail to tell the men who, in all ages, have risen from the common earth, and like mighty trees have not only risen high with far outstretching and fruit-laden boughs, interlaced with older growths, but have kept great roots among the universal sympathies of common men. Enough for them to draw life through their great roots out of the common soil of humanity, and breathe not the hot air of an exotic existence, but through a thousand quivering thoughts and emotions, the robust air and strong life of heaven. Men, as they rise, are often too eager to get away from the

bulk of men, to be among the few, select, solitary, supreme. And so noble enterprises are moved away from the reach and sympathy of common men, to be dignified by great names, and set up like a knight's banner amid the dust and gloom of some famous but sequestered hall. The Lord acts otherwise. He always keeps openings to all the higher places in His host, for the men best fitted, so that some are constantly rising to the highest posts from the common ranks. He thus secures new, fresh, strong men, that are not set in the forms of a past generation, and will move others as God moves them. Above all other work, the work of His Church is thus kept open. Here, then, is work for every one of you. You need not be learned, nor wealthy, nor eloquent. Be a disciple and a disciple praying for work, and the Lord of the harvest will send you forth and give you power.

One name among the twelve we must not overlook — Judas Iscariot, who also betrayed Him. Why was he among the twelve? Why did Christ call and send him forth? The lesson is important. Christ, while on earth, acted on the same principles in calling disciples and in sending them

forth that He does now in heaven. He does not now prevent a traitor from becoming a member of the church, nor from entering the ministry. We have no promise of infallibility in admitting members, ordaining office-bearers, or in setting disciples to work. The responsibility of such awful disclosures as that of Judas must not fall on those who do their utmost to prevent them. To take the name and undertake the work of a disciple is, therefore, no certain sign that a man is in Christ. Among the first twelve one was a devil. May there not be such among any twelve among us? Let us try ourselves whether we be in the faith. When Christ set Judas among the twelve, He was letting a thief be seen by honest men in order to be shunned; He was letting the subtlest devil be seen among the sons of God, that they might know him again, and be proof against his wiles!

VII.

"The hope, and the only sure hope, of an advancing social condition, is that which arises from the free development of Individual minds. . . . There will be nothing bright, nothing progressive, unless this full development of the Individual man be favoured and cherished to the utmost."

"Some one wave

Out of the multitude aspires, extends
The empire of the whole, some feet, perhaps,
Over the strip of sand which could confine
Its fellows so long time: thenceforth the rest,
Even to the meanest, hurry in at once,
And so much is clear gained."



AT THE END OF FOUR YEARS the Wynd Church was filled. It was not yet crowded: for we were constantly losing as well as gaining. We had enough to do to keep about full. It was curious how difficult it seemed to get more than would at any ordinary time just about fill our measure. The Wynd church could scarcely seat six hundred. It was too small for an ordinarily successful Mission church. Such a church should seat at least eight hundred, in order to secure a sufficient revenue for its self-existence. But the limited accommodation of the Wynd church made it peculiarly suited for rapid growth and extension. Yet it often seemed, to us who watched how difficult it was to make it overflow, that there seemed a law which in ordinary circumstances measured an audience to the building, and that especially in the size of churches it seemed ordinarily true, "According to your faith be it

unto you." We had now reached the point when our special work might have been considered as completed. We had about four hundred communicants. We had a complete staff of elders, deacons, visitors, collectors, and Sabbath School teachers. We had three public services every Sabbath. Besides the central prayer meeting, we had fifteen meetings in different sections of the district. The church was a little leaven in the midst of the mass. If the mass were only meal—material prepared for leaven-work—the whole might soon be leavened. But although the Wynd Church was now known throughout the district; although our agencies like so many nets swept our sea less or more successfully every time we let them down; yet the sea was there unchanged, and we were only as in a fishing village on the shore, daily launching out our boats or mending our nets. As we gathered in bad and good to the shore, many currents carried fresh shoals to our fishing ground, and our sea was always full. We might remain thus for ages, so far as we could see.

I had anticipated this stage of things. I had been indeed somewhat impatient of reaching it, I was reconciled to waiting so long by having

opportunity of pondering more profoundly over the problem, and in seeing my helpers in the work multiplying in numbers and growing in mature and wise strength. We had to go in and possess a large territory, and we needed to be proved in skirmishes and humbler battle-fields. From the beginning, I had taken to the work in the Wynds, not simply to form a congregation and be a pastor, but, by God's blessing, to conquer a great and urgent question that concerned this and other cities. It was from the first manifest that one church in such a district would not meet the accumulated evils of more than one generation's neglect of the ignorant and the poor: not one church, nor many churches. But I thought it possible that a work thus begun might gradually draw around it a thousand good and helpful influences, as living seeds and roots feed themselves and stretch out on all sides and to all available depths and heights, so as to gather in to themselves and build up for themselves, and shed forth and scatter for others far and wide whatever could thus be drawn from earth and heaven. I believed that the central seed of all change for the better, of all renovation, of all permanent progress was

the truth of the Gospel. I believed it was seed suited to our soil, and even where most barren most waste and nigh to utter cursing. I believed that an apostolic church could be grown from that seed. I did not yet know what such a church could not do. I believed that faith need have no impossibilities. I believed that prayer could go down like Jacob's sons with empty sacks to Egypt and come back full. Our Joseph had filled His stores, not with the gathering of seven fruitful years from earthly fields, but with all the fulness of God.

The work to be done among the sunken masses of a great city must be on a comprehensive scale. It must in its outlines deal with the whole, and yet in its details come in wholesome contact with the individual. The Wynds, the more I surveyed and pierced them at all points, seemed like a great marsh, the lowest level physically and morally in the city. It was impossible to drain and dress it, so long as the higher levels around it on all sides continued to overflow and empty themselves here. If work was to be successfully prosecuted here, it must be also prosecuted elsewhere. Large drains must be formed at various levels in the

city and suburbs, so that detailed husbandry might be carried on within certain well defined boundaries, and those waste acres might gradually be reclaimed. Large engineering plans had therefore to be designed; and, for this purpose, the whole area of the city and suburbs that had to be touched must be surveyed. This work I continued to do at intervals, as time permitted, for the next three years, walking over the ground and making repeated investigations at the more important points. My plans finally took two directions, one as to the mission works to be designed, the other as to the mission resources available for their construction. In regard to both, I had to take into consideration the various churches already occupying the field. The whole work, I knew, could not be attempted by any one of these; and I had therefore mainly to keep in view a certain proportion of the whole work; but so to carry out that proportion of work, that it would infallibly stimulate the other churches in the field to do theirs. I fixed on certain centres, some of them already very populous, others to come into importance as the city extended, so as to meet by anticipation the future necessities of the popula-

tion, rather than have to strain after them when they had there also outgrown our means. I fixed upon twenty such centres, some near and others remote, embracing the whole bounds of the Presbytery, in one direction ten miles from the city and in another nine. Some of these places were very urgent, others were very desirable; some I must personally undertake, others would gradually be undertaken by others if the first efforts had their anticipated results. These plans embraced, directly and indirectly, a population of rather more than half-a-million, or very nearly a sixth part of Scotland. If they were sound and successful they would gradually affect far more than that area.

But I felt that my main power for attempting this work must be elaborated in the Wynds. The church there must be developed to the uttermost. Agencies successfully tried there must be transferred for further experiment, if possible, to other places. I hoped to be of some little service to congregations long established, by inducing a better organisation of Christian labour, and a larger number of enthusiastic and trained workers to be, in course of time, turned out upon various

departments of the field. If considerable numbers of the sunken classes were rescued and raised; if considerable numbers of the industrious classes could be drawn into the work; if there seemed to wealthy Christian men a fair investment in this work for larger capital; I trusted that other work than I could undertake would be encouraged, that the narrow stifling habitations might be swept away, better dwellings be built for the poor, more temperate habits introduced, education more widely diffused, the more helpful classes brought into sympathy with the poor, and so the pastoral work that was now so overwhelming might be within reach, and therefore be better done.

I kept therefore the more closely to the Wynds, for the present, that I longed so earnestly to extend my lines beyond them. I was greatly encouraged, about this time, by my friend the Rev. James H. Wilson, then of Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, proposing to try the Evening Service there. At his request I addressed a meeting of his congregation, explaining the plan and urging its adoption. Fifty-nine volunteered to visit. His own brother, who has since won his spurs in distinguished conquests on the mission field, was

among the foremost. Next day he ordered some moleskin trousers for his Sunday evening dress, and undertook to keep the door. About two hundred, of a class rarely reached before and never in such numbers, were gathered in. The service, like every service conducted by Mr. Wilson, became very popular, and it was necessary to be more stringent in excluding well-dressed people than was at all needful with us. A zealous lady would present herself. "Can't be admitted." "Dear me! I have selected the shabbiest shawl and bonnet in my possession, and thought I might pass." "Very sorry, but you're too fine yet." "Will you then admit my servant, who is here behind me?" "Too fine also: those gum-flowers would demoralise us." "But," says the woman, "I'll put away the flowers if you'll let me in." "Oh! very well," and with the touch of a pen-knife the gay buds were nipped, and she passed to the service. Within a year, when I had first the opportunity of seeing the meeting, the attendance had risen to about four hundred, and it still forms, I believe, a prominent agency in that well-wrought territory.

During the course of our fourth year, as the

sittings became fully let, and the evening congregation continued to grow, I thought the time was approaching for attempting some further extension. I was continually trying to nurse a self-sacrificing missionary spirit among the members of the church. "Now that we have been gathered together and planted as a true church, can we become," I asked, "a church, as at Antioch, where the Holy Ghost found men that could be separated to further work? Hitherto, mission churches among us have been built by societies of wealthy and influential men: what if a poor church like ours could do the same thing by God's help? If we could build another church, have we faith enough to occupy them both? Can we separate, after having been so closely bound together, for Christ's sake and His work, so that some may occupy effectively the one and some the other?" Meantime, I had my eye fixed on a site for a church, although I scarcely for long dared to trust the thought to one of my helpers. It was in the Bridgegate, noted for its rioting, the very centre of the popish population in Glasgow, and the main thoroughfare through which they approached their church in Great Clyde street. I often spread

the matter before the Lord and asked that I might have a plain path. I asked to be directed not only as to the site, but as to the means for securing it. At length many concurring circumstances gave me confidence that the set time was come. I went one evening to a friend who had already more than once volunteered his help for special work. I explained my plans, and pointed out the stage at which the work now stood: I would like to build a church in the Bridgegate, and on one commanding site; if I had the site I thought I could rear the building. The Church Building Society was unable to help. Two churches long designed could not be commenced for want of sufficient funds. The previous impulse in this direction was exhausted. Additional subscriptions could not be got. Old subscribers were not quite sure that the previous effort had been a decided success. A new impulse was needed in a new example. If one man would give the site, many might take heart to build the church, and other churches in due time would spring from this. My friend did not need to be directly asked. It was sufficient that the facts were laid before him. Hitherto he had given

largely, though hiddenly, to foreign and continental work. He was about in this way to embark still more largely in the work at home, and to open the way to others. He was a man of prayer and of faith.

"What will this site cost?" he asked.

"I suppose six or seven hundred pounds," I answered. "The buildings are in a very ruinous state, and don't seem worth many years' purchase."

"Well, you had better make inquiries, and see whether it can be got," he answered.

And so I set my treasurer, Mr. Cunninghame, quietly to ask about prices. We found that the buildings, though occupying only about three hundred and fifty square yards, were in the hands of four sets of proprietors. The first we approached would not sell their portion under £1000, and our cautious inquiries showed that the whole could not be secured under £1800, if indeed it could be secured at all.

I went back and told my friend. He had first a smile at the rise in my figures, and then offered me £1000. I thanked him, but said that the work I proposed to do seemed to me dependent on getting the whole site from one man.

“Well, get offers first, and we’ll see,” he said.

We easily got offers from all, except for one portion over which there was a mortgage of £300. The proprietor had never served himself heir to his father, and could give no legal title, and the only way of securing the place was by public sale, unless he could be prevailed to qualify himself to give us a title. I was glad there had been so many steps, more than I have mentioned, before the site could be secured; for each new step passed was a help to faith; if our path was cleared to the end, I would feel the more confident that we had a good work to do. To put up one portion to public sale would have been to put the whole in jeopardy. I therefore used all the influence I could command to induce the person concerned to save us from this step. At last, on my consenting to guarantee all risk, he agreed to give a title, and I went back to my friend. He then gave me his cheque for £1800, and the site was mine.

“Let me see your plans,” he said, “and mind, let us build a goodly church, without needless expense, but not a mean and unsightly one.”

Much labour had to be spent on the plans. The site was very limited, and every inch had to be

utilized. At last I showed my friend the plans—with and without a tower and handsome doorway.

“What will the tower and the door cost?” he asked.

“£600,” I said. “Well, then, I will give you that,” he added. And so I went forth with my lever to raise other £3000. Within ten days I had £1200, and by the time the church was opened our original estimates were met. A few hundreds had still to be paid, but in due time these also were cleared off.

I was able to announce these facts through Dr. Roxburgh, the Convener of the Home Mission Committee, to the General Assembly in May, 1858. In speaking of them, he said:—

“Sir, those of us who remember the days of church extension under the immortal Dr. Chalmers, will never forget how his face beamed with delight, when reporting to the Assembly some happy tidings as to the deepened and extended interest which began to be manifested in that great scheme, which he has bequeathed as a dying legacy to this Church. How would his countenance have brightened and his eye lighted up had God spared him to hear the good news which I have now

communicated? How would he have referred to them as proof positive of the perfect practicability of his plans for promoting the Christian and economic well-being of our large towns? With what glowing terms would the old man eloquent have wrought them up into a demonstration of the efficacy of his sovereign remedy for the worst evils of our social condition? And how would he have made the walls of this Assembly to ring with his earnest appeals to the Church to brace herself with new zeal and growing devotion for a work so full of blessing? Though dead, may he yet speak! May the prophet's mantle be taken up by others, and a double portion of his spirit descend upon us all! As for the munificent liberality of Mr. James Burns—for I use the freedom of mentioning his name, as I know it has already been whispered in this Assembly—it is by such princely acts and offerings that our men of commerce and wealth entitle themselves indeed to the name and style of merchant princes. I hope this noble example may be infectious.”

Among the first to put down their subscriptions for the Bridgegate Church were men whose hands helped every good and noble cause,—such as

William Campbell, Richard Kidston, Hugh Tennant, and Walter Gray, all since then gone to their rest; and John Henderson, of Park, still spared to us, though seldom seen; and Nathaniel Stevenson, ready to help our work on every demand. There were others, till then strangers to me, who, from the happy hour in which my work led me to their desks, became my fast friends and generous helpers at every demand. Among others, I may be permitted to mention George Martin of Auchindennan, because the circumstances connected with my first interview with him were among the things that strongly helped my faith. I found him in the private-room of his counting-house, and occupied about five minutes in explaining my object. He said at once, "Put me down for fifty pounds," and at the same time added a few warm and encouraging words. I had hardly got to the street, when he came behind me, asking me if I could accompany him that evening to his country house, and take the prayer meeting in the village. I agreed. When I got home, in about an hour, I found a note from him, stating that a friend sitting at the desk had overheard my statement, and begged him to transmit £25 for him. I went to

Gareloch, and when returning in the morning was introduced to two of his friends. Sitting in the railway carriage at Greenock, one of these said, "You're about to build a church in the Briggate, I hear. I have been away from Glasgow for twenty years, but I remember well the sort of place it was then. Put me down for fifty pounds." His friend opposite said, "Put me down ditto." Of course, I went immediately to tell Mr. Martin what his subscription and introduction had done. "Get them," he said, "to double their subscriptions and I will double mine!" In an hour it was done. The first of these two gentlemen soon after left Glasgow; but he gave me *carte blanche* to draw on him whenever the work required. And he honoured my drafts from time to time, until, becoming deeply interested in various undertakings around his new home, I felt that it would not be right longer to exercise the privilege so generously granted. Facts like these I have no doubt frequently occur, but they seldom become known, and I fear I draw now, in these sentences, larger drafts on their kindness than even when I drew upon their purse.

This story of the Briggate Church, as it became

known, gave a mighty impulse to mission work. Our Church Building Society was able to complete two churches that had long been proposed in addition to four previously built or bought. The effect upon the Wynd work was of course very great. Not only were the people encouraged, but we were able to launch upon the rising tide several schemes that had been for some time upon the stocks. A colporteur had already been employed. A biblewoman was now engaged and a clothing fund instituted. But above all, our central Weekly Prayer Meeting became crowded, and a spirit of earnest prayer seemed to be poured out.

The Prayer Meeting had, from the first, been the centre of our work. Here our motive power was largely generated. Every wheel in our machinery was attached to some part of the gearing that was moved here. The great driving belt, however far it travelled, always passed back again here. We had always two or three special prayers, led by some office-bearer or gifted member, called up at my request. In the midst of these services, thus prefaced and thus closed, I placed a carefully studied, brief, practical and, if

possible, stirring exposition from some book of the Bible we read through from night to night. Once a month, I gave news of mission work which I gathered from all available sources. We prayed for places and persons and churches and stations that thus interested us. But about this time we were specially interested, first, for successive months in the Revival in America in 1858, and then in that of Ireland in 1859. The desire became intense to share in such wide-spread blessing. So much was this the case, that one of my elders and most devoted helpers from the first, Thomas Smith, of whom I shall have more to say, came at the suggestion of others to ask me to pay a brief visit to America, that I might both see the work and perhaps carry home something of the fire. We talked of this for a little, but soon agreed that there was a shorter route than across the ocean, and so we agreed to go together to the Lord. Half-a-dozen of us began then to meet, for half-an-hour, immediately before the Congregational Meeting. Three of us took part, giving out a verse or two of a psalm, and then briefly spreading out our petitions. The very first night we felt "How dreadful is this place!" We some-

times could hardly speak for emotion. We were like men looking out for rain, and lifting up our faces in the dark we suddenly felt the first drops on our cheeks. The same deep sense of an invisible presence and of new power accompanied our Sabbath services. Even in my preparations for the pulpit I went through agonies, that compelled me now not only to write but for a time to read every word of my sermons. Yet the first sermon I read was followed by the awakening of a Sabbath school teacher, and for the first time I met a communicant seeking conversion with tears. Our next communion was unusually solemn. Although reading my sermon that day, I broke down in the middle, as I had never done before, and we were all weeping. Yet what joy there was among us that day! We were in the banqueting house.

In the early weeks of 1859, amidst this most interesting state of matters, we undertook the school in the Bridgegate, which would have been closed unless we had accepted the responsibility. About the same time, after careful deliberation, we opened a Medical Mission in the hall of the Wynd church. This was done partly for the

sake of the present distress around, but also for the sake of our future work in the Bridgegate. There a large open space in front of the new church had suggested the idea of building a Stone Pulpit outside, on the wall of the church, about ten feet above the street. I hoped to get deeper in among the Roman Catholics of the district, and meant, God willing, to preach outside the church as well as within. I had invariably declined rather than accepted opportunities hitherto of controversy while visiting from house to house. I wished to cultivate kindly relations with all the inhabitants of the Wynds. In the distribution of such help as I could afford, I made little or no distinction between Papist and Protestant. When I got an opening I preached Christ. I never asked one to leave the Church of Rome. But I never ceased to hope and work for a Reformation. I believed it to be my duty, in working such a district, to go first to the lost sheep of our own house of Israel. We might thus get at Samaria, and then at the Gentiles beyond. Even among our own we inquired who was worthy—had some fitness and preparation for first receiving our peace. We did not try yet to shake the dust from our feet; for

we were not rejected and had no reason to go hence. I was everywhere, by this time, kindly received by the Roman Catholics. I never entered their houses unless invited, and never spoke a word that could offend. To some I had been able, I believe, to speak a word in season. To many of those who had become entangled by marriage with the Church of Rome, I had been able to bring some relief. The custom of going with Protestant children to that Church for baptism was gradually ceasing. The edge was being worn from the bitter fanatical spirit displayed by many at the first. Among my early visits, a man who overheard me, high up at a garret landing, speaking to a neighbour, who insisted against my will in speaking of controverted points, issued in great wrath, brandishing a sharp cobbler's knife, saying, "How dare ye come to the door of a Christian with yer heresies?" I touched his arm and said, "Come, come, if you were at my door I would ask you in, and I have never been treated but hospitably by an Irishman yet." He was easily disarmed, and we had a little pleasant talk before we parted. But on another occasion, having entered a house at the call of one who responded

to my knock, I roused a demon and was unable to lull the wild spirit again. She was, I fear, a little under the influence of other spirits besides the fanatic; she was an old woman with dishevelled locks, and I did not forget her looks for a while, as she seized by the tongs a red-hot coal from the fire, and began to curse me in head and heart for time and eternity! I was occasionally taken for the priest by some of the non-church-going of that community, and produced dreadful alarm in some households that had evidently not been attentive to duty. As I entered, I would hear a skurry of feet, and see something like an unnatural calm among those that were visible, till after a few words had revealed my character and mission, one would go to some place of concealment, saying, "Come away, Judy, it isn't the praste after all!"

I thought we Protestants had erred in dealing so much in controversy about the Church of Rome, and getting so little in kindly contact with those we professed to pity. I really wanted, if possible, to know them. I wanted them to know us. I thought the best side we could first present to them was not that of speech but behaviour. I

wished them to see actual specimens of good, upright, godly Protestants. I wanted, whatever might be the result, to do good to them as we had opportunity.

So we opened our Medical Mission to give the best advice and medicines gratuitously. Several young physicians of high character agreed to give their services three hours in the week. We fitted up our apothecary shop. We had our record for cases; our books for prescriptions, each slip duly numbered for after reference; we had our surgical instruments; our day for vaccination; one hour even for tooth-drawing. We were very careful to make no undue use of our opportunities here for proselytism. When we spoke or prayed, it was in such a way as led directly to the truth that concerns our common troubles and the common salvation. We had soon a great crowd. We became famous for our cures, so that many came from great distances, and we had to restrict our patients to the district. In the course of one year we had 3000 cases—most of these, of course, returning several times. Here I saw new phases of the sins and sorrows of the district—babies that never had nourishment, and had often been set to

rest by sleeping powders; awful revelations of the effects of poverty, intemperance, and nameless sins; coughs that could not be cured; bones broken by cruelty, and hearts that were not broken only because they were not bones. In connection with this mission, I commenced the training of three nurses, who still continue their work in various households. In this most interesting department I had the valuable and gratuitous assistance of Dr. J. G. Wilson, Dr. Perry, and Dr. Dewar.

This work was continued for three years, but was at length brought to a close, partly from the increase of more directly evangelistic work, and partly from the difficulty of getting men to succeed these friends when their practice became large, and ours could not be overtaken in a limited time. But the mission served its purpose, and greatly helped to tone down the rough edge of fanaticism.

We were now able to undertake the salary of a preacher, and having secured Mr. Niel Taylor, now settled in Dundee, we commenced additional services, morning and afternoon, in an adjoining district. Here we opened a hall, and had there not only two services every Sabbath, but a flour-

ishing Sabbath school and an additional staff of teachers. We were thus able not only to have a larger amount of visitation through the district, which Mr. Taylor carried on with singular devotedness and success, but we could carry on five regular services every Sabbath.

The earnestness and prayerfulness and solemnity continued to deepen in the congregation. Many began to assemble with me for prayer, at ten o'clock on the Sabbath morning, an hour before our first service, a meeting which has been peculiarly delightful and which continues till this day. About this time, as may be inferred, I was led to expect greater things than we had yet seen. I was led to insist much on a simpler faith and a deeper spiritual life: and I shall close this chapter by giving a few extracts from one of the sermons of these days.

ON GREAT GROWTH.

"So mightily grew the word of God, and prevailed."—Acts xix. 20.

This is Luke's conclusion of the whole matter which he has just narrated. Under the direction of the Spirit all is said that is needful, and every

word has weight. This text is like a finger-post pointing us forward in a certain path; and pointing us back again, if we have travelled over it with undue haste. The facts which have just been read are for our admonition: So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed. So then. Why not so now?

I would like to ask you to-day, whether you think the Word of God has grown mightily among us and prevailed? I confess to more than doubt. I feel at present much worn by the work of these few years, and have had the question again and again before me lately: What has it all been for? Have I been spending my strength for naught and in vain? There are certainly large results in the various agencies connected with the church and the mission; many have been aroused out of carelessness and brought to be hearers of the Word of God; some hundreds have professed their faith in Jesus, and have been received into the fellowship of the church; I go still further, and say that I have little doubt that some have been renewed in the spirit of their mind and are serving the Lord; but has the Word of God grown mightily and prevailed? Is it growing mightily?

I would not grudge to spend life even for what has been already achieved. I do not think that would be at all living in vain. But why should life be spent for less than is possible? Life is short, and is getting shorter. It is long before we can enter with full strength upon our generation's work, and how fast we get through our measured opportunities? Our working day is brief, as in winter, and the night may be down on us almost without warning. If what were done, were well done! If we could put it past for the Master's final examination, with some good hope that it would pass with His "well done!" If those once awakened could be kept awake, and not need the same thing done for them again at a later hour, when they are in a deeper slumber, and some of their best hours are gone! If those once brought into the house could be kept in, or at least within the grounds, and not wander away! If those once brought with much care and great labour to the Foundation, would build thereon, and allow other stones to be laid next to them and cemented!

I fear this is by no means the case. How many among us are really feeling the power of the Word of God growing mightily upon them? Are there

not some who, like the sand, warmed and dried by the sun, felt and were moved by the first and gentlest ripple of the tide, but are now getting hardened under each successive wave—the harder when it is heavier? I appeal to conscience. Are there not some here at prayer on the Sabbath who seldom or never pray during the week? Are there not some here singing of salvation, who sin as they please, and perhaps more than they did once? Are there not some here indulging to the full in pride and vanity and selfishness, and other sins of the flesh and the spirit, who know as well as I how much these are condemned by the Word of God? I ask those here who have received Christ Jesus the Lord, and are longing for Him to take His great power and reign, if they are not sad about the state of things among us? I know no Church for which God has done more; but I fear we have been satisfied too much with growth of wood instead of fruit; with results in outward agencies and activities, instead of righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. I feel that henceforth my time and strength must be laid out more in this direction than in that; I feel that henceforth my labour must be more about the

Vine and its branches than about the vineyard, that I must go more from house to house and from one to another, beseeching every one to be reconciled to God.

These thoughts have been mainly suggested by the stage in our mission work at which we have now arrived. We are about to-morrow, in God's wondrous providence, to set up in the Bridgegate a stone as a pillar, and "this stone shall be God's house." Who, even among those who laid the foundation of this Wynd Church some six years ago, could have entertained the hope of such a result as this, at least so soon? I remember that day, as I stood among the crowd without the slightest idea or intention of becoming the minister of this church, far less of having anything to do with building another so near. No doubt much has since been done. So many gathered together and kept together, although we have every year large losses: the church fully equipped with office-bearers and other workers: so much done for the distribution of the Bible: so much done to remove hindrances to church attendance, arising from want of decent clothes: so much done by the medical mission for the relief and cure of disease: and now

a school opened again to meet the ignorance of the rising race: yet, with all these facts before us, for which, I trust, I am deeply thankful—it is the doing of the Lord, and wondrous in our eyes—can we say that vital godliness is after all very much advanced? No doubt there is a marked change in the outward aspect of the Wynds—upon those even who never enter the church: but is there really very much faith among us? Is there faith to do works of healing on poor sick and impotent souls around us? Is there any adequate alarm in looking at the multitudes beside us who seem to have nothing but death and hell before them, and little between this and these? Is there any great self-consuming fire shut up in our bones that will not let us rest, forcing us really to pray for them and earnestly to speak to Him? Nay, brethren, have we not the dead in our houses, and no mourning on their account?

A church should be like a golden candlestick—precious in its own material, and holding forth the word of life. Do we thus appear to those around? Do we as Christians love one another? Can our love cover a multitude of sins? Are we a true brotherhood? Are we truly one in Christ? Have

we reached the mount where Christ becomes transfigured and we see His glory, and can we lose sight of all petty strifes and little things in the pure light which shines from Him? Is one after another getting so strong that, like Peter, we can strengthen our brethren? Is one after another getting so deeply taught of the Spirit that we are full of wisdom and our lips feed many? I fear that there are many obstacles among us to a mighty growth of the Word of God. I fear that where some grace has been planted there has been a worm at the root and nothing applied to destroy it. Some have been cherishing secret sins. Some have been doing frightful injuries to conscience by occasional lapses into unmitigated corruption. Some have permitted the thorns to grow up, choking the good seed of the Kingdom; some have been sowing cares where God had ploughed them out—in unnecessary expenditure and extravagance of dress or otherwise, or by foolish, and I may say dishonest engagements which they knew they could not meet when they made them. Some perhaps have been engaging in unlawful gains that will eat as doth a canker. Some have been yielding, perhaps, to intemperance; some to an

unclean spirit; some to a suspicious temper, to uncharitableness, to misjudging. Well, don't misunderstand me. I am charging no man with any sin that his conscience does not recognise. But even where I have not fixed, or perhaps cannot fix upon the plague of your heart, I put it to you whether there be not something wrong when the Word of God is not growing mightily with you. Perhaps you are restraining prayer. Perhaps you have grown formal in your fellowship with God. Perhaps you have ceased to examine yourself. Perhaps you have become self-righteous. Perhaps you are getting benumbed with the cold of an unsocial Christianity.

Remember that it is not by accident that the Word of God grows mightily. This is the right result of that word received and hid in a good and honest heart. The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God

to the pulling down of strongholds; casting down imaginations and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

Many, I fear, think that the Word of God is nothing but a book which is to receive a certain attention and respect. It is meant to be more; it is God actually speaking—God making known His mind and showing His will! If we only believed that, when we read or heard His word, or re-called it! God speaking to me what He wishes to be done. What a power must that belief have upon me! It cannot be a power at all, unless it is a mighty power. Can it grow unless it grows mightily? It is the mighty growing power of the Word of God that I wish you to think about to-day.

The Word of God is seed. It is for getting into a soil suited for it. Once there, and there rightly, it grows, bringing forth in some thirty, in some sixty, and in some an hundred-fold. The heart of man is the soil selected for this seed. In one sense it is naturally adapted for it: that is to say, this seed grows in human hearts and produces beauti-

ful growths and bounteous fruit. There is a great difference between sand and soil: the rain will run through the one unchanged, but will leave riches with the other before it goes. But the soil needs to be prepared. Why does the husbandman break up the ground? Why does he turn it over and over? Why does he sow it with one seed to prepare for another? Why does he weed it and water it and open it up to the rain and the frost, to the wind and wet, to rain and dew? To make it fit for the seed or the plant. When all this has been done rightly, see how the seed grows! It was a small, hard, almost uninteresting thing. Yet what strong trunk, what beautiful branches, what leaves, blossoms, fruit! See those trees that have their roots in the same soil as the grass: yet see what giants they are, how their heads seem up in heaven, how the stars seem nightly to visit them, how they gather to their bosom the birds and feed them for their songs: how they look down from their great height, bending over you, giving you shadow from the heat, and answering to the most awful blasts or gentlest breath of heaven!

So it is that your heart must be broken up; so

it is your whole being must be cut and altered in its form, opened up and made to possess a thousand new breathing places through which divine strength and good can be imparted. Then, in your heart thus prepared, God can make not only lowly and sweet graces to spring, but great growths at length to rise—growths of faith and love, and heavenly mindedness, and likeness to Jesus—great strong graces that shall have branches where other graces can nest—graces of melody, and joy, and peace. Should we not, then, seek this preparatory husbandry, if we have not yet the seed? Should we not see that at least the soil is fenced in—no longer common, but enclosed? Should we not see that the stones and rubbish are gathered up and cast away? Should we not see that the thorns are turned out and left to die by exposure to the air? Should we not pant like dry land for rain? Brethren! some of you believe that you have been at this work for more than one season. Not only have you had some share in God's preparatory husbandry, but many handfuls of seed have been scattered over you. What has become of it? Did ye ever think of looking after it? Has it not been picked

up by the birds of the air—those vain thoughts that the passing breeze has borne towards you at every sowing season? If some great words of God have been planted in you, why have they not grown? Why, at least, have they not grown mightily? There is something wrong with your soil or your husbandry: or, perhaps, like the fields lately, you are in want of rain.

I should like you to look at three things in this chapter of the Acts, as accounting for the Word of God growing so mightily:

I. Receiving the Holy Ghost: with special teaching and preaching, and miracles upon the sick and those possessed of evil spirits.

II. Manifest judgments: which came on those who blasphemously attempted to overpower the Devil by the name of Jesus, without real faith in Him.

III. The holy obedience of true believers: which (1) was difficult, as always in the case of old superstitions; and (2) costly, because sacrifices were needed.

Having spoken on the first two points briefly, I proceeded specially to the third, how the Word

of God might prevail mightily in the way of holy duty.

Nothing speeds the Gospel so much as the proofs of its power upon ungodly men. What a mighty influence the revival of religion in America has had upon churches throughout the world! And why? Because of the daily prayer meetings attended by business men at business hours. It had become so much the way of business men to keep to their books by which their gains are made, that nothing was permitted to break in upon business time. Above all, no prayer meeting. There might be a meeting for business connected with benevolence or religion; but the idea of a meeting in the midst of the day for prayer only would have seemed totally out of the question. And then the giving up of theatres and drinking saloons. These were evidence that the Word of God was growing mightily. So it is now in Ireland. When men are struck with conviction, even in the street, when they are led to cry out for salvation, when they are giving up their evil ways, delighting in prayer and the Word, see how mightily the Word of God grows! Like a conflagration, the sparks are carried from one house

to another, and from one place to another till it prevails.

Do you see what is wanted here? Let the Word of God prevail with you; let it grow; give it place to grow in; give it room; give it time and care; give it obedience. Let it have full command of your conscience. Let it say what ought to be. Let it possess your heart. Love it in its power. Delight to hear what ought to be, and say that shall be. I do not care where you begin with it, if you only begin. Wherever you begin, it must be essentially with faith. Believe the Word of God. Believe Him who is the Word of God. Believe what He says about you and about Himself. Come unto Him for life. O what a mighty growing power of the Word there would be if only a few unconverted souls were set about inquiring how the Word might have power with them! O if all the unconverted here were brought to a determination to know Jesus Christ and Him crucified before this day was done! And why should this, or something of this, not be done to-day? Men and brethren, to you is the Word of this salvation sent. This very Word now addressed to you by me is the Word of salvation,

sent expressly to you. It has power in it—it is able to save your souls. It is the seed of the Kingdom, with all its peace, its grace, its glory. Why not receive it to-day? To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts. You have no idea what life there is in this Word, and how soon it would grow within you into faith, love, holiness, fellowship with God, joy in the Holy Ghost. Let it prevail with you now to get a place in your heart, and it will soon prevail over everything there and proceeding from there.

The Word of God would grow mightily if some such were brought to submit in the way of duty, and especially of difficult duty—duty involving sacrifice. Believers! would you not like to see the Word of God grow? Would you not like to see it prevail mightily here in this district? Why are we building this new church, unless we hope that from thence the Word of God may grow mightily? O what a blessing if hundreds and thousands were yet to listen there, inside and out, to the Gospel, and with the power of another Pentecost! Would you do anything, if you could, to make the Word grow to such a pitch? Think

and speak honestly before God, what would you give, or give up?

Yet, very likely, there is no hindrance to a mighty growth of the power of the Gospel so great as the small growth it has yet among ourselves. Hear it, members of the Wynd church! Hear it, Minister, Elders and Deacons! We are rejoicing that so much has been done. Our adversary rejoices there has been so little! If only there were more, perhaps a very little, perhaps two or three remarkable conversions, the limit of the little might be passed, and the blessing burst as a flood! If only you perhaps who are well known to one or more were unmistakeably new creatures, you might preach by that fact, at least for a time, with greater power than all the ministers in the world. Or if only some proud spirit among us were made really humble; or some offending spirit in one way or other made marvellously amiable and gentle and Jesus-like; or some spirit easily offended made patient and magnanimous; perhaps these and such like gracious changes would be like mighty hands lifting up into clearer light the attractive power of the Cross. Ah brethren! if some prophet entered now he might

say to me, Thou art the man! If I could only sacrifice myself more; if I could more thoroughly yield up my own notions, cease from my own wisdom in preaching Christ; if I would only let Him, He might make me like a fountain, always full though flowing with His own infinite grace. Am I willing? Am I ready? Shall I yield myself now? Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?

Let us then conscientiously and prayerfully set ourselves to-day to discover what would be the thing in which the Word of God would most mightily seem to grow and prevail with you and me. Take your worst enemy, if possible, into council, and ask him to point out your greatest weakness, your worst fault. Or take your truest friend. Or look up the last recordings of conscience, and let the Word of God mightily prevail there! Children! what are your parents always complaining about? Parents! what would most make God's Word prevail with your children? Young men and maidens! what would make you burning and shining lights, like John, to guide clearly amid darkness, and yet scorch every impious finger from your purity? Don't shrink

because that thing is difficult or even costly. Don't shrink because you might have to confess a fault, or acknowledge you had been hasty in judgment, or obstinate, or unfaithful. The greater the sacrifice the better, if it will show how mightily the Word of God can prevail.

VIII.

“There are times and places in which a man can be sent by no other than himself, and when those whose spiritual needs cause the want, are the last to call him. The pastoral order is always ready to recommence, and the Church at certain times is born of the pastor, as in ordinary times the pastor is born of the Church.”

THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE BRIDGEGATE CHURCH was laid on the 4th of July, 1859. Two o'clock, the workmen's dinner hour, was selected to give opportunity to many deeply concerned of being present. By that time several thousands had assembled. The inhabitants of the district crowded into the open space and on the ample platform which had been erected. The windows and skylights were crowded with faces eager to catch sight and hearing of the proceedings. Principal Fairbairn opened the proceedings with prayer. I then took the opportunity of giving a brief statement, connected with the site and the church, which I hoped might open up the way for our work among many then first brought within our reach. This statement may prepare the way now as well as then. I said:—

“Before proceeding to read the papers to be lodged in this stone, I wish to put you in posses-

sion of two or three facts. It may be interesting for you, as it is for me, to know that exactly fifty-two years ago, the then minister of the Wynd Church, Dr. Porteous, was engaged, as I am to-day, in laying the foundation of a new church to which he was afterwards to be transferred. No doubt the circumstances are very different. The new church then was St. George's in Buchanan Street; and the Wynd Church was to be removed. The new church now is in the heart of the Bridgegate, and the Wynd Church is still to remain. For my own part, I would rather be at this work than at that; for although prosperous Glasgow is still rapidly moving west, there are hundreds every year who are sinking back here, overlooked and forgotten by their more fortunate fellow-citizens; and for these the mission church is often the first solid ground in their downward career on which they can rest, and the only possible ground from which they can rise. The Wynd Church has an interesting history. It is among our more ancient Glasgow churches. Built originally in 1685, amid the struggles which finally ended in the Revolution, it has the glory of being one of the early representatives of religious freedom in Scotland,

and indeed the only church in Glasgow at the time, in which Presbyterianism had a refuge. The Wynd Church was re-built in 1764; but in consequence of some differences with the Town Council, a number of the congregation left it, and the first Relief Church in Glasgow was formed. This gave rise to the Chapel of Ease in Albion Street, which some years after was connected with the Established Church; and on that occasion, in 1774, the Cathedral Street Relief Church, now Dr. Lindsay's, arose. The Wynd Church was again re-built, as you are aware, in 1854; and already, in five years, its ancient vitality is manifested in the erection of a church larger and more costly than itself, and for the good of a part of the city too long regarded with despair. Yet, although the Bridgegate has for many years borne a most hopeless character, and been the rendezvous of the riot and ruffianism of the city, it was not always so. I wish you to remember that we are now assembled among the most ancient and most memorable associations of Glasgow. The Bridgegate claims greater antiquity than even the Tron-gate; and perhaps, under its earlier name of Fishersgate, points us back to the time when

Glasgow had its roots first planted by the banks of the Clyde. There is a tradition that this site was the ferry-house before the bridge was built, although that carries us back to the Middle ages. And when preparing for the tower of this church, we came on old trees, black as ebony, that must have been there since the time when the river made this its bed. So far back as the 14th century, part of the ground in this street was set apart by the Lady Lochow for the support of a leper-house in Gorbals; and as late as the close of the 17th century, we find the Duke of York lodging here in the Provost's house. Indeed, it is only about 60 years since the last of many old Glasgow families removed from this street; for out of these very windows before me, with their old pointed gables, the Campbells of Blythswood, and a celebrated Duchess of Douglas, were accustomed to look. At the foot of the Old Wynd, and, indeed, on the very spot where we are now standing, was planted, and famous for its apple trees, the orchard of Provost Aird, a gentleman who, during some sixteen or twenty years, was a dozen times raised by his fellow citizens to the provostship. He seems to have been an earnest Christian. When

Dean of Guild in 1695, he caused an inscription to be hung up in the Merchants' Hall, with Scripture instructions how to buy and sell with a safe conscience. Defoe in 1706 says that "the Provost was an honest, sober, discreet gentleman, one that had been always exceedingly beloved, even by the common people, particularly for his care and charity to the poor of the town." M'Ure (1736) says he was one of the four eminent Provosts that contributed most to the advantage and beauty of the city. "He caused build two churches and a high steeple in Glasgow, and opened two streets upon the town's charges, and several other great buildings the time of his administration."

It may help you to think of the great and very rapid changes on this street if you turn your eyes for a moment to that noble spire. It is scarcely though very nearly, two hundred years ago since the citizens of Glasgow finished its noble proportions, having just finished the Merchants' Hall close beside it. Glasgow at that time scarcely numbered 8000 souls; now the district in which the mission work of the Wynd Church is carried on holds very nearly double. And why? because then our citizens in the Wynds had house-room

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to live in, and gardens to keep the fresh air circulating round their homes. Now we have packed, by the hydraulic pressure of poverty, and of merciless property, about 1000 souls to every acre of this precious soil. It required £1800 to clear this small spot of a few ruined houses, in which more than fifty families were crammed. I think we are doing good service in thinning this over-crowded district even by so much, before we begin our higher work. It was here then, beneath the shadow of that spire, the commercial enterprise and prosperity of Glasgow were nursed. They must have had brave, and believing hearts, the men of those days, when amidst many difficulties, and at great expense, they reared that tower from which they might look out upon their ever extending boundaries, and especially on the windings of that river which was yet to bear from all quarters of the globe their princely wealth. And it gives me heart in founding this day another tower, in other circumstances, and for a very different purpose, that the motto which they had is the motto which they have bequeathed to us—"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." It gives me heart to hope, almost to predict, that long before other

two hundred years have passed, this tower of ours shall look down upon this street, as much changed from what it is now, as it is now changed from what it was then. We are laying to-day the foundation of a hall whose merchandise is better than that of silver. May there be a long succession of true merchant princes reared here, men wise in winning souls!

It may be interesting further to know that the corner where this tower is now founded was not always "the lazy corner," where the rags and wretchedness of two or three generations past have assembled. In the troubles of '15 and '45, and amid the excitement of the American war, many of the citizens assembled here to listen to the last despatch, and to hear the names of the lost. On this spot we are building a stone pulpit from which, I trust, the glad tidings of salvation shall often go forth; and amid the needful declarations of war with wickedness, there will be peace proclaimed through the precious blood of Christ.

One thing very interesting about this building is, that it is not merely founded for the people of this district, but very directly founded by them. The site on which this church is founded is, I be-

to live in, and gardens to keep the fresh air circulating round their homes. Now we have packed, by the hydraulic pressure of poverty, and of merciless property, about 1000 souls to every acre of this precious soil. It required £1800 to clear this small spot of a few ruined houses, in which more than fifty families were crammed. I think we are doing good service in thinning this over-crowded district even by so much, before we begin our higher work. It was here then, beneath the shadow of that spire, the commercial enterprise and prosperity of Glasgow were nursed. They must have had brave, and believing hearts, the men of those days, when amidst many difficulties, and at great expense, they reared that tower from which they might look out upon their ever extending boundaries, and especially on the windings of that river which was yet to bear from all quarters of the globe their princely wealth. And it gives me heart in founding this day another tower, in other circumstances, and for a very different purpose, that the motto which they had is the motto which they have bequeathed to us—"Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word." It gives me heart to hope, almost to predict, that long before other

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lieve, on the border marches of three parishes—the Tron, St. Enoch's and St. James'. Each of these has now two representatives, and there are thus six congregations, most of them wealthy, naturally interested in this spot. But I will be excused for saying, that it is not one of these that has the honour of founding the Bridgegate Church, and I am sure not one of them will grudge the honour to the Wynd Church. It is, indeed, the hope of such waste places as these to have local congregations, not only living in the district, but working in it daily for good. Such congregations cannot possess wealth, but they may always expend labour. It is, indeed, among the hopeful signs of our day that we have not only the wealthy interested in the poor, but that the people are stirring to help themselves. The building of this church will show how our merchant princes can be united in a noble enterprise with the hardy sons and daughters of toil. And I cannot help saying that in the subscription roll of this church will be found names together that have never been together for any other church in Glasgow; names in almost all the churches, and from our palaces in the Park to the garrets of

the Goosedubs. All honour to those who had only to be asked in order to open their treasures, but all honour also to those whose continual contributions of work, from one end of the year to the other, make this money and theirs too, not lost, but real capital, although sunk amid the ruins of the Bridgegate.

And now, as we lay this stone, I trust that all concerned will pledge themselves to do what they can to finish the work here begun. For my own part, I trust God may help me to do the great and difficult work that seems now opening here before me; but I trust my fellow-citizens will remember that there is work here for them all, and that if this new experiment succeed the work will be urged upon them. I hope that this is not the only building we shall see raised here. I trust we are laying the foundation of another and altogether new Bridgegate; and that Glasgow may yet look with pleasure and with pride on these old corners where her fathers were reared, filled again with sons of whom she need not be ashamed. I assure you, from personal knowledge, that there are children round us here that might easily be lifted like Moses from the mire, and be found an

honour to Egypt and to Israel,—to the world and to the Church. There are citizens, let me say still in active life, who have been born on this very spot, or have here received their training, who are now engaged in large and honourable business, and are adding to the wealth and importance of Glasgow. And, already, I see young men growing up about me in the Wynd Church who will, in the course of years, or I am mistaken, be welcome to the best society, and, perhaps, to the best honours of the city. And if I might, for one moment, turn to those inhabitants of this street, who are looking from their windows at our work here to-day, I would urge them to remember that this work is for them—that it is the offer of a friendly and earnest help—that it is a gift to them not only from the rich, but from some who, except in one thing, are as poor as themselves—that it is especially a gift from those who received such a gift themselves but a few years ago, and have tasted and seen that God is gracious. Therefore, as this church slowly rises during a few months to come, they will see, I hope, rising before them a banner for the truth, round which they are yet to rally,—a bulwark against temptation,

behind which they will take shelter,—a house of God, in which they shall yet sit welcome and happy at the children's table. I hope they will accept now in a friendly spirit the hearty invitation which is hereby given them, and that as this building rises so will they—stirring up to a new and better life; and when all things are ready, I trust they also will be ready to come in. Let them remember that this is a time of God's merciful visitation, and that in refusing this they may be refusing Him.

The following paper and various historical documents already enclosed within a glass jar, were then placed within the memorial stone:—

BY THE BLESSING OF GOD
ON THE MISSION-WORK OF THE WYND CHURCH,
AND WITH THE HELP OF MANY GENEROUS FRIENDS,
THIS BUILDING IS FOUNDED
AS A MISSION CHURCH FOR THE BRIDGEGATE,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,
ON THIS FOURTH DAY OF JULY, 1859.
“And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be
God's house.”—Gen. xxviii. 22.

Mr. Burns, having deposited the glass in the cavity prepared for its reception, said,—“We have been engaged in a most interesting work, and I

hope all around will join with me in saying that we feel a deep debt of gratitude to yourself and to your coadjutors in the Wynd Church for the work you have been so successfully prosecuting. I hope you will be still more prosperous here; and I hope this church will long remain a monument of Christian enterprise, and a means of stirring up in this and in other districts a spirit of emulation for the reclamation of the waste wilderness around us, that our city may be blessed and prosper by the preaching of the Word."

I had resolved to spend ten days in the north of Ireland, and on the evening after this day's work in the Bridgegate, I proceeded to Greenock, whence the steamer for Port-Rush was about to start. On the Quay I happily met a college friend—then settled at Inchinnan, but since called to his rest, the Rev. James E. Cruikshanks, who had also put aside ten days, as many were then doing, to visit the scene of the Ulster Revival. We agreed to keep together for company and for comparing notes. We were both convinced that a work of grace was going on, but wished to look at all the facts we could reach, as inquirers after truth. I passed the night on deck, and was

richly rewarded by a glorious dawn and sunrise, and by new impressions of the great deep, and of the winged ships like great sea-birds skimming the surface and dipping their wings amid the spray. The rocky coast at last lifted itself up from the sea and we landed. We had scarcely breakfasted in Portrush when we noticed the people passing with their bibles to the daily prayer meeting. Here in a little school-room we had our first impressions of the Revival. There was great solemnity and warmth and gladness about the simple devotions. We went off to the Giants' Causeway, and after full examination of the rocks visited the houses, gathering from the people their impressions of the work going on. At night in the inn we found two gentlemen with us in the public-room. They also, although there on business, were deeply interested in the Revival, and when we proposed our evening sacrifice, each pulled a well worn Testament from his pocket. We then took the train for Ballymena, the district in which the work began, and where a few weeks before a great awakening had been going on. Hitherto, in tourist garb, we had supposed that no one knew us, and hoped thus unknown to pursue our in-

vestigations. A minute before the train started, we heard some one crying from the platform, "Is Mr. MacColl in the train?" and when, amazed, we looked out, a Glasgow friend cried as the train started, "You're wanted to address a meeting to-night at Coleraine." At Ballymena we stayed but an hour or two. That evening at Coleraine we were parted. I agreed to address the meeting of converts, as it was called; my companion was asked to accompany two brethren to an open-air meeting a few miles out of town. I found several hundreds of beaming faces, hungry for the Word, and rejoicing in Christ Jesus. Long after I returned to the inn, my companion returned. He came back, as it seemed, from a battle-field. At least sixty persons had been in deep distress. Old and young in groups about the field had been engaged in prayer or earnest talk about the way of salvation, and several had to be carried home like the dead on the cars. This was the only great scene of the kind that occurred during our tour, and I missed it. I saw one or two stricken cases, as they were called, in Belfast, and one case of apparent dumbness in Coleraine; but during our visit I came only on the recent traces of a great

work, but heard from the lips of many how great things the Lord done for them. In the market-place of Derry we heard Mr. Guinness address a great multitude, and in Belfast Mr. Brownlow North: but the sound as of a mighty rushing wind had passed, though tongues of fire still sat on many. We mingled freely with the people, and talked with them while travelling, in the inn, the market, and the church, and were much struck with many of the narratives of spiritual blessing we thus incidentally received. The Sabbath School, which crowded Mr. Hanna's church, composed to a great extent of adults, was a most impressive sight; as was also Mr. Toye's garden trampled to the very hedges by the multitudes that overflowed his church, and where the boy's prayer meeting was then carried on. We perceived no special power, nor even any peculiar result in the addresses delivered in our hearing. The work had, to a large extent, in the middle of July come to a pause. But whenever we opened our own lips to speak or pray, although no special effect was produced on others, it seemed as if new and strange power descended on ourselves. We spake with other tongues. Sometimes in the train, sometimes on

the highway, more even than in a meeting, the heart would become suddenly flushed with emotion, and it was difficult to restrain tears. We both agreed, for we often spoke of it, that we seemed moving through a peculiar atmosphere, as if it were charged with some spiritual electricity. I shall never forget one evening we spent at Enniskillen, one of the last we spent in Ireland. There had been no great awakening here; but on arriving late in the afternoon, we found there was a prayer meeting. It was getting dark as we entered the room, where about a hundred people were met for Christian fellowship. In our tourist dress we hoped to pass unnoticed, and sat quietly at the door. In a few minutes, however, one of the constabulary, who seemed to take special part in the proceedings, approached us and said, as if we were in an ancient synagogue on the traces of Paul, "If ye have any word of exhortation for the people, brethren, say on." Nothing occurred to make the meeting memorable; but we walked on in the starlight for a mile into the country, conversing with some of the people, and hearing beautiful bits from their recent experience. We turned, and it seemed natural on the lonely road

and beneath the stars to uncover our heads and pray. I cannot tell now how long we were there, but, in the power that came upon both of us, the time would not be counted. I remember especially as we made mention for the last time of Inchinnan and the Wynds, I offered solemnly to keep open house for months if only the Lord would favour us with times like these. We returned and deeply impressed with the necessity of continued and united prayer. I got a brief note printed and put into the hands of a hundred of those best known in the Wynd Church for their love of prayer, asking them to unite in seeking a blessing on my return, and suggesting that if such blessing were given, we should be ready to open the church nightly so long as the blessing lasted. I had to spend a Sabbath in Arrochar, and it was Thursday thereafter before I got home. On that Sabbath while I was away, about seventy persons had been obliged to remain till after ten o'clock in the evening dealing with souls in deep distress; and when I got home I found that our hall had been crowded spontaneously every night thereafter, a few men and women being awakened on each occasion. On the Thursday evening I found my-

self in the midst of a Revival. For many months thereafter the Wynd Church was open every night in the week but Saturday, and was kept closed with difficulty even on that night; and for several years, in one form or other, the great work went on, and is not yet brought to an end. Praise ye the Lord. Selah.

IX.

“ I remember well

One journey, how I feared the track was missed,
So long the city I desired to reach
Lay hid ; when suddenly its spires afar
Flashed through the circling clouds ; conceive my joy !
Too soon the vapours closed o’er it again.
But I had seen the city, and one such glance
No darkness could obscure.

THE REVIVAL IN THE WYNDS made no revolution on our methods of work. Our weekly meeting for prayer became nightly; a second meeting was required when the first was closed; soon a third, and often a fourth. Instead of three brethren being asked to pray, every one on whom a tongue of fire had fallen was required more than once in the course of an evening. We did not need new truth. What texts we had preached from in four or five years, we preached from again, with added thoughts and more power in five months. We did not need new songs. What Psalms we had read and studied and sung in five years, having nearly finished the Psalter when the Revival commenced, we found best fitted for all kinds of singing during these wondrous nights. Before every prayer we had a few verses, suited for confession, or faith, or hope, or thanksgiving, read and briefly explained, and the prayer naturally rooted itself in them, and gave branches for many

bird-like petitions to find rest and food ere they took wing heavenward. Our most useful addresses to the anxious were from the Psalms. We led them there into green pastures, and they lay down beside still waters. Once or twice in these early days we tried a hymn, but found it would not stand exposition. It did not seem to have the deep soil of the Psalms, which could be turned over and over again, and be all the richer for the digging. We had not quite finished the Psalter when the Revival began. We were about to begin the closing Hallelujah Psalms, and the Revival helped us easily into them. Hymns were used elsewhere by those who attended our meetings, and hymns have been to some extent used since; but much of the stability and rooted strength of the work I attribute, among other subordinate causes, to the continuous and intelligent use of the Psalms through all the exciting work of the first years. I remember when one of my elders proposed in the Session, two years after the work commenced, that we should introduce hymns for the sake of those of weaker capacity: "No," said another, "let us bring them up to the Psalms."

It was a help to our faith in the work itself that it had not been brought about by any novel methods, and was not sustained by changes on our scriptural order and our well-tried agencies. We never sent for any one to address these meetings, nor did we advertise. We took advantage of the many strangers that gradually crowded our platform from various quarters, sometimes having a dozen denominations represented there at once; and the sound as of the mighty rushing wind brought multitudes about us. We soon gave opportunity to those who felt in themselves that they were cured of their plagues, to come forward and tell briefly what was done in them. These simple narratives were greatly blessed. They were given always in the second or later meetings among the inquirers, and often helped many to believe. We produced these as witnesses, seldom giving one more than one or two opportunities of delivering his evidence; but employing him for prayer and for helping the anxious, if we discovered any gift in him that seemed for edification. The exposition of the Word we kept in our own hands, or assigned to such as we could trust.

We were not able now indeed to send out our

visitors to beseech and compel others to come in. For many months the Wynd in which the church opened was crowded with hundreds before the hour of meeting, and at a later hour by others waiting till room was made by the departure of some at ten o'clock, when the first meeting closed. We still continued to give the first place to the poor of the district, especially on the Sabbath evening. On one such occasion a young lad had walked eight miles from a country village to be with us. He was present at the morning and afternoon services, and, much impressed, waited at a friend's for the evening. He was at the door early, indeed before it was opened; but he had to stand aside till a long array of poor, bare-foot, ragged people were with difficulty passed. "Here," he thought, "are the thieves and the harlots entering the Kingdom before me; and, after I have come so far, I may be left out." Silent tears and prayers followed, there in the crowd. I found him at the close of the service among others waiting, like the sick in the porches of Bethesda, till some angel might, as they supposed, trouble the waters and they should step in. I spoke the Lord's word in His name: "Wilt thou be made whole?" yet not

with the Lord's power, at least then. He came back, even after his day's work, many a night, with another youth equally in earnest. At last he found peace, prepared for college, and is now a minister of the Gospel, having during his student years been, I believe, in various places a winner of souls.

We had great difficulty in finding room in our small church for these crowds. We became ingenious in packing. Pew and passage became one solid mass. The platform close up to the desk would be filled with the children, and thus the word fired at these dense masses did the greater execution. I often helped before the service at this work. One case I learned had received a first impression from this apparent care for the comfort of strangers. A young woman, a Sabbath School teacher, had closed her class early, and had been carried in with the crowd. "I never," she said afterwards, "saw a minister do this before, and I felt—surely they care for us here." That night she had her heart opened, but only to see that it was still empty of Christ. A teacher of the blind, she knew not what to do to be saved. She could not confess this, and so she carried her

burden home. She could not tell her mother that she was still unsaved. And so she went about to her work, passing nights of sleepless agony for six weeks. She was often at the meeting, but there was one way of peace, and that was strait and low, and she would not bow herself to try it. She would take to her room and kneel for prayer, but a footstep near the door would make her start and rise from the throne of grace. At last the Lord brought her to yield every high thought. One night she threw herself on her knees in her room. "I cried to the Lord," she said; "I didna mind wha heard me, if He did. I am here wi' a great burden, and I canna bear it longer. Thou art the burden-bearer: take mine. I lay it down at any rate. I winna tak' it up again." And the burden she laid down was removed, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Among the first cases that became known to me were naturally persons belonging to the congregation, from among the young and the old. A manifest spirit of earnestness and love and prayer was given to the office-bearers. No one grudged after his day's work the night's toil, for we were not labouring in vain. One night I found, at the late meeting, two lads of sixteen years of age

already members of the church, sitting in a corner with their open Bibles. One had already been conversing with me. I had noticed the other in an anxious state. Well, Johnny, I said, what are you and George doing here? I am trying to clear up his doubts, said Johnny. What does he doubt? His interest in Christ. Well, what are you doing? I am pointing him to the blood. But is he not looking there already? Perhaps he is; but I'm telling him to look till it grows on him! On another evening I found two young women in a pew, one weeping, the other trying to comfort her. I overheard the one say to the other, O lassie, jist dae as I did: grip a promise and haud till't.

One evening I said to the Briggate Flesher, Well, Robert, is it not time that you should tell what the Lord has done for you? He started back, saying, O, I couldna; I couldna speak before so mony. However, a night or two after, about the end of the first meeting, Robert was at my elbow, saying, I maun speak the nicht. I've been awa hame, but the Spirit winna let me rest. Gie me five minutes. I introduced him to the crowd. He stood forth in white moleskin clothes, and stretching out his great stalwart arms, said: Mony o'

ye ken me. Look at me, a monument o' mercy. Forty o' my pot companions are in the drunkard's grave. Some o' them hae been in prison; ane o' them has been hanged. I was as bad as the worst. For some years I've been seeking salvation. I gaed in to this place and the other. I've cried to Jesus on the street, and He took clean oot o' me the love o' drink. But I'm a sinner still. At last He led me into this Wynd Kirk, when the minister was preaching on the lame man at the beautiful gate o' the temple. I was that lame man. He asked if I had faith to be healed, and he took me by the han'. The name o' Jesus has made me whole as ye see me noo. Is He no able and willing to do for you, what He did for me? Then falling suddenly on his knees, he cried, O Faither, Faither, hae mercy on thae puir sinners! Thou sees every ane o' them wi' a burden o' sin. Nane kers that burden as Thou, for Thy Son bare it a'. O come come and save! We're a' waiting for Thee—weary waiting. But Thou'rt we'el worth the waitin'. The impression produced on the audience was very great.

A few Sabbaths after the work commenced, I preached by request in another congregation of

the city. I came to know of nearly thirty persons awakened that morning. One, a stranger passing through Glasgow on his way, as he purposed, to Australia, walked into the church as the nearest to his residence. He was among those who were impressed. He came to the Wynd meeting and called twice at my house. The following note was handed in a few days after, enclosing £10 for the Bridgegate Building fund. "The prayers of this meeting are requested for a member of a church, although only a member before, who has been brought to Christ's feet, desiring to be taught of Him as a little child. Also for his native place, that the Spirit of God may be poured on shepherd and people, that they may be near to Christ and do more for his honour and glory. Please receive of my hand a small sum as the first-fruits of a broken heart." He called on me next morning, and before I was aware had his arms about me. I have not been able to sleep all night, he said. Still distressed? No, he replied, I could not sleep for joy. I have been so filled with the love of Christ that I can hold no more. I must get vent. You must let me tell them to-night what He has done for my soul.

Next day he told me that he must devote himself entirely to the Lord's work. I urged him rather to get into business, and devote his spare time, saying, "Every disciple is not made an apostle." He went away to think and pray. That night, he said, when I went to the Lord, I felt I had not yet given any thing of what my father had left me. I laid down £5 and then £10. Is it not too much? I thought. No, I answered, I have opened my mouth to the Lord, and I cannot go back. What I have done with the money I have done with myself. I cannot go back. I shall preach the Gospel from door to door. I shall not go to college. You have been: but college has not made you a minister. The Lord will teach my stammering lips. And how will you be supported? The Lord will provide. My own money I will invest, and whatever more is needed will be sent. And so he went into the vineyard and began to work. Daily he went from house to house in the Wynds, or visited in different parts of the city some of those who left our meeting in distress. Gradually he was drawn out into the villages and farms round about, where he had been accustomed as a farmer to look

after other crops; and now in a barn, now in a stable, he was the means of beginning a work over several miles, which still continues, although in other forms. Three years after, he went into business, but lost his means in it, and then came back to his first vow. And then, accepting the first service put in his way, he became a colporteur, and still abides at his calling, till his stewardship is enlarged.

One Saturday morning a young man called on me. I have been at your meeting several times, he said. Three of us commenced a prayer meeting in our establishment last night, and had forty present. There is, however, one young man, over a department, possessed of fine gifts, who is a ring-leader in wickedness. If we had him converted we could do anything. I have spoken to him frequently on religious subjects, but have been obliged to give up. Latterly I have taken to prayer, and for three weeks I have continued seeking grace for his soul. At the end of that time he came up to me to speak of these things of his own accord. I have had him one night at the Wynd meeting. I shall have a walk with him this afternoon, and would like to bring him in to see you,

if I can manage it. Will you let us come? Surely. I wondered how it would turn out. Often during the day I telegraphed the case heavenward. In the evening they both entered. There had been a hard battle. It had lasted nearly an hour at my door, as I afterwards learned. We were soon upon the great subject. Have you been long concerned? I asked. I have been two or three times at your meeting, but I can hardly say I am concerned; my heart is hardened. How did you feel the first time you were there? I felt there was reality. I thought it was the first time I had been present at worship. Have you been accustomed to attend church? My father is an elder, but I have rarely attended church for the last six years. And have been going into all sorts of wickedness? Yes. And so we entered on the great question of sin, and reasoned of righteousness and judgment to come. Then we knelt, and as we rose I observed he had been weeping. Next morning—the Sabbath—as I entered for the early prayer meeting, I looked into the room where the young men assembled, and saw him there. His friend had taken him to his own house, after they left me, and read and prayed with him a long

time, and then became his convoy for a considerable distance, till he saw him safe within his father's door, for fear of the Devil. The following note was read at the meeting on Wednesday evening:—

“Prayers are earnestly solicited on behalf of a young man, who has for the last week been under great conviction of sin, and earnestly desires to find peace in Jesus Christ this very night.”

Next day I saw him again. He had been feeling less than he did. Do you wish to go back? No, he said, I cannot go back; I have had enough of that. I told him that I believed he had been feeling less, because he had been trusting in himself. I tried to make plain the way of peace. I thought that I saw, while I spoke, a soul seeing and touching the Saviour. I urged him to yield himself to the Lord, and commit himself irrevocably. He went away saying little, but with a gleam in his eye and a firmness about the mouth as if he had some work to do. I received the following note next day:—

“Praise be to God. I have been enabled since I saw you yesterday to cast all my care upon Christ. I could not sleep last night for a long

time, so exquisite was the joy I felt. But I have much need of the prayers of the faithful. Do not forget me. Pray that I may be instrumental in turning many from darkness to light."

A few nights after he read at the prayer meeting of those engaged in the same establishment, a brief statement of the change through which he had passed. I tell you, he said, were a man asking my age, I would answer that I am scarcely a week old, for on Thursday last I believe I was born again. And if my week's experience has anything to induce others before me to accept of pardon and perfect reconciliation with God, I would earnestly beg you to come now. I am too young a Christian to enter on all the glories of such a life, but I see already a new field before me, an unexplored mine of purest gold, which I would not sacrifice for the world. Some time after he ventured to say a few words to anxious inquirers in the Wynd meeting. He said little, only telling briefly his own story, but he said that the day he first found Christ he went about his work as a man who had found a hidden treasure, and had made it his own. That night, he said, I spent much time in prayer before I retired to rest, but

even after I retired I could not sleep; I could have got up and danced for joy. His brief statement was, I believe, blessed to many. He soon after organized Sabbath and week night schools for the boys in his department, and when I last met him, some four years after, he had just been elected to office in the congregation he had so long deserted.

This joy of young believers was a very noticeable feature with many. Not with all, for some remained for years in recurring doubt and darkness—the most difficult cases one had to deal with among the sicknesses of the soul. A few weeks ago, I was at the death-bed of a young woman brought to the Lord seven years before, at the same happy time I am now recording. Christ found me, she said, in Cambridge Street as I went home to dinner. For weeks after I could see nothing in-doors or out but His precious blood. Yet for these weeks I was almost constantly weeping for joy. I was glad sometimes in the street when a carriage passed me that I could relieve my heart with a cry. Some one reminded her of the wondrous faith with which a younger sister, who died a year before, trusted Christ. “Wha wudna?” she said.

We soon had many visitors from different parts of the country. At some of our first meetings, Mr. Gall, of Edinburgh, and Mr. Jenkinson, his admirable helper in the formation of the Carrubbers' Close Mission, and in the conduct of their successful evangelistic work, were present, and carried with them to their own meetings in Edinburgh fresh encouragement and new power. One evening an eminent London clergyman, on his way to Ireland, not quite sure of the Revival, came with a note of introduction, and spent a night with us. The meeting that evening was, like many, quiet and solemn, and the address at the first meeting did not seem fitted to awaken any excitement. Suddenly, however, about half-a-dozen people began to weep and cry audibly. Our visitor rose on the platform, and as if about to rebuke some unclean spirits, he said, with such severity as his beautiful spirit would allow: What do you mean by this noise? Do you think this is a house of Baal? I touched his arm, and asked him to step down and speak to the distressed, and find out from themselves what was the matter. He did so, and found that each of the distressed that evening was intelligent, some-

what educated, and chiefly engaged in Sabbath School teaching. He returned to the platform satisfied that the distress was not hysterical. I asked him to preach the Gospel, which he did with great fulness and persuasive power. It was one o'clock in the morning before we got home, but we united in thanking the Lord for His saving work; and when he reached London shortly after, he was among the foremost in Revival work. Unknown to us at the time, a dozen ministers would often be present, chiefly in black ties and in back parts of the church; but we were happily ignorant of the critical eyes and ears, and had so little in reality to do with the work going on, and were so persuaded that the work was not ours but the Lord's, that we were kept throughout in perfect peace as to all the conflicting views that for the first four months were taken outside. Sometimes we caught a minister and got help, but more frequently were told, "No; we are not up to the mark of this yet." One godly elder, thus caught and asked to pray, declined, and sent a pound next day to help in any of our agencies, saying that he was humbled to be obliged to decline, but he felt afraid to mar the work. Some of those who re-

mained with us throughout a whole evening, though refusing to take part, would go away convinced that it was the work of God, and begin at home to tell what they had seen, and urge prayer for similar blessing.

But among our visitors from a distance were many Christians who came to rejoice with us, many who were to some extent anxious about their souls, and some brought by friends with the prayerful expectation of some arrow piercing the joints of their armour. One evening a note was handed up in pencil: "Remember Alexandria, that the Holy Spirit may awaken the dead." At the close of the meeting a gentleman came up to me saying he was anxious to be saved. I discovered that this was the man of Alexandria, who had come interested about others, and now felt he had need of prayer for himself. After some days we heard of his peace and joy, and have since heard and rejoice in the life of noble service he has been enabled to lead. On another evening at our third successive meeting, about half-past eleven, while a friend was speaking I went forward to ask a young man, who could only get in at a late hour, being employed in a railway station,

how he was getting on. Suddenly, before I sat down, a strong man rose in the pew behind me, and, with a burst of grief, rushed down the stair that led to our hall. I was about to follow him, when a young brother, who had himself passed through deep waters, said to me: It's all right; he's a friend of mine; he has just come from a distance, and I am glad he has got a blessing. It was after twelve before the meeting could be dismissed. I then found this man in great distress, his friend and one of my elders sitting with him, and when I proposed to pray he threw himself, though we tried to prevent him, with his face on the floor. This was on Wednesday or Thursday, and on the following Sabbath evening he was able to tell what the Lord had done for him, and to urge others to come to Jesus. He had come to town interested in the Revival; had come to the Wynd meeting expecting to feel some great joy. He prayed during the service, but felt cold and dead. Jacob's prayer came into his mind: I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me. It was intimated that only those convinced of sin were expected to remain. I felt that I was one, he said. "A woman in the pew beside me said, I have come here to get

a blessing to my poor soul. I said I was just in the same state. All grew darker about me. I asked her to join in praying for me. I will, she said. I sat a few minutes, but my burden grew heavier. I felt that I could not longer repress my feelings. I asked my friend to let me out. I was obliged to cry out. I would have fallen to the ground, if my friend had not held me. At midnight, without comfort, we parted." He called on me next morning. I urged him to change places with Christ: the Righteous One would be sin for him, and the sinner righteous before God. He went home to his friend, still distressed; and then, talking together and sad, Jesus came between them, and ere He left revealed Himself to both, and they ran to bring the disciples word.

In these times, several hours in the forenoon and two hours before the meeting were set apart for personal conversation with inquirers. I soon became somewhat skilled in finding out each phase of trouble. A few questions, as if I felt the pulse, generally were enough. And certain famous texts and brief words regarding them became the prescriptions ready for immediate use. On the whole, I soon found that the great bulk could be

arranged in a few classes; exceptional cases had to be more cautiously handled. One, an elder in a church, cost me much trouble. He was so full of Scripture, bristling like a hedgehog with texts when I tried to teach him. "What's the use of telling me that," he would say, "I'm deed!" He was taken out of my hands by the Master, and proved one of my best helpers throughout the work. Believers, as they seemed to me, would come among others. They believed everything, except that they believed. I used to tell them to forget the past for a little and begin anew, and if they had already believed there was no harm. It would be a repeated instead of a first act of faith. It would be a closer grasp of the unspeakable gift. Others needed only to give up something in order to reach peace. It was difficult to guess what that was. I could only send them to the Searcher of hearts. Sometimes their own story revealed it. One young girl—now, I believe, in glory—gave me to understand that a great burden on her conscience was, that there had been no family worship in the house since her father's death. "Go home," I said, "and begin." With much hesitation she did so. The youngest of four

sisters, she timidly proposed that her mother should begin. Though an excellent woman, she could not. But she asked the girl to do it. They all sat down with their Bibles and read. Then they knelt, and this girl began to pray. She was overcome. She could pray only in sobs and broken words. One heart after another was broken; till they all prayed in succession, and more than once. It was morning before they could retire. The whole house, I believe, was thus brought to life and peace.

I was often struck with the deep feeling expressed in conversation, and the brief and pregnant utterances artlessly given, struck off like sparks from heated iron. Two of my Wynd girls, in deep concern, came to me. Said one, My first step away from Christ was to the dancing club. You warned me, but I thought as there was no danger to my morals, for we were a few friends, there could be none to my spirit; I have found out that a touch will tarnish the beauty of grace. We two went to the Green the other night to pray. But God, we thought, was not hearing us. O, we said, if we had one with us He would hear! Last night I almost thought I might pray in Christ's name again. O

I'll go mad if I don't get peace! I would wait for years if I had one blink of Christ to begin with.

Sometimes I was awakened at two or four in the morning to see some poor soul in distress. A man came once for me, and he had to walk about a mile and-a-half. I asked why he took so much trouble. I am only a neighbour, he said, and I've to be at my work at six; but I know what it is to be in this kind of distress, and I would do more than this to save a soul.

Many came to complain that they had no feeling, when they were evidently feeling deeply. They seemed to think they had no warrant for faith, except in some peculiarly deep distress. The following note from one of this class, that I have since reckoned among the finest jewels I have seen, was handed me:—

“Please pray for one that is a sinner, and at ease in Zion. Pray that I may be awakened soon, lest I be tempted to give up; for He called, and I did not answer. Now, when I call, He hides His face. O that the Spirit would convince me of sin and of righteousness.”

A week later I had the following from the same hand:—

"May I ask you to bear the burden of my case to the throne of grace? I have been for years wishing that I was awakened, and feel that if not now it will be never. You described what I feel on Friday last as paralyzed. Nay, it is worse. I have not the slightest pulsation (unless it be this desire). I cannot pray. In the eyes of others I am all right, professing to follow Christ, and teaching in His name. I have not a knocker hung out by which you can raise an alarm; but have the door well fastened and terribly secure. I seem to myself a strange contradiction. I wish to eat of the bread of life. It is in my hand. I delight not in it, and yet I feel I need it. I very earnestly request your prayers. I have often thought of doing this before, and of speaking to you personally; but you named my reasons in your prayer last night. One is, I would like to be saved by coming myself to Him at His word. I try to do this, but there is something that hinders. Pray that the Lord would show me what that is. I desire to have such a sight of self and sin as He knows I am able to bear, and such a sight of Christ as Lydia had. I think, cannot I tell Him these things as I tell you. Well, I have

tried, but I deceive myself; for if I were seeking rightly I would find.

“Accept the accompanying £1 for that young sister you spoke of last night, if needed, and if not for some other in like circumstances. Grace only keeping me from temptation, makes me to differ. I do this in obedience to the command in Isaiah lviii. 6-11. I have already part of the blessing in bodily health, and am bound to use it as a blessing. Pray that I may be able. I have been kept back from many a thing by the thought: The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord. My heart is so hard that I am not touched by the most terrible texts. This is surely a terrible state to be in. Is it possible to bring me to repentance? May the Spirit wield His own sword. Be kind enough to take no notice of this gift. I therefore do not give my name, but wish to be a daughter of God. All well I shall be present to-night, after nine o'clock, and will watch for a word suitable to my case. I am ashamed to say I have a class of seven, in a very neglected district of the town. We all agreed on Sabbath night to pray during this week for new hearts.”

I was just reading this note when another was

handed in, asking if I could do anything to help a poor girl back to her friends. I gave ten shillings from the £1, hoping that it was the beginning of further blessing to the unknown donor. Two nights after, I had the following:

"I feel I have laid unnecessary restraint on you by my anonymous letter. My only reason for concealing my name, and asking you to take no notice of it, was that I wanted to hear as a complete stranger. I have been hitherto close-handed and deep in debt to the Lord, for I have received much. I would be grateful to know if my small gift came in time of need. I went yesterday to see you, but could not summon courage to go in. May I still ask you to bear my burden? And that you may know something of me, I may say that I have been hedged round with godly parents and privileges of every kind, but, as in the case of the vineyard, (Isaiah v.) when fruit was expected, it failed. All my energies were put out on work, rising early and sitting late, neglecting entirely the mind, so that the heart was gradually trodden down, to the hardened state it is now in. I don't remember ever being particularly awakened. I feel that I have never been born again. Any

apparent goodness I have is the result of training. I have vowed again and again to be thoughtful, and to change my way of life, but now I am less able than ever. You spoke to me one night, and told me to beware of crucifying the Son of God afresh. The truth must be out. I don't feel this, and begin to wonder if I believe He was crucified at all. All well, I shall be at the meeting to-night. In throwing out a word for me, you may do good to others also. Pardon my boldness. I wish to be renewed."

Next day she called on me. What, she said, is wrong with me? You are asking for further conviction, I said, when you should act on what you have. How do you know that you could bear more? There is often but a slight margin between the sane and the insane. God knows how much force is sufficient to quicken your steps without throwing you down; but He wishes you to run. But then, am I yet prepared to come to Christ? Will He have me as I am? Come and see. Come to Him, as you have come to me; only not for a call, but to abide. Enter at once as a servant in His house, and let Him turn you out. Don't go till He sends you. Be glad to be in His

house by suffrance. He will give you a title by use and wont, and by nothing more definite. Another note will explain the result:

“I waited to speak with you to-night, but saw you had more urgent duty. Accept my most hearty thanks for the light you were able to give me to-day. I did not comprehend your parable till after I was home. I saw prayer had been answered, though I knew it not. I was desirous of being convinced after I was convinced. He knew what I could bear. There are reasons why He should do as He has done. Going from the meeting, last night, I followed your words, ‘Offer yourself to Him.’ This I did. I said, Jesus, will you overlook my past, and take me now? But I did not see the bargain was struck then. Pray that I may never lose sight of these words: Who-soever cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. My heart is full. May the glorious work spread far and wide.”

Not long after a little note in the same hand was read in the meeting:—“Some time since I desired your prayers and the prayers of this meeting. I now desire to give thanks, having received the blessing then asked, and I would crave still more.”

This asking of prayer became almost from the first a great feature in the meeting. We had gradually a large list of places, in every one of which some measure of awakening, I believe, was experienced. As in all such meetings, many requests came in for friends. One evening a woman of a sad countenance came to me and said: You are often praying for friends. Would you ask for my husband? He was a good kind husband, but one day in drink he listed, and is now in the East Indies. I have four children to provide for; but he's my great burden. O ask his conversion. By the first mail she had a letter from him, written about the very time we began to pray, saying, O Mary! I am a new man. The Lord has been with me and drawn me to Himself. O that I was back to you. I would be a different husband and father. She brought me the letter to read. O, she said, her pale face growing paler, do you think we might venture another request? May we ask the Lord to send him home? That night, and for many nights, we asked. After a while another letter came. O Mary! I am ordered home. I have been in the hospital, and my passage is taken by the first ship. And he came home, and has been

for several years an active agent in our mission work.

It was not only at the meeting that faith in prayer was thus exercised. One woman, who was engaged in trade, was encouraged, with some hesitation at first, but gradually with more confidence, to speak at the throne of grace about her business as well as of her soul, "casting all her care on the Lord." One day she had a large quantity of game on hand, and no purchaser, and at the time it would have been a serious loss to her if it had remained unsold. That evening she ventured to cast this care upon Him that careth for us. Next morning a gentleman stepped in for a moment out of the rain, asking leave to wait for a 'bus. Looking round the shop, he said, O, you've game here. How do you sell it? The price was named. If I take all you have will you let me have them at threepence a brace less than you have said? Hardly able to speak, she agreed, wondering at this speedy and extraordinary answer to prayer. And not only was this game taken off her hands, but an order left for all she could supply for the next two weeks.

One Sabbath morning a note was handed in:

"The prayers of yourself and congregation are earnestly requested for a young lad attending your meetings for some time. I was first touched with the proceedings of your meeting, and was led to think of the preciousness of my soul; but I am nearly as careless as ever, although now wishing to come to Christ. Pray for me earnestly, for the Devil has such a strong hold of me that I cannot get praying, even when I have gone on purpose to pray. The Devil let me alone when I was not in earnest about prayer; but when I am now in earnest he troubles me much. O pray that the Saviour Jesus Christ would cast the Devil out of me, for I have none of the pleasures of the righteous. I have nothing but Satan. I am not worthy of you to speak to me, but I beseech you show me the road clearly to Jesus Christ. I shall be in the church all day and at night at eight o'clock." I got another request in the same hand during the week. One evening at a late hour I found a lad of about eighteen sitting in a corner, his head buried in his hands. I found this to be the writer. I tried to show him the road to Christ. He told me he had been very wild, rejecting all efforts of mother and minister to bring him to the

Lord. The Lord had him now. A few nights after he came to speak to me in the vestry. So changed was he in appearance, that although he told me his name and mentioned several facts in his history I could hardly believe he was the lad I had seen so lately in distress. He was better clothed, and instead of coming as he did before directly from his work, his face was now washed, his head erect, and his eyes bright with happiness. In a few nights he seemed to have become a man. He told me how he had found Christ, and how he was working over-hours to get clothes for Sabbath, so as not to encroach any more on his mother's means; how he had begun the evening school, and how he had now brought his companion to the meetings, another lad who had gone all lengths with him in sin. And how do you get on at the workshop? I asked. O they see, he said, I am a new creature, and though they laugh and scoff at me, the Lord strengthens me, and I am stronger than them all. The foreman we had was an infidel, and was my greatest enemy; but the Lord has this week turned him off, and we have a nice man in his place.

This work in workshops was one of the extra-

ordinary and long continued effects of the Revival. Daily prayer meetings were commenced, sometimes at the breakfast, sometimes at the dinner hour, in warehouses, factories, foundries, saw-pits, dockyards, bakeries, smith-shops, and other unlikely places. I have taken part in a prayer meeting where at least seven hundred factory girls were present—one of the partners presiding. To illustrate how these were started, I may here mention an incident. One evening at our second meeting, while some friend was speaking, I went into the vestry to see some person that had been carried out. In a few minutes I heard an extraordinary uproar; and when I got back to the church I found the whole meeting in the greatest confusion, standing on the seats, and pressing towards one corner where two young men were roaring like bulls of Bashan. I first quieted the meeting by inducing them to take their seats and sing; and then I got at the young men—two apprentice carpenters, strong of limb and lung, who were then in the greatest agony, seeing, as it seemed to them, hell itself blazing at their feet. Some weeks after they found peace. One went to school, and by and bye to college, and is now

preparing to enter the ministry; having already, in several mission fields, proved himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. The other went back to the shipyard, and proposed to the men to have a daily prayer meeting. They at once seized him by neck and heels, held him over the ship's side, and asked him, "Do you want a ducking?" "No," he said, half choked, and they set him on his feet. And then shaking himself into something like his ordinary state of mind and habits, he added, But I want a prayer meeting! And the prayer meeting he got. The last time I was present, more than three years after it was started, more than three hundred were present, and I was told that then sixteen at least could take part publicly in prayer. As the bell was rung for work, I passed out with the crowd, and speaking to an old man, dressed in a greasy blouse because, I believe, he attended the engine, I said, I am glad to find the meeting keeps up, and that so many can take part in conducting it. Yes, he replied, yes, there are still a few names here, as in Sardis, that have not defiled their garments!

Thus the work fed itself in household and

workshop, one stirring up many. Even on the street, persons especially idling or intemperate, were earnestly spoken to and brought into the Wynd Kirk. I remember a drunken baker lad thus staggering along the street was almost sobered by the words of truth addressed to him. He had the good sense to decline going to the meeting, but he kept his promise of being there the next night. On that or some succeeding night, I found him in a pew in distress, and by and bye we had the pleasure of receiving a long lost prodigal home, and still he continues steadfast, in business for himself, and daily prospering. Another—a sailor lad—the son of godly parents, was advised by them to go to the meeting while he was ashore; but “as he bore down upon it,” to use his own expression, “he was always driven in upon a music saloon that opened its well-lighted harbour at the head of the New Wynd.” At length he also was taken captive, and first as mate and then as captain he hoisted our colours on board, kept family worship regularly in the cabin when he could, and has been the means of doing good to several of his crews.

Many working girls attended the meeting,

and were often helpful to one another at their work. The other day I came upon an incident that will illustrate this. I was visiting a young wife, I fear dying of consumption. She was one of those brought to the Lord during these times of refreshing, seven years ago. Very timid and retiring, I had known little of her, and happened to refer to the past. She mentioned another with whom she worked, and who had been of good use to her. "For Bella, ye see, was a better scholar, and could carry awa' mair o' the sermon and explain it." Were you her companion? I said. I thought I always saw her with Mary K. "O she got her on the Sabbath; but I had her a' the week. On a Monday morning I wud gae up to Bella's loom in the factory, and say maybe: Weel, wasna the minister fine yesterday? Did ye understaun' him? O yes, Bella wud say. An' could ye gang oer't again? And so Bella wud gae oer the sermon, and put it in her ain way and explain it to me, and I wud tak up and dern some hole in her web. For, mind ye, I had clever hands, and we never let the maister lose by our speaking." And are you still happy, though you are weak? I asked. "Weel, ye ken, sometimes my

cheeks are wet a' day, an' I canna dry them. For I'm weak, ye see. But I wudna be ither than I am. Jesus is everything to me; and, mind ye, my cheeks are no wet because I'm gaun hame."

We had not many "stricken cases," as they were called. During the nightly meetings that continued for many months, when scores of persons were frequently in distress, not more than perhaps a dozen persons were affected with entire physical prostration. These were all young girls; one or two seemed, from their violent convulsions and outcries, as if possessed; the others, some of whom were well educated, remained for hours calm but unconscious. We attached no value to these physical manifestations. They were evidently connected with great mental emotion. Some of these cases were followed by conversion, and some not. We had only one case of a trance, but it was very interesting. It happened on a Sabbath evening, when all had been dismissed except several of my helpers and a few young women that still lingered, one or two of them being in distress. As we closed with a very brief prayer, one, a member of a neighbouring church and a very superior girl, suddenly fell back as if in a swoon.

She was laid gently down on some cushions hastily seized from the platform. For a few minutes her face became livid, like a corpse; but immediately changed into glowing life. She had interesting features, but she seemed suddenly so transformed that it was difficult to recognize her. Her face shone like Stephen's. We tried in vain to awaken her, only reaching her consciousness by the name of Jesus, or by some familiar text. She opened her eyes and looked beyond us, as if entranced with some bright vision: we saw when it seemed to draw nearer, the pupils contract as if under excessive light. She gently unloosed the brooch from her neck, and opening her arms and reaching them out with the most graceful movement, she cried, "Come, come! Wash me in Thy blood, clothe me in Thy righteousness." Then, as if the vision were fading, a cloud of grief passed over her features as she half rose, and sitting up stretched her arms beseechingly, as it seemed to recede farther from her. Meantime we all—about twenty—stood or half knelt round the wondrous sight—her companions, who had known her anxiety for two months past, whispering as they wrung their hands with mingled emotion, O

Maggie! ye're happy noo! Meantime the hail was rattling on our gothic roof, and the storm driving at the windows. Thus for an hour we waited till she quietly came back to consciousness, humble and happy as a little child. She said little. We afterwards learned that, as we supposed, she seemed to see a vision. Indescribable! A bright mist! It seemed to be Three and yet One! Intensely bright and full of joy when near; but full of woe when it became, even for a little, hidden or obscured!

I was much struck, in my many conversations with inquirers, at the tendency of certain minds to dreams and visions. I regarded this feature as naturally associated with unusual mental excitement. I always discouraged any value being attached to it; although I was often amazed at the beautiful glimpses of truth that were thus gained by many uncultured minds. I remember a poor woman—a washerwoman—telling me how she lay one day in trouble of mind and body. She thought that suddenly she could see the sky instead of her own humble garret ceiling. And it rapidly gathered blackness, the clouds rolled together as if in one great orb of darkness. Sud-

denly this burst into streams of golden light reaching to every part of heaven, and she heard a voice saying, "Preach the Gospel to every creature." But looking down to see the effect on the earth, she saw "a plantin" or wood, and one dark evil being moving in and out among the trees. "That'll be my enemy," she thought. Suddenly, to her great alarm, he began to build round her, higher and higher as if he would build up to heaven. But looking up she caught a glimpse again of the bright heaven and cried, "Build awa', build awa', ye canna keep heaven oot o' sight!" About a year ago, during a brief absence from home, one of my girls had been suddenly cut off in scarlet fever. I was not informed for several months after. She was about eighteen, one of a large family, but the only one attending church. She wrought in a factory, and was a very happy looking though retiring girl. The winter before she brought her father to me that I might speak to him about temperance, and get him to attend church. I found him to be a very intelligent man, with a conscience easily touched. He began to attend on the following Sabbath; and this, Catherine hoped would be the first step to getting the whole family

out. Now she was gone, and her work was ended. I found her mother, when I called, apparently a changed woman, in grief that she had lost a daughter, but rejoicing that she had found Christ. It seemed that a younger sister was seized with fever, and once about midnight the mother awakened Catherine to watch the end. Catherine wept. Don't make a noise now, said her mother; we'll have plenty time for tears. O, mother, I am not weeping that she's dying, but that she's dying unsaved. And then she knelt beside the girl, praying for her, and saying, "O take me instead! I'm ready and willing and eager, and she—she knows nothing." That hour the girl began to recover, and Catherine had fever. In a day or two she was delirious, and in a few days after she died. But all the time she was praying and singing, and entreating various friends by name to come to Jesus. The mother was plunged in grief not only at her loss, but that she had so often vexed the beautiful spirit of the girl, by scolding her for reading her Bible so much, and going so frequently to meetings. Her eye saw day and night that word of Christ: And whosoever shall offend one of these little ones that believe in me, it is

better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and he were cast into the sea. And how did you get out of this? I asked. "The merciful Lord let my dear Katy come back to me for a minute. I was weeping and praying, when suddenly I saw her dressed in snow white, with a purple sash and a golden crown. I was about to clasp her, when she said: Touch me not; I must not wait; I could not be long here after being yonder. I have come to tell you how happy I am, and how happy you may be. Mother, trust Jesus; clasp Him. He will not leave you. And I turned as I lost her, and found Him." But I don't see you or your husband at Church, I said. O, he tried to sit there after she died, but could not. I would rather be there, and so would he; but he cannot enter. He could see nobody but her; and so he has gone to the Wynd, and I am with him. But my girl that was spared is always at your church and your meetings in her sister's place.

The protracted meetings were a great distress to me at first. I was inclined during the first few weeks almost to turn the people out by the shoulders, when it was getting late. One godly

woman I was urging and half scolding turned round and said: "O dinna grudge us a wee while langer. The Bridegroom is wi' us. When He's awa' ye'll no be troubled wi' late hours." One evening, about half-past eleven, I found three railway servants, one of them a guard, who had travelled far, pushing in half breathless with haste. They could not get earlier, and yet they were hungering for righteousness. Again, at midnight as we turned from the door we met a man approaching, dressed like a baker just from his work. Is a' o'er? he asked. Yes; why are ye so late? I am in a pie-shop, he said, and never quit work till this hour. I havn't been within Kirk or meetin' for years; but for a week past have been uneasy in my mind, I canna tell why. But I heard o' the Wynd meeting, and hoped to get a word.

I made it a rule never to be absent from a meeting, and to be the last to leave. Many were watching us, and I felt that I was under heavy responsibility. We had many young women attending the meeting to the latest hour, and I was accustomed when about to close the last meeting to select some elder, or well known elderly woman, if I could get no other, who was going home in an easterly, westerly,

or other direction, and commit ten or twenty girls, as the case might require, in charge. Then, after a few words of prayer commending these bands to the Lord, we took our way home. In this way I was led to mark the quarters of the city from which our meeting was filled, and was much interested in noticing how for several weeks, night after night, the larger number would be from Bridgeton, or from Anderston, from Townhead, or the South Side. I thus noticed with thankfulness that the blessing was being carried to different districts. Sometimes a dozen would be found in distress out of one congregation. One minister stated that he admitted to one communion fifty that dated their impressions from these meetings. Even from considerable distances in the country parties were made up, headed by an earnest elder, who would return six or ten miles after midnight. One Sabbath morning twenty-one farm servants were thus brought into town in carts, the whole remaining till the last, and I have been assured that eighteen of these were apparently converted. About three weeks of nightly meetings generally exhausted the strength of a large number. Others filled their places for some similar period, and thus

successive sets of students passed through our curriculum. Others again never missed a night, and others arranged to attend one, two, or three nights a-week. Some arranged family worship at an early hour, that they might attend to both.

We were often amazed at the poor waifs that were floated in upon our nets; and often on the very nights that special power accompanied the word, poor fallen creatures would be found in tears in corners of the church. Soon after the Revival began, a movement for establishing a Magdalene Institution was commenced in Glasgow by Mr. J. D. Bryce, and others well known for their benevolent character. We furnished the first matron, as well as several Christian girls, who volunteered to live in the Home while at work during the day, for the purpose of influencing the fallen. One of these, after some time devoted in this way, took charge of a similar institution in Dumfries, and then, after two or three years, was brought back and entrusted with the Glasgow institution. For some years, one of my most devoted and successful Sabbath-School teachers and elders, Mr. R. W. Sinclair, one of the few who helped me from the first, has been

acting as secretary to this valuable institution. In this way, our Wynd Meeting became closely identified with efforts for reclaiming the fallen, and many a sad case was thus brought under our notice.

A few weeks after the Revival commenced, we were urged from various quarters to supply information about what was going on. I had already been employing the press in a small way to help the work, having commenced a series of papers for distribution, under the title of *THE WYND TRACTS*, of which about 500,000 were sold in a short time. My friend and earnest fellow labourer, Mr. Smith, had undertaken the publication of these as part of his service to the Lord. It was only following up this line of things to start a weekly paper, for circulation in the Wynds and elsewhere, for the purpose of giving to those who could not attend our meetings some of the information and spiritual stimulus we were receiving there. On the first of October, 1859, two months after the Revival began, we issued the *WYND JOURNAL*, a quarto of eight pages, and at the price of a halfpenny. The first number had a large circulation. We continued this effort for about

three years and a-half, issuing weekly from ten to seventeen thousand copies. In this journal we had three noticeable features: First, current reports of the work going on among ourselves and others; second, a weekly article on some phase of Home Mission work; and, third, a case, almost invariably the story of some convert, as given at the meeting or written for our information. In this paper we made no pretence to literary finish. My friend, Mr. Smith, took the first, and I the second and third departments; and this, with all the other work, added a good deal to our weekly labour. But it was delightful work. It was a large, immediate extension of our Mission. We were able to spread our principles to many other parts of the kingdom. We heard almost weekly of good done in awakening souls, and in stimulating Christian work. The publication of cases, of course without names, was open to many objections, and required much caution and courage. It was after the most mature deliberation we adopted this course. We had long wished to see something like a Medical Journal for students of the Lord's Healing Art; we should like to see it still. We attempted to give weekly a representative case,

suggestive of some phase of spiritual trouble and of the all-sufficient remedy. Of course we were liable to mistakes. Our cases might not turn out well. This was one of our chief reasons for giving them. We wished ourselves and others to have full materials for forming a judgment on the Revival. We did not wish to see one side only of the work. We wanted to see the bad and good. If any case should break down, we would still prefer to have the opportunity of knowing that and of acknowledging it. We guaranteed no man's profession. In this as in other parts of our pastoral work we tried to discover men's spirits; but we put away all unworthy suspiciousness, and while we were deceived now and then, our judgment had been constantly exercised on men's character for years, and in telling only what we saw and heard we were doing the honest part of public journalists. It is now upwards of four years since we closed this work, feeling that it had served its purpose, and upwards of seven years since our first cases were given; and we have thus a fair opportunity of testing our cases and ourselves. Well: at least a hundred and fifty cases were published, selected out of some thousands then known to us, though

now, alas! forgotten, at least in their details. These cases were not selected because they seemed most likely to turn out well, but simply because they were representative or illustrative of special principles. How have they turned out? I know only of four that have had a break down, and these stood the most searching trial for three, four, and six years respectively; and of them all I have hope still. Even the life of a true Christian, though guaranteed against falling away, is not secure against falls. But the special work in which we were engaged was full of risk. Many that had fallen away from their religious profession a hundred times, privately or publicly, came around us. We were set in the Wynds expressly to heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead. Our adventures were not the sort that ordinary religious underwriters would like to insure. They would have nothing to do with them. But we were accustomed to this sort of risk. If we got one wreck safely towed in with its precious merchandize, what a prize it was! We were taking in new land, full of stones and stumps and vile weeds. We expected the parable of the sower to hold true. Much seed would disappear from the way-

side, in the stony ground, and among thorns; but we looked for some to come back increased thirty, sixty, or a hundred-fold. We were engaged in battle. We expected some to fall from our side fighting; some to faint as they marched under fire; some to be missing when we got into quarters at last. But the sea has not swallowed so much as we feared. New barns have been built for our great harvests. New colonies have been planted by our raw recruits. This my story shall yet unfold to some slight degree.

One grand thing the Revival accomplished. It opened our way for further work. It was as when spring visits the frozen north. Losses happen amidst the breaking ice; but how wondrously life reawakens from the torpor of a long winter, and how soft is the ground and how fruitful the waters! We could do little while it lasted in the way of systematic work. The crowds from other parts displaced gradually the poor from the Wynds. But we knew that this high tide would not last always, and we hoped to launch some heavy schemes from the stocks before the tide receded. Enough if we made sufficient channels while the

flood lasted, and led it out as far as we could over neighbouring fields.

The Revival gave a new or at least deeper tone to our work. We had learned what the Spirit could accomplish in a day. We knew where our great strength lay. The Philistines have often tried to win us, like Samson, to the lap of ease, in order to shear our Nazarite locks away. But from many a danger we have been delivered. Thanks be to God!

X.

I possess

Two sorts of knowledge ; one,—vast, shadowy,
Hints of the unbounded aim I once pursued :
The other consists of many secrets, learned
While bent on nobler prize ; perhaps a few
First principles, which may conduct to much.

THE BRIDGEGATE CHURCH WAS OPENED IN JUNE, 1860. Our last communion in the Wynd Church was a few weeks before, when we admitted 179 new members, only 20 of these by certificate from other places. The church was then crowded with communicants. Upwards of 700 were on the roll, and nearly 600 must have sat together that day at the table. We had to announce that communicants alone could be admitted to the church on that communion Sabbath, and service was provided in our mission hall for others. The elders were early at the door to see that this necessary arrangement was carried out. But before they arrived, one woman who had come from a considerable distance was there before them, was brought under deep conviction during the opening psalm, and was admitted to our fellowship some months afterwards.

On the 3d of June we transferred our mission

work from Nelson Street to the Town Hall, at the Cross, the hall where the Town Council held their meetings before the present handsome chambers were erected. Here, amid the portraits of departed kings and nobles, we assembled hundreds of the poor, and from the Tontine piazza below, the traditional haunt of scores of idlers, we transferred many, week by week for years, to our services above.

We had at the General Assembly in May received permission to form a congregation in the Bridgegate, by disjunction of such office-bearers and members of the Wynd Church as should see their way to accompany me there. This simple plan, which our Presbyterian discipline admits, is admirably fitted for carrying out church extension, with the greatest safety to those who leave and those who remain. It is like cutting off a vigorous slip from a tree and planting it so as to make a root for itself. It is like the swarming from a bee-hive when a genial season prompts and an empty hive can be secured. It was necessary for some months to direct the minds of the congregation to first principles of congregational life, so that each should prayerfully consider what

course should be taken when the time for disjunction arrived. Of course the natural tendency was to go to the new church, and to keep by the old minister. Success would seem more likely to attend the new, and at least some uncertainty would attend the old. Much had therefore to be said about sacrifice for the Lord's sake and for our great work. No one could tell beforehand how many would go or stay, as individuals were not asked, and we tried to feel that the Lord would direct all for the best. We had now an opportunity of lifting our whole mission work to a higher level as to method and efficiency. Previously it was deemed enough to ask a minister to settle in a district alone, like a thread dipped into some chemical solution to crystallize, and often he was set down like a thread without the solution. We hoped to show a better way. We were about to plant an organized church in the Bridgegate, and leave one still in the Wynds. We hoped at once to divide our resources, and yet to multiply them. We hoped to save the labour of years, and the large preliminary expenditure of preparatory stages. In private we arranged the pecuniary conditions, so that the Wynd Church might not

be crippled. The whole endowment, then worth £120 a-year, we left behind; and, at the same time secured a grant of £70 from the Home Mission Committee, in addition to the revenue which the congregation might contribute. We were entitled by the Home Mission regulations to £100 annually for three years in the Bridgegate, and to a decreasing grant for seven years more; but we intimated at once that we should dispense with that grant from the first; so that the disjunction would secure the addition of a new mission congregation, without any additional burden to the Church. When all this was arranged, and as an encouragement to our faith, a few friends came forward, without being asked by any one, and subscribed £1050, as an endowment for the new church. This has, during the last year, been invested, with some additional money, in a comfortable manse.

On the 17th of June, I gave my farewell sermon in the Wynd Church, from Gen. xxxii. 10, "With my staff I passed this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." On the 24th, the Bridgegate Church was opened. The late Dr. Cunningham, the venerable Principal of the New

College, Edinburgh, preached the opening sermon from 2 Cor. viii. 9, "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." When I asked him to do this favour, he very readily agreed, the only objection which had to be met being characteristic of his well-known modesty and humble estimate of himself. He urged me to secure some one else, saying that, unhappily for himself, he had very little experience of Home Mission work, and did not feel that he was at all fitted for the kind of preaching which such work required. At the same time he indicated his willingness, if no other were selected, to take the opportunity of showing his deep interest, not only in the Territorial work with which the Wynd Church was connected, but also in the great work of Revival, with which that church had been peculiarly identified through the blessing of God. He preached, as might be expected, an able but very simple sermon from his text, and at the close alluded in generous terms, deeply touching to me as one of his own students, to the erection of the Wynd Church as an era in Home Mission work, and to the opening of the

Bridgegate as likely to prove a still more memorable event. Referring to the signal blessing with which God had been pleased to honour the work of the previous years, he very warmly commended me to the sympathy and prayers of the people, and urged them to continue in the work committed to their hands.

It was, I believe, a year after, in July 1861, that Dr. Cunningham appeared in the Bridgegate Church. I was in the vestry preparing to enter the pulpit, when one of the elders came to me to mention the honoured visitor that was sitting in my pew. I sent immediately to urge him to preach. He answered that he had fully provided against that by not only coming without a sermon, but in a black tie. I was at the time lecturing through the Epistle to the Romans, and had reached, and was to expound that morning, the seventh chapter. I had nothing with me but a few notes carefully prepared; but I was not prepared to lecture from notes on such a passage before such a master in theology. I had, however, no resource but to remember the Highest, and to seek as usual His gracious help. On that morning, as was frequently the case at the time, there was much emotion,

suppressed indeed, but unmistakeable during the opening devotional exercises; and during the whole service here and there silent tears, except in the case of men, when the handkerchief covered the weakness of the eyes by frequent applications to a more noisy organ. One, who sat beside Dr. Cunningham, noticed that he was not superior to this amiable weakness. He came into the vestry at the close of the service, and began at once to speak in brief and weighty words of the subject of lecture. I spoke, apologetically, of the necessarily brief outline I had attempted of the great argument, saying that I found it most useful in lecturing to give more the outlines and connections of thought in the Epistle than to dwell minutely and at length on the details. Swinging his massive head and shoulders from side to side with each half sentence, as was his wont, he gave his high approval to the method, and as if he were criticising the exercise of a student in his own room, added: I am glad to find such substantial fare—served up—to your congregation. I wish there were more of it. Then, reverting to the practical and personal aspects of the truth, he added with a deep drawn sigh, I don't know what

we would do without that chapter! It was in December of the same year, during the week in which Prince Albert died, that Dr. Cunningham, to the grief of many, was called to his rest.

On the afternoon of our opening day, I began my work in the Bridgegate by preaching from Rom. iv. 20—"Strong in faith, giving glory to God." In the evening, while Dr. Buchanan preached, I stepped into the stone pulpit outside. We made no public announcement of this. Even the congregation were left in uncertainty about it. We only sent during the previous week a brief intimation of our intention to the head of police, that we might not be blamed for any possible disturbance. A considerable crowd, however, assembled in expectation, and our opening psalm soon brought many hundreds from the Wynds and populous closes in the neighbourhood. I preached from Luke x. 11. "But notwithstanding, be ye sure of this, the kingdom of heaven is come nigh unto you." All listened with deep and solemn attention, and at the close we had the church crowded for prayer, and had to speak to inquirers.

The reporter of one of our papers was among the crowd, and overheard the conversation of several

denizens of the Briggate before I appeared. One woman said to another, "Ach, if I had a stone wouldn't I throw it at him if he dares to come out!" Another said, "Not a bit of it. Didn't he cure my boy of the fever?" "Troth," says another, "and didn't he cure my child of the pox?" Just then I appeared, when another cried, "And there he is! and I do love his big black head after all!"

At the close of our morning service that day, those office-bearers who had followed me constituted a meeting of Session, and without any other formal act of the Presbytery, but by the authority of our Supreme Church Court, we became an organized congregation. We found we had six elders and one deacon, and, when our first communion took place in October, that 448 members had been disjoined. In the Wynd Church we thus left, upon the communion roll, four elders, two deacons, and upwards of 250 members, including a staff of Sabbath School teachers and other agents. Every sitting was taken in the Bridgegate Church before it was opened, and before a second disjunction took place we had nearly two hundred members that could not get a sitting allocated. As Mr. Taylor had soon after our disjunction

accepted a call to Dundee, a preacher was appointed to labour for a time in the Wynd Church, and in three months about twenty-six members were added to the roll, even though the church was vacant. Hundreds had the deepest love for the dear Wynd Kirk, as it was called, and many who could not secure seats before lingered about its walls till a minister was elected. By the blessing of God a minister was unanimously chosen in about three months, and ordained on the 8th of November, the Rev. Robert Howie, M.A., a student of high standing, and a man of fervent piety and extraordinary evangelistic power. The Wynd Church was crowded at his ordination service, and about five hundred made him welcome at the tea meeting in the evening.

In the Bridgegate we commenced immediately to complete our organization by the election of additional office-bearers, and by the institution of Sabbath Schools, a visiting agency, and arrangements for evangelistic work in other districts of the city and suburbs, for which we had a band of zealous young men. The church was so crowded that we might have gone on at once to another disjunction; but the Wynd Church had to be filled

and re-organized for full strength again. We therefore seized on the opportunity of attempting similar work in other districts. We had already the Town Hall for the district near the Cross; we opened a small place, the only hall we could get, in Kennedy Street, for a populous and needy district at the Townhead; and then about a month after our opening we secured a hall at Lennox-town, in the parish of Campsie, about ten miles distant, and at one extremity of our Presbytery. We had already for above a year, office-bearers and members walking or driving every week to Torrance, a village with above 700 people, without church of any kind, although with occasional services, and situated in the same parish, about four miles nearer Glasgow. An interesting work had been going on here, and there seemed room enough for a mission church in a parish like this, with a population of nearly 7000, and only the parish church, and one belonging to the United Presbyterian. In October, we secured for this station the admirable services of the Rev. Archibald Henderson, now of Crieff, then just completing his studies on the continent. For some months we had the services of our old friend and pioneer

in the Wynds, Mr. Hogg, and several of our elders, at these stations; but we succeeded in the course of the winter in securing the valuable services of the Rev. W. H. Carslaw, now of Helensburgh, for the Town Hall, and so were able effectively to carry on the whole.

In the Bridgegate, our great evangelistic agency for the first two months was the Stone Pulpit. Night by night, every Sabbath till the close of August, the crowds increased. Hundreds of Roman Catholics were present. No meetings were ever more solemn. Great power was graciously granted with the word; so that often a hundred and fifty inquirers, in deep distress, were found in the crowded after meeting within doors. People in working clothes came from all parts of the city. The psalm sung by two or three thousand, floating over the district, would draw out from their dens the most extraordinary characters, such as we had scarcely been able to reach before. The windows within reach were crowded with eager hearers. Sometimes a sentence, like an arrow, would transfix several as they crowded some narrow aperture, and we would be called on at a later hour to send some one to speak to their

distress. One night, in a low lodging house, where thirty or forty men and women were indiscriminately huddled together, two or three who had been listening outside, came in weeping and crying out. The rest cursed them; and tried to drown their cries with ribaldry. In vain. After the church was closed, they had to send for help. Some one recollected that a poor woman lived near who was accustomed to attend the meetings, and whose large new Bible had been noticed in her arms. Poor Biddy was sent for. She could do little; but she went over for hours the texts she had heard explained, and the prayers that dwelt about her memory, and thus continued in this den of wickedness till four o'clock in the morning. Many respectable people came to the Stone Pulpit from curiosity, and were caught by the word. One young man was awakened by the text, "We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ," and by the commentary of a group of miserable creatures that pressed him round. We all, he thought, as he glanced uneasily from one brutal face to another that looked up intently for an hour to the preacher's face. One young lady, who had brought some girls from her Sunday

school, then entered the church the most anxious, as she believed, of all there.

Not a finger was stirred in opposition for eight weeks. On the ninth Sabbath, an organized effort was observed by means of rude men elbowing their way through the crowd, and at last by cabs drawn recklessly along, to cause disturbance. We saw at once, that although we had carefully kept the thoroughfare as clear as possible for foot passengers, an attempt would be made to stir up a legal question from this point of view. During the following week, one of the heads of police waited on me to say that he was sent by the authorities to request that I would desist from preaching outside. Representations had been made to the Sheriff by priests and members of the Roman Catholic community, that it would be impossible longer to preserve the peace; that, in fact, on another Sabbath day, if I preached, there would be blood shed. I said I had carefully refrained from controversy, and had not uttered a word that was fitted to give rise to riot. It did not matter, the preaching must cease. I replied that I could not yield even to such a request, and that I hoped the authorities would not yield to such illegal threats.

I was reminded that my life was in danger. If there is riot, I asked, will you keep out of the way? Certainly not, said my polite informant. Do you think, then, a minister of the gospel should risk less in such a quarrel than an officer of police? And so our interview ended.

This was on the Friday evening. We had our usual prayer meeting that night, and at the close I had my council of war, and till midnight we consulted and prayed. Next day I had the advice of my wise and learned friend, Mr. Anderson Kirkwood, Professor of Conveyancing in the University. He advised me to keep my ground, unless interdicted, or the authorities wrote me that there was really any danger of blood. On Saturday, the Lord Provost, with one of the magistrates and the captain of police, waited on me. They very kindly said that they regretted being compelled to ask me to cease preaching; but there would be, they feared, a breach of the peace. I mentioned that if his lordship wrote me there was danger of bloodshed, I would not present myself on the Sabbath. I said, it is about the close of the season. I shall make it the last; for I wish no riot. They can easily stop my preaching with-

out force. By ceasing to hear, or by making a noise, they can succeed. But I feel there is so great a principle at stake, that at all hazards I must preach, God willing, on Sabbath. Very well, said Captain Smart, will you retire if there is any riot? At once. I shall have, he replied, a sufficient force in readiness; and we parted.

Next Sabbath there was an unusual crowd. As far as the eye could reach street and window were filled with heads. As usual my Bible was placed on the stone desk punctually to the hour. I entered and gave out what we afterwards called our battle song: "God is our refuge and our strength." It was sung with a joyful noise. I briefly prayed. Opening the book I read four verses from the first chapter of Proverbs; "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the streets: She crieth in the chief place of concourse, in the openings of the gates: in the city she uttereth her words, saying, How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity? and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you." As I read these last words, my eye

glancing to the throng beneath me, got a glimpse of the lieutenant of police quietly walking through the crowd, and with his kindly intelligent eye on me. I began to speak, but I had hardly uttered three short sentences when from the centre of the crowd, about twenty yards from me, I saw a match struck as if to light a pipe, and I watched as I spoke the blue smoke gently curling up in the soft summer sunshine. In a moment, a knot of about a dozen navvies surrounding the match, burst like a shell, and with a shriek as of an explosion they broke on all sides, stamping with their feet and striking with their fists. Immediately a panic ensued. The crowd had not seen what I saw and did not know what was about to happen. Hundreds fled along both sides of the church, escaping from the direction of danger. I closed my Bible and waited. In another moment I saw glancing in the sunshine the glazed hats of about twenty policemen marching to the centre in close array. Meantime, ere they reached, I saw one or two working men, one of them a little fellow but with a firm grasp, seize some of the rioters by the collar. The police soon seized their prisoners, and in a kind of square quickly marched them off.

At this moment I happened to look down in front of the pulpit where the space had been so suddenly cleared. I saw an aged friend coolly pick up his spectacles and Bible that had been rudely shaken from his hand; and a woman with cap and short-gown, and a baby in her arms, catching my eye, cried out, "Stand fast, Maister MacColl, stand fast: I'll stand to the death!" In a few minutes the crowd of sympathising rioters, cheering and waving aprons and hats, crowded after the police, and the rest that had for a few minutes fled soon came back, filling up a large space, shoulder to shoulder, pale, determined, and devout. I gave out the second psalm, and we sung, "Why rage the heathen?" the sound breaking upon the retreating crowd like the blast of a trumpet. I resumed my sermon, and had spoken about fifteen minutes, when the rioters returned and the cabs began. I closed the book, and pronouncing the benediction, retired. Thus ended our first battle. We saw how valuable was the place where this battery had been planted, and how eager the enemy was to silence our guns. That night the meeting in-doors was as crowded as ever, but for the first time for more than twelve months there

were few inquirers. The strong wind had almost prevented the dew.

The city was in great excitement. During the following week many urged us to fight it out. I kept, however, to my word. - I was done for the season, and would do nothing to irritate. Next Sabbath evening the crowds were greater than ever, and could not get near the Bridgegate. The Provost was early at the church prepared for emergencies. Bands of Papists kept the Salt-market, the easterly flank, and hundreds of Orangemen, from various outlying districts, it was said, patrolled Stockwell on the west; the Bridgegate, as the centre, lay between. Two thunder-clouds: there would have been a storm had they met and mingled. I had the church opened early to indicate that we were to meet there within, and not without. Many Orangemen entered hot at my cowardice. I wanted a word with them; and taking as my text Judges vii. 4—"Bring them down to the water and I will try them there," I told them that my Gospel was not a message of hatred but of love, was not meant to break men's heads but hearts, and to break these only to heal them. The Provost remained to the close of the

sermon, and, as a man near the door began to cry out in agony of mind, beat a hasty retreat. A friend accompanied him, to whom, I understand, he expressed himself much interested, but disapproved our use of so many inflammatory psalms! I had selected, as usual, psalms to suit our circumstances. Next day, as I passed along the Trongate, a sergeant of police came up to me and whispered: "Och Sir, what a pity ye didn't come out last night. We had a great force of Orangemen that would have swept every Papist from the Briggate!"

During the following week, open-air services were held on the Green for three successive days. Thousands gathered together, and the hall assigned for inquirers was crowded. And on the following Sabbath there were many new preachers on the streets.

In October we held our communion in the City Hall. On the evening of the Fast-day we gave the right hand of fellowship to 262 new members. So great was the crowd seeking admission for the Sabbath that we were obliged to admit by ticket, and had upwards of 3000 present during the whole day. Many were there who never saw a communion before, and they saw then some of their

old companions tasting and passing round for the first time Christ's silver cup. Our communions for three years were held in the same place, and while we would have preferred the greater seclusion of the church, yet much good resulted to many who had the Gospel thus preached to eye and ear.

During this winter we commenced a series of fellowship tea meetings, in order to bring together the members of the church, and make our fellowship as little as possible a mere name. This we had all along throughout our work in the Wynds made a prominent aim. We received every new member publicly, in presence of as many members of the church as possible, saying, This hand of fellowship which I give is not mine only, but that of the whole church. As we sat together at our Lord's table we were reminded, that though like the bread we brake and ate we were many fragments, we were like the Unbroken Loaf, first one in Christ and for ever one so far as He was in us. We were members of a living body, whose Head was Christ, and whose vital power was His indwelling Spirit; we must therefore feel and move and sympathise as one. But as in all parts of the doctrine of Christ, so in this we can only know

His will as we do it, and to do it we must endeavour. So we thought it worth some labour to get made real and also visible this fellowship of faith. The Lord had put a Table in His House as the highest symbol and help for Household affection. We have fellowship with Him at meat; nothing could be nearer. A place was kept for each of us, not as servants, but as sons. But while He invited us to His table, He disdained not an invitation to ours. We cannot better show our fellowship with Him than doing as He has done, making Him our most welcome guest as He has made us His. This was the grand symbol of the camp of Israel, in which God's tent was pitched among the rest, the centre and the sum of all their life. Resting and travelling He was with them. They kept the camp clean, because He went through it. Even when His tent was struck, and when its sacred furniture was concealed, it was still carried with the other treasures in the centre and most cherished of all. Could we not make real to ourselves this great truth? Could we not make plain that the church was not over with the Sabbath or any special service? Could we not make plain that our ordinary life was holy, be-

cause it was now the Lord's? So we spread our table with tea in our hall, decorated with evergreens and flowers and mission pictures, and asked the people to come and rejoice before the Lord with all their might. We could only receive about two hundred and fifty at a time; but so much the better, as we could then make the tea more homelike, and could introduce one friend to another. It was a formidable undertaking from the numbers then claiming part with us. We had a fortnightly tea meeting, and it took us five months to get through them, but at the end we had entertained two thousand four hundred people! Our office-bearers entered heartily into this effort, which had been applied, in previous years on a limited scale, in order to entertain and encourage the "workers," as we got to call our active members; but now we wished to make all workers. They first got our china made with a picture of the church on cup and saucer, tasteful baskets for the cake, and an infuser capable of supplying interminable tea. The plant, as they called it, cost about ten pounds. We arranged the teas in districts, issuing invitations by the elder and the deacon. The people were welcomed at the door,

as in a private house. One table occupied the centre, with some cake, fruit, and flowers. The seats were arranged so as to admit of conversation and free movement. There was no speechifying. No strangers were invited to give addresses. Whatever was said was from talent native to themselves. Latterly we had a subject chosen and intimated beforehand—some practical religious topic, a few able to speak a word in season occupied three or four minutes. In the course of the evening half an hour or so was devoted to an express introduction of strangers, a young man to young men, a young woman to girls that could be helpful; this and the other was gained for some agency or other; also this and the other, discovered to be anxious for salvation, were introduced to those that were wise in winning souls. About ten o'clock we had family worship. A collection plate outside the hall gave an opportunity to those who were able to contribute towards the cost. At the end of the season not only was our outlay refunded, but the larger part of our plant was also paid. This has become a settled institution with us. Any society connected with the church can have tea by arranging a day or

two before. No expense is incurred for contractors or servants. A few of the younger members serve; another orders the bread; another infuses the tea. So deft have some of them now become at thus providing for our social meetings, that the last report given in for our winter's teas stated, that the whole had cost for cake and tea three-pence and one-tenth a-head!

While thus in this and other ways attempting to cultivate close and kindly fellowship, we were not unmindful of our church discipline. Our principle from the first had been a wide open door, but a watchful oversight and strict household rule inside. Early in our Wynd work we had formed our communion roll on such a plan that we could tell how many were admitted from the first, and how many remained at any special period. Each member had a historical number and a nett number in parallel columns, and on a line over ten years or so, we could see at a glance what communion had been attended, and what had not. For this purpose we had a numbered token, the number being noted when issued. The tokens, arranged in trays, neatly fitting over one another in a small

box, were given out consecutively, from one to one thousand. Immediately after each communion, the tokens were arranged in their places, each five being placed edgeways between thin plates of brass, with their numbers on the edge of the tray. The blanks were noted, and the elders requested to call and ascertain the reason. Cases of illness were thus immediately attended to, and the first stages of coldness and backsliding sometimes discovered and cured. Often fifty tokens would be returned by tender or over-scrupulous consciences, and we had thus an opportunity of dealing anew with those who had already, as inquirers and candidates for membership, passed through our hands.

One great difficulty in such work, is a sufficient household visitation. During the first few years of the Wynd work, I find from my visiting books, seven and ten visits paid to a large number of families in the course of the year. The weakest had the most. When the Revival came, and for two or three years after, so much had to be done in extra meetings, in collecting funds for building churches, and in superintending new stations that little systematic visitation by the

minister could be done. But all the more were the other office-bearers diligent with their several districts, and from the collectors at the monthly meetings I heard of and attended to special cases. But so soon as this press of work was modified, I resumed the necessary pastoral work. It is in one light the most trying to a busy, studious man; but always among the most remunerative parts of a minister's work. I made no habit of reading or even praying in every house. I could only spend a few minutes to feel the pulse and get some knowledge of the inmates. Wherever there was occasion I engaged in prayer. Even with this brief work, it took me last year ten months to make eight hundred visits, including a few repeated visits to the sick. But the elders, though all busy men during the day, did a large and noble service in this way. Our frequent meetings gave opportunity of seeing and speaking to hundreds during the year; and our fellowship meetings tended to interweave one with many, so that the members visiting, or only speaking to one another, exercised a great help in bearing one another's burdens.

For the first few years, even in the Bridgegate

Church, we had comparatively few families. Our members were generally units, sometimes in twos or threes, but to a large extent isolated, drawn from various families with whom we had no other connection. Many of these families, though not all, were in connection with no church; sometimes fathers, brothers, and sisters were careless and hostile. We had thus a new home mission work to do over a large extent of Glasgow. For the sake of our own members exposed to a cold and blighting atmosphere, we had urgent need of dealing with their friends. These members were warm and zealous for the conversion of their relatives, and sometimes at a tea meeting, sometimes at our evening service, sometimes at our weekly prayer meeting, got their careless friends introduced to us. But in this way there was gradually enclosed a large feeding ground for our extending work. From these families additions would be made, not only to our church, but to those churches associated with us; so that, without any formal union, close ties were thus formed, and whatever new plans were tried soon became widely known. Our additions for a considerable time were from without. Every communion season we had several adult baptisms

before the congregation. These occasions were always greatly blessed. We were reminded of the meaning of our baptism, and the water was never sprinkled thus without much emotion throughout the church.

Our work was, as will be apparent, now spread over a large surface, even through those that attended our meetings for a time; and there were hundreds from all parts of the city that came as they could during the year. Some of these, devout souls, we never failed to see if there was any special blessing. They seemed to have prescience of genial seasons, and came as the clouds began to rain! But still more largely was our work extended by means of our scattered membership. Over a space of several crowded square miles, we had now groups or individuals, here and there, that occupied posts of much strategic importance for our work. And the atmosphere all around was moist with the early rain, so that the ground might be not only held but harvested. If we could only get labourers out to sow! But this very work by God's blessing was fruitful in labourers. Many no doubt went forth that were not sent. Halls and school-rooms and kitchens

were opened in scores by men, and even by boys. There was not a village within walking distance round Glasgow that was not visited by some of these, preaching and scattering tracts. Of course over most of these persons and places we had no control. We had no authority to forbid any one casting out devils. We tried by our Wynd Journal to stir up the office-bearers of other churches to take their true place and officer these volunteers. But we could only direct our own bands as far as possible; and we felt sure that, like Gideon's host, the many would soon enough melt into the few true and faithful soldiers.

During the winter of 1860 we opened a weekly meeting for the West-End in the Queen's Rooms. As the hour was three P.M., and the place far from the city, we could expect ladies only to attend. But during the winter we had about five hundred present, and had the opportunity of supplying to many earnest friends of all churches, information about the work that was going on among the poor, and at the same time of speaking to many who were brought to the meeting with the hope of getting them interested in the Gospel; and I had frequently reason to thank God for the cases of

young and old that came to my knowledge where good was received.

Thus our first year in the Bridgegate passed. In February 1861, before the year came to a close, Mr. E. P. Hammond, the American evangelist, visited Glasgow. He gave his first address at our meeting in the Queen's Rooms, when a great crowd assembled. He continued for some time in Glasgow, his work being attended with a considerable stir. One church after another was opened for a week or so, and many were awakened, some ministers declaring that they had seen and spoken to more inquirers in their congregations in that brief time than for twenty years before.

The summer came on, and I proposed to open again the stone pulpit. As before I gave notice to the police of my intention to preach on the first Sabbath of June. On the previous Friday, however, I received a joint communication from the Lord Provost and Sheriff-Principal stating their belief that if I preached there would be riot, and possibly life lost, and concluding by intimating that if I still persisted a formal interdict would be served. I replied, declining to take the responsibility of voluntarily closing the open-air

services in the Bridgegate. It is a question, I said, of religious liberty, and will not be settled without an appeal to every lawful and constitutional resource. An interdict from an inferior tribunal, which has already prejudged the case, may suspend my labours for a time, but it cannot be accepted by me as settling the great legal questions which will thus be raised.

At a late hour on the Saturday evening an interdict was served. I had taken the sound legal advice of my friend, Professor Kirkwood, who held that I had no alternative but to submit till I could get the interdict removed. On this point, considering the peculiar circumstances, I had scarcely any difficulty; but I thought it right not to take the full responsibility of deciding it one way or other till I had consulted some fathers in the Church. The General Assembly was sitting, and on the Friday afternoon, having penned my reply I took the express to Edinburgh, and the same evening, during the opening devotional diet, I had the opportunity of consulting Dr. Cunningham, Dr. Candlish, Moderator that year, and Dr. R. Buchanan. I had now to enter the sheriff-court, and prepared through my friend, Mr. T. G.

Wright, who ably and gratuitously conducted the case, to carry the question to the higher courts. Little however was done, except to arrange that a record of the facts should be made up.

The agents for the prosecution had undertaken the case with the greatest reluctance. The authorities had no objection to let the case sleep if they could only make the interim-interdict permanent. At length they proposed to give up the case, if I should sign a minute agreeing not to resume preaching without the sanction of the authorities. This, however, I could not do, as the whole principle I had been contending for would thus be yielded. I was quite willing to give notice again as I had twice before, so that the authorities should not be taken by surprise; but I declined even to sign a minute to this effect, lest it should be misunderstood. Finally the case was allowed to drop, and the interdict of course with it. During the last two summers I was unable to undertake work out of doors; but even if my strength had permitted I would not have felt inclined to open the stone pulpit at once, lest it should seem to be done, not so much to preach the Gospel as to brave the authorities. From the first I felt, that the right

of a preacher to take his position for an hour or two on the streets surrounded by a crowd, was one necessarily limited. In any case the jurisdiction of the civic authorities over the streets and over the peace of the city must be recognised. I would not have felt justified in risking continual riot and possibly bloodshed for the right to preach outside. To preach with any hope of success, peace and general goodwill were needful. If the people refused me a hearing, I would need no other interdict to make me shake the dust from my feet and go elsewhere. But there were peculiarities about this case. I was at my own church door. I did not go into another street in which I had no property, and where I had properly no business. I did not go to some other church door. I spoke from a permanent structure, sanctioned by the Dean of Guild Court. A sufficient area extended before it, for a considerable assemblage, without impeding the thoroughfare. The people living in the street listened quietly, and offered no objection. When I was interrupted by riot the question was raised, not of the right to preach, but of the right to protection. Mob violence was surely encouraged, when those who threatened riot, in-

stead of being interdicted, got all they wanted by their clamour. It would have been easy to raise a clamour on the other side. Thousands of earnest men were at the boiling point. It would have been easy to stir the fire; but I believe we took the right course in suffering patiently. Many earnest friends at the time urged that the interdict should have been resisted. Many have urged since that I committed a grave mistake in yielding. I have not been able to agree with them. There are occasions and questions in which I would unhesitatingly resist an interdict. If I were forbidden to preach at all, such an occasion would arise. But this was not such an occasion. It was not a simple case of conscience. It might fairly be argued for the authorities, that there being danger to life, as they believed, they were justified in taking the extreme step of silencing the preacher, as the occasion though not the cause. It was doubtless the easier way for them. I did not myself think there was danger, and even though there was, I did not think it was the proper way to meet it; but at all events the interdict was a symbol of lawful authority, and the physical force with which it could be carried

out. I would myself prefer the interdict on paper to the interdict in police. There was but a step between them. It would have been easy to figure as a martyr in such circumstances. But the question was how best to carry the Gospel among the people; and it seemed to me that the spirit of the Gospel might be best shown, for the time, in forbearing threatening and suffering wrong; and I believe that the closed pulpit preached one set of truths as the open pulpit did another.

One of the elements most necessary to be introduced among such a population is respect for constituted order; and, in connection with this, the idea of a higher force than the physical. Those who had been engaged in rioting knew well that, so far as physical force was concerned, it would have been easy to meet them. A score of policemen had done that. But it was doubtless a new lesson to many to find a band of Protestants, without flags and watchwords, without clamour of any kind, submitting to silence until the question should be decided in the courts of law. There was thus an opportunity of quietly undermining some remnants of barbarous habits that had been too long prominent in the district; and it ought not to

be forgotten that the lesson was largely learned. For our visitors did not need to cease their visitation for a single day, and with the exception of one half brick on the night of the riot, not a stone was cast at our windows, nor a single insult addressed to ourselves. Not a few of our Roman Catholic neighbours took the opportunity of expressing sympathy with us, and entire dissent from the violent course pursued.

It might have been a serious digression from our proper mission work if we had been compelled to enter on an irritating contest with the Roman Catholic community, or with the civil authorities. I was resolved to avoid that if possible. I rather sought to turn my attention to the best method of dealing with such a state of things. Here was a section of the city, once the very centre, now practically transformed into a bit of wild lawless Ireland. In any other part of the city but this, a minister might preach out of doors. A stone pulpit was built soon after on the Macdonald Church, in the north-west of the city, by my friend the Rev. D. Macgregor, now of Dundee, and although there were many Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood we were able to

preach without hindrance from it. Even on Glasgow Green, quite close to the Bridgegate, a score of preachers weekly address thousands. No doubt the freedom enjoyed elsewhere was largely the result of the restriction from which we suffered here. Public feeling would not have submitted to much more. It is doubtful if the interdict would have been asked, if so much feeling had been anticipated. At all events, here was one section of the city where open-air preaching, tolerated everywhere else, and even within a hundred yards of it, was interdicted because of the riotous material that was stored here. When we have gunpowder thus stored in the neighbourhood of our houses, we insist that it shall be removed, or put under sufficient safeguards. And it seemed to me that what was most needed here was not further contests about open-air preaching, but such changes in the character of this district as would make such contests impossible. They now mix incombustible material with gunpowder, so as to make its removal even from the fire unnecessary. Some such change was needful here. We had allowed, for fifty years, this part of the city gradually to fall

almost exclusively into the hands of one class of people, alien to many of our principles and habits. Until within a few years, it would have been dangerous to attempt singing psalms in some of the dwellings. The right of private judgment had been for long excluded, by the might of the stick and the fist. That was no doubt undergoing some change; but a greater change was needful. For the general interests of the city, physical, mental, and spiritual, a new atmosphere was needed here. My house is but fifteen minutes walk from my church, yet the rate of death is invariably double, in the district where I labour, to what it is in the district where I live. There was manifestly needed first, some great alteration on the physical condition of the district. The miserable dwellings, the dark intricate closes, the cheap lodging-houses, all combined to gather here not merely the honest poor, but the vicious and criminal classes. For instance, one building close to my church had the ground floor occupied by a spirit dealer, at a rental of £70, and he farmed the rest of the building for about a similar sum, the inmates being almost exclusively of the very lowest and most debased women in the city.

They spent in that shop, I suppose, all their living, and other people's when they got it. I wanted to get such places pulled down, the population of this character broken up and scattered, so that though, like a fire, they should still be dangerous, they might be the more easily watched and gradually quenched. I approached some of the more influential and public spirited Christian men among the magistrates and council. I urged the opening of one street, long projected, through the centre of the Wynnds, and proposed to purchase some of their property in the Bridgegate, for certain educational purposes which I shall afterwards explain. In connection with these proposals, I had a plan which would have enabled me to carry on open-air preaching in the Bridgegate, with such legal safeguards as would have made an interdict hardly possible; but this I need not here explain, as it is not likely to be carried out meantime.

I found the utmost willingness on the part of the authorities to give facility to such plans. The building of the Bridgegate church had already swept away some of the worst ruins and rookeries there, and had introduced large civiliz-

ing influences into the neighbourhood, and these plans would further the movement. One building, the property of the corporation, was pulled down. This operation unexpectedly rent from top to bottom the offensive building I have just referred to, a nest of night birds, a den of thieves, for at least a quarter of a century. A building on the other side was also endangered. These were of course condemned and swept away. Other back buildings were also pulled down, and the air began to circulate more freely. In this way, within six months, about 1500 people were dislodged and had to seek other quarters. I began to hear of settlers coming in upon other parts of the city, who were by no means relished, and I told some of my friends that complained of their new neighbours, that they had been long asked to come and help us in the Wynds, but now we were sending the Wynds a little nearer them, that they might with more convenience and quickened conscience do something for them. I purchased, by public sale, the old portion of Canaan, now cleared of its Canaanites, and hoped to go in and possess more.

But just then all further proceedings were in-

interrupted, although ultimately immensely furthered, by the plans of a proposed Union Railway (our Metropolitan) whose lines were laid through the densest parts of the Wynds and other similar localities in the city. We hailed this proposal as part of many helpful providences in our work. The Railway Company secured its Bill in Parliament, and arranged with the Town Council for a reconstruction of all the worst parts of the district. In consequence of this important beginning of a much needed improvement, certain philanthropists in the Council, especially our recent Provost, Mr. John Blackie, jun., and one of the Magistrates, Mr. James Watson, prepared and carried through the Council and afterwards through Parliament, the City Improvement Act, which proposes by a public rate to do a similar work for all the worst places of the city, at a cost of nearly a million and a quarter.

Of course, although this work is commenced, some years must elapse before such a great undertaking can be completed. But I look upon it as one of the larger results of the Christian work carried on in the city during the last fifty years, and the groundwork for new and

larger results in the future. In healthier streets and better dwellings for the poor, in the abundant supply of pure water from Loch Katrine, in open parks and free libraries, in a wider application of our advancing sanitary science, in a deepening sympathy of one class of the community with another, in enlarged efforts for universal and superior education, in the larger co-operation of earnest men and women, not merely for their own things, but also for the things of others, I see the elements on which the Gospel can seize to work out another and a better life for our great cities.

XI.

“Great progress may be made—not, indeed, in the abolition of poverty—not in the extinction of crime; but in narrowing the field of both, by incessant encroachments, inch by inch, and in the pressure upon them of such forces as are quite at our command. Improved methods of doing what has hitherto been done—system—intelligent adaptation of simple expedients—combination in benevolent enterprises, these things have become the characteristics of the times present; and they are its bright points of hope, as to national progress: they are means of reform, of the efficacy of which we are only beginning to form some conception.”

OUR WORK IN THE BRIDGEGATE was from the first somewhat different from our work in the Wynd Church. We started with a strong congregation. Our organization in a few weeks was complete. We had not only the pews but the passages crowded. We were able to meet all our needful expenditure from our own resources. At each communion we had a large accession to our strength. In a short time, indeed, we had more members than sittings. If we had any difficulty it was from our growth. It required great effort on the part of the office-bearers to get thoroughly acquainted with the new members. Many of these, having no sittings, were easily lost sight of, as they frequently changed their dwelling. The labour thus needed to keep our communion roll in thorough order was very great. I have known the office bearers sit at their work from night till morning. But with this immediate filling up of

our available space we had to wait till the Wynd Church again got its full place in the district work. We were thus almost immediately at liberty to give some attention to other districts, as already described. In one of these districts—Campsie—we had made such progress that, shortly after the opening of our own church, we were able to build a mission church, free of debt, at a cost of £2000, which included the walls round the whole feu, there being sufficient room for a manse and garden; and here at the cost of another £1000 a manse has this year been built.

The stone pulpit had been designed as a permanent agency, looking out from the church upon the street, and suggestive of the work of an evangelist. Shut out, by the interdict, from this method of mission labour, we immediately secured the City Hall, and here for two years we transferred our afternoon service. To this we invited people to come in their working clothes, and were largely successful. We had thus an opportunity of trying another agency which has been used in halls and circus almost continuously since in connection with the Wynd work.

When we were about to vacate the church

every Sabbath afternoon, my friend Mr. Smith proposed to employ it for the children, and here during the two years we occupied the City Hall we carried on a special Service, which was soon attended by about five hundred. This was conducted, not as a sabbath school, but as a children's church, and was wondrously helpful in training the children into church-going habits, and bridging the chasm between the school and the church. This service became very popular. Conductors of sabbath schools frequently visited it, and in a short time nearly sixty similar though smaller meetings were organized throughout the city. Some of the children, above twelve years of age, were trained as a visitation agency, after the model of our adult method, and thus about thirty of these young visitors would issue after morning service and bring in children from the houses and the streets. This service continues now under the superintendence of another elder, Mr. J. D. Gauld, whose devotion to this and other work is beyond all praise. Various office-bearers and sabbath school teachers take part. They meet still at two o'clock, but in the hall under the church, and we hear the young voices rising in their

happy hymns and mingling faintly with our service above. Parents often leave their children there, and get them as they leave.

During the last six years much precious fruit has been gathered from this field. Children of drunken fathers and heart-broken mothers have not only been blessed but made a blessing, carrying home the first real peace and prosperity for ten or twenty years. Others have come regularly, though attacked by their companions and beaten by their parents. One has brought eleven; another seven; several leave the sabbath school to plead with others at home to come with them to the evening service. Their love of mission work is most touching. One girl, now at work, in order to have something to give, lays aside her "sugar money." A little fellow came back with his mission card and tenpence he had collected, saying, I have nothing but my rabbit, and a boy in the close has promised me sixpence for it! Another little fellow, losing two fingers at his work, was carried to the Infirmary, but found he could still do something for Jesus. In the bed next him was a little sweep, whose face had been sometimes seen in the meeting. Him he taught

to pray, and for another in the same ward he searched passages from a large type Bible, and tried to explain their meaning. These children have not only their regular contributions for Foreign Missions, but for the sick among themselves, while a few of the older children give a penny a week to educate six poorer than themselves.

Our great work, however, for at least three years was in other districts within the Presbytery. At Campsie considerable difficulty was experienced in giving solidity to the work, partly from the occasional closing of some of the large works in the village, and the consequent scattering of some of our adherents; partly by the early removal to Crieff of Mr. Henderson, greatly beloved by the people, and the difficulty of speedily and efficiently supplying his place. Many a night I had to drive out the ten miles and home again in order to keep up or stimulate the work. At last in 1863 we were able to satisfy the Presbytery that the station could fulfil the condition of the General Assembly as a sanctioned charge, that is, raise at least £100 a-year; and so we proceeded to call a pastor. The Rev. William Scott, who had been

labouring there for some time, was elected and ordained, and under his earnest ministry the church was organized, and gradually increased.

The experiment in Campsie encouraged us to direct attention to other rural districts of the Presbytery that seemed in need of mission work; and the experience of difficulties in this first effort only gave edge to our spirit for further attempts. Often, in going to Campsie, my attention was drawn to the neighbouring parish of Cadder. This parish, extending six miles in length, has at both extremes a cluster of villages, chiefly mining. At the one extreme, Chryston had been long thoroughly worked by the Rev. William Burnet, who began his mission efforts first in a saw-pit and wright's shop, and has now church, manse and school, with a large and deeply earnest congregation. But at the extreme nearest Campsie I found two villages, with fifteen hundred people, and no church within two miles. When thinking of making an effort here, one came from the place asking for help. I found one family, a husband, his wife, and their maid, ready to open their door and do what they could. We could, however, find no place suitable for public worship. At

length in one of the villages, Auchenairst, we secured an old spirit-shop, then happily closed for the time, and clearing out the partitions of shop, rooms and kitchen, at the expense of eleven pounds we fitted up a hall capable of holding about a hundred and fifty. The maid served for church-officer, and her master stood at the collection plate; and so, on the first Sabbath of January, 1862, we commenced our Cadder Mission Church. I was fortunate in securing the Rev. James Fordyce, then a student in his last session, who continued at the work after he was licensed, till, when a church was built, at a cost of about £1000, he was settled over a congregation of nearly four hundred. Here also a manse has just been secured, and the congregation is self-supporting.

Other two parishes, but on the opposite side of the city, had already also attracted our interest: one, Cathcart, three miles off, and the other, Carmunnock, three miles farther. To Cathcart, for about a year, several members and office-bearers of the Bridgegate Church had been walking out, to hold meetings for prayer. At first these were held in the open-air on the summer evenings,

afterwards within a school-room. In the spring of 1862, I went out several times to induce two or three gentlemen living in the parish to join in establishing a station. There was, however, some difficulty in getting them to move, although they were favourable to the object. One of them declared we could not get fifty people in the whole parish to attend. In the summer, I was able to secure a Sabbath evening for the village, and preached on the roadside to several hundreds. There were then about a dozen, along with the conductors of the meeting, that had been gathered already from a life of carelessness to the faith of Christ. I preached from Neh. vi. 2, "What do these feeble Jews?" and while urging the gospel on the hearts of those still without, urged the work of the gospel on those already within. Soon after, I was able to get three gentlemen to form a committee, and secured the valuable services of the Rev. Malcolm White, M.A., then a student, but now settled in the place. A temporary building was erected by the local committee, and thereafter an elegant church, at a cost of about £2000. This village, being close to our South-side Park, soon became bordered with villas and

terraces, and a congregation has now been formed.

About the same time two men came from Busby in Carmunnock, asking help to form a station there. We secured the only hall in the village, and after I preached for two successive Sabbath evenings, we secured a preacher to carry on regular service. Through the generous help of my friend Mr. Miller of Eastwoodhill, in the neighbourhood, a neat church was here also built, and the Rev. Alexander Andrew, after labouring for a time, was settled as pastor. From the beginning, his labours were accompanied with large spiritual blessing, and the little church is now full, and will doubtless have soon to be enlarged.

During the two or three years in which this work was proceeding, from a dozen to twenty young men from the Bridgegate, accompanied by two or three office-bearers, were accustomed to go out on the Saturday afternoon to various villages. The work in some of these we could not follow up, as the localities were beyond the bounds of our presbytery. But in one of them, the village of Crossmyloof, they established sabbath schools

and a weekly meeting, holding the ground for three years till Victoria Free church was built in the neighbourhood, and a mission started at the village. A local committee has now reared a temporary church, and a minister will be shortly settled.

The work was still carried on at the Town Hall, where we had about twenty sabbath school teachers and a flourishing school; and at the Townhead, where, however, our efforts hitherto had failed to secure a site for a church. Meantime the question frequently arose with us as to further extension from the centre. The Bridgegate church had many more members than sittings, and we had a very large congregation assembling in the City Hall. One most eligible site at the Cross for another and much larger church was examined; but possession could not be got for three or four years. Meantime the Wynd church had prospered. My successor there, Mr. Howie, had been able to secure the assistance of the Rev. James Wells, M.A., a highly accomplished and devoted student, who refused repeated offers of, as some would think, far more attractive work, both at home and abroad, for this work in the Wynnds.

They secured a hall in the Trongate, capable of containing about 1400, and both there and also on Glasgow Green, where Mr. Howie had from the first laboured at open-air preaching with the most marvellous success, gathering in one summer from that one place a hundred to the membership of the church, they soon gave prominence and power to the work. It was evident that the Wynd church would soon ripen for another disjunction, and it seemed best therefore to delay any effort on our part of that kind till this should have ample opportunity of success. A site was secured in Charlotte street, Mr. Burns contributing £1250, and the late Mr. Cunninghame of Craigends £1425. A church capable of seating nearly 1200 was built and opened in the summer of 1864. The church, which cost with site £6000, was some time after, by the help of many friends, completely cleared of debt; and here Mr. Howie soon saw a large congregation gathered around him. Within these three years the four hundred members, with whom he moved to Trinity church from the Wynd, are increased to eleven hundred; and he has been within the last few months able to open a large hall at Mile-End, in the extreme

east of the city, as the centre for new and extended work.

In August, 1864, Mr. Wells was ordained to the dear old Wynd church, where a hundred and fifty-two members remained after this second disjunction. Notwithstanding the large success attending Trinity, the Wynd church speedily regained strength, the membership rising in these two years nearly to its full strength, and necessitating preparations for further extension.

During the early part of these two years I had in vain again attempted to secure a site for the Townhead district, having fixed on one near the Cathedral, where the famous Darnley cottage still stands. Failing in this, I turned my attention in another direction of the city, and offered £3000 for a site, with the view to a disjunction from the Bridgegate. Again difficulties occurred, and the door seemed closed for the time. Soon after it became apparent that the Wynd church was ripening again for a swarm, and all circumstances seemed to point to this as the line of duty. Mr. Wells being inclined to move towards the north end, if a site could be secured, we again made inquiry, and though the Darnley site was still closed

to us, we secured one equally good at the corner of Castle street, opposite the Royal Infirmary, which is built on the ancient site of the Archbishop's castle. This site we had in view was very expensive, but worth almost any money to us; and Mr. James Burns, with his like-minded son, who had all along shared his father's interest and liberality in our work, having for two years been prepared to help here if an opening occurred, we were able to secure the ground at the price of £3000, these friends generously paying the whole. Here we proposed to build the Free Barony church, to be associated with the memory of Dr. Burns, for upwards of sixty years the devoted minister of the neighbouring Barony Parish church. Immediately on hearing of this purchase, Mr. Cunningham of Craigends wrote Mr. Wells with a cheque for £1000. Various old and new friends came forward with generous subscriptions, and on 6th October, 1866, the foundation-stone was laid by Mr. J. W. Burns amidst a large and sympathising crowd. Soon after, he and his father gave a further subscription of £1000 for the tower of the church. The whole building, with its adjoining halls and the site, will cost at least £10,000;

but thus a centre has been secured for enlarged work. Thousands of working people crowd this upper district of the city, amidst the smoke of immense chimneys, and around the busy depots of railway and canal traffic. And although two churches have lately been built in the neighbourhood, there is room and urgent need for this, and the increasing population should afford them all full scope for extending fruitfulness during years to come.

With these efforts at church extension, I had for several years been devoting very special attention to the building up and consolidation of my own congregation. During two winters, for instance, I devoted one evening in the week to lecturing on the Shorter Catechism, with an attendance of about seven hundred, largely composed of men. On the Sabbath morning I lectured successively on the Acts, Romans, Hebrews, Corinthians, and Galatians, and gave a special course on social life. I took to reading frequently from the pulpit carefully prepared sermons on special subjects. In following such methods I had to meet the prejudices of a number who would have preferred what was more superficial and less syste-

matic. I felt, however, that it was most necessary in a time of revival, and after it, to guard against mere superficial emotion and a warm sentimentalism, without vigorous roots and slow but solid growth. Much of the enduring character of the revival in the Wynds I attribute under God to this and to the form of our ordinary work. The floods were run in channels that watered our fields. I found many facts in this direction peculiarly interesting. Many of those who had been brought into the church at a comparatively early age were settling down to the responsibilities of life. The solitary were being set in families. New and interesting tents were thus being grouped around our tabernacle. At the same time, many had thus to remove to other places, and become connected with other churches. To many, again, the awakening of their spiritual life was an awakening of all their energies. Some began to push their way to better positions. Hundreds in the winter took to various classes, to advance the education for which there had been before no opportunity or little desire. Then this and the other began to think of the colonies. The first that started, we publicly dedicated to the Lord,

and commended them in prayer to the Master as unpaid missionaries. They started sabbath schools and prayer meetings on board the ships in which they sailed, and established various Christian agencies wherever they settled. One, settled in the bush, got the use of a horse from his employer, to visit the stations for prayer he opened in a circuit of many miles. As one and another started, others were stirred up to follow, till during one winter I thought I had better arrange to follow my flock to their distant pastures. Still, as a vacuum was formed, fresh material gently flowed in and filled the space. And we find, to our surprise, about the end of seven years, from the opening of the church, that we have sent off about 750 members, enough to have formed another congregation, leaving 847 now on the roll.

While thus working at the solid foundations and upbuilding of our congregational life, an interesting effort was initiated by my friend and helper Mr. Cunninghame, at the opening of the Bridgegate church, for the improvement of our service of praise. A movement in this direction had been commenced in the Wynd church two or three years before, but it was now possible to put

the direction of this mainly into his hands. Taking, by consent of the session, the leadership of our music without any salary, for the purpose of introducing volunteer service into this as into other departments of church work, he not only attended at every public service, but taught large classes twice a-week, on the Tonic sol-fa system. In the course of a few years he thus trained several hundreds of the younger members in a thorough knowledge of sacred music, and in what is very much rarer, an intelligent interpretation of the psalms themselves, insisting on bringing out the light and shade of feeling, stopping at the stops, and giving natural and effective expression to every important word. After a time a choir of church members was formed, a few chants for the metrical version of the psalms were added to our enlarged selection of simple and fine tunes, and as the psalms were studied, as well as the sermons, a wondrous unity of feeling was often attained throughout the service, which rendered it unusually impressive from the beginning to the close. All this was not gained without some difficulty. Some of our best members and workers had conscientious scruples about some of these

changes; but still the reformation in this department was quietly pushed from one advanced post to another, till, in the exercise of good sense and good feeling, all difficulties were overcome. One anecdote of this time I may give. An excellent old woman, one of the mothers in our Israel, had not been able to enter heartily into these changes. She felt that she was deprived of her usual pleasure in praise, the time was quick and the tunes were novel, and her spirit was distracted and irritated for the day. Touching the arm of one of my deacons, who sympathised with her, she said, as they met near the church one Sabbath morning, "Come awa Robert, this mornin' to guid Maister Sommerville's, and let us worship for twa hours at least in peace. So we went," she told me herself afterwards, "and Mr. Sommerville was at hame. He gied oot the psalm, and named the tune. Noo, my friens', he said, this is a new tune; but then we must hae sometimes a new tune, that we may, singin' with grace, do what we can to perfect God's praise. Robert, I said, as I gied yer deacon a dunch, Robert, let's awa' hame to oor ain kirk. Ye see the auld heed's nae better than the young!"

As the Wynd church increased, we were able to subdivide our common territory for household visitation; and as the younger churches gradually secured a large portion of the crowd that for some years almost overwhelmed us, we were able to pay closer attention to the members and households belonging to us. Elders and deacons vigorously visited their respective congregational districts. Prayer meetings were opened in various parts of the city, and new efforts were made to give efficacy to our mission work round the church. One of my elders, James Fraser, who happily lived not far from the centre, showed a peculiar aptitude for work of this kind. He took charge of a section, embracing about 1100 people. Enlisting about a dozen visitors, he had a thorough census rapidly taken. Monthly meetings of the visitors were held in his house for prayer and council. Minutes were regularly kept of various questions and incidents of interest. Weekly tea meetings were organized for the very poorest. In some building the dirtiest house was selected and a tea proposed. This was generally accepted with thanks. But a cleaning up would be needful. A brush and other materials were provided, and

when the company arrived the walls and floor were in fine order, the candlesticks brightened up, and the fireside a treat itself. Every one brought a cup and saucer, and Mr. Fraser provided tea and cake. A happy meeting would be spent, for he has the faculty of making strangers feel at home; but before all was over the Gospel would be pressed home, and as the parting hymn was sung many would be in tears. In this way access was secured to many not otherwise easily reached; and thus a man up every morning at half-past five, and at work often till eight o'clock, was able to bring sunshine into many a dark home. How he managed with his limited means to provide for the expense I was never permitted to know, for when I offered to contribute I was met with a "Tut, nonsense: do ye think naebody has a rich Maister but yersel'!"

By the close of 1864 it had become evident to me that the main work of church extension in Glasgow was so far completed, and so much spontaneous effort was now going on among all churches and in all directions that I need not longer lay out my strength in that direction. In about six years, dating from the munificence of

Mr. Burns in the Bridgegate building effort, and the unusual success that had attended the work in the Wynds, and especially the awakening and quickening which all the churches in Glasgow shared in and after 1858, from thirty to thirty-five new congregations had been formed within the bounds of our Presbytery. The Free Church alone had initiated in that time upwards of twenty, had increased its membership by several thousands, had raised its annual revenue at least £10,000 a year, and had, not merely in its new but also in its older congregations, adopted the latest improvements in home mission work. Everywhere missionaries, bible-women, district visitors were employed. Hardly a hall or school was unoccupied on the Sabbath evening. In new suburbs of the city representatives of the various larger denominations were eager rivals for the honour of planting the first church, and thus providing early for the spiritual necessities of the population as it was gathered. In these circumstances, finding that on two occasions, with an interval of two years, the way was barred for a further disjunction from the Bridgegate, and that now the district itself was about to undergo a thorough reconstruction, I

began to feel that my work there was drawing to a close. I did not know what might be the Master's meaning, but I began to put all this kind of work in order, finishing up what was needful about stations and such work, that I might be ready to begin something or somewhere else. Meantime frequent opportunities were afforded me, in various cities and large centres of population, of explaining the principles and methods of work we had been applying to the various difficult problems of home mission work. Just then, however, little by little, a new phase of work was placed to my hand; and with some account of this, which still engages attention, I shall bring these notes to a close.

The want of early and thorough education among many in the Wynds, became manifest to us at every turn. Our agencies were thus in many ways less effective than they might have been. Grace itself working in the heart was circumscribed by a limited range of ideas and an imperfect mental training. Some were apt to lean over towards lower attractions, who might have had a weighty counterbalance in a taste for reading and a knowledge of books. Many

possessed of strong natural powers, were timid in their exercise and slow or uncertain in speech, from some feeling of rooted insufficiency, in this or the other part of their education. Yet in various ways this was so counteracted that, with the imperfect material we had, how large were the results! How much more, however, could have been done from the first, with ampler educational conditions.

The idea of our Wynd work was incomplete without the school; and, like the church, the school gave opportunity for new work. For years I had dreamed of a complete training institution, in which not only children, but men and women, might find all that was needful to perfect them for Christian life. This, however, had to be but a dream for years, ever recurring indeed, and having therefore something of the prophecy of an oft repeated dream. In 1857, we secured the Bridgegate school and a highly gifted teacher just emerged from the training seminary—Mr. James Liddell. Under his superintendence we had not only day classes, but even, during the heat of the Revival, evening classes crowded with young converts and some advanced in life. By and by

we secured the Wynd school, and gathered all our educational efforts under one roof. The numbers increased, and we had to build additional premises.

Till lately, I was able to do little more than provide for the expenditure, leaving Mr. Liddell and his able staff to carry on the work. The time had now come, however, when I could leave to other hands much of the work that had engrossed mine, and I commenced to fill up the outline that had been dimly before me.

All along in this work we had encouraged individual enterprise. We had thus, notwithstanding large losses by migration and emigration, an increasing number of earnest, wise, and enterprising workers, both male and female. The close of this book, like the close of some apostolic epistle, might easily be filled with a large list of labourers and yoke-fellows, faithful helpers and servants of the church, succourers of many and of myself also; but, although I might easily begin such notices and salutations, I would not know where to end; and I am sure my beloved friends would prefer that such notices should bear more of a private character than a book permits.

From this large and increasing agency, accus-

tomed not only to co-operate, but to think and work and discover in the special field each had found or selected, there came gradually forth, year by year, not a few who settled into various forms of permanent service—some going as far north as Shetland, and south as far as the Tyne, while others went beyond the seas. Some are thus engaged as matrons in institutions; some as teachers, bible-women, missionaries, nurses, colporteurs, and officials of various important societies. I proposed to help this movement, which had hitherto been quite spontaneous, by offering to train others who might seek to follow in their steps. First a class for young women, under an admirable governess, was opened with an attendance of about sixty on two evenings in the week. Next a class for young men, under a qualified tutor. Upwards of thirty joined this. By these classes I hoped to train agents, not only for others, but for ourselves in further work.

In commencing, I had a conference with two or three hundred young women of the congregation, when I explained my plans, and urged that some should devote themselves to hospital work. I told them what had been done by deaconesses

in Germany, and of recent efforts commenced in England. I told them how destitute we were of such help in Glasgow; for although there are some who have done noble service for twenty years or more, yet within no very distant date out of sixty nurses in our Infirmary not a fourth were said to be sober women! And yet that Infirmary alone opens up a field for woman's work where nearly 6000 patients are treated in the wards during the year, and at an expenditure of more than £17,000! Of what value is medical skill without good and faithful nursing? In answer to this appeal only two came forward, but I had the utmost confidence in risking the experiment with them. I was not surprised that so few among these many Christian women were ready to engage in this work, as it had long fallen into utter disrepute. I was more surprised that so few had all the necessary qualifications, even if they had been willing. Very many who had the moral qualities, were deficient in the physical. Some had no taste for it; others no nerve. But the two selected were admirably qualified, although one was, on the whole, rather young. The minimum age I stated at twenty-five; although so much depends on gravity and good

sense that I have found a few years make little difference. The first I offered to the Royal Infirmary, after a year's training in the Chalmers' Hospital, Edinburgh, was only twenty-two; but in a few days she was recognised as a model nurse. My second went out, fully equipped, to Australia. Gradually others were found willing and able for the work; so that now, at the end of two years, there are above twenty, already trained or ready to begin.

I have been deeply touched by the gratitude of patients, old and young, for the kindness, and to some of them unusual sympathy, of these nurses. On visiting the Infirmary one day I asked one of them, recently engaged, how she was getting on. She burst into tears. "Oh, Sir! I would like to get out of this ward; there are so many deaths." But it is just in such a ward I would like to see one like you, who might soothe and help the dying. Pointing to a bed, she said, "Here is one dying now." I turned and found a man in great pain, the dew of death on his pale forehead, and the eyes already turning round as if in death. My poor fellow, I said, you seem far through. Yes, he said, I haven't long to live. You know

you are dying then; do you know where you are going? I thank God, he said, I know Jesus. I looked at the nurse, as she now stood on the other side of the couch, wiping his face while her own was wet. I saw that his hand felt for hers as if it was a sister's. I said in a whisper, What an opportunity for speaking a word in season! He looked up to me and said, "O, Sir, many a good word she has given me." How different from the coarse and profane words that too often in such circumstances, as I know, had scolded some poor gasping sufferer till he was out of hearing!

Soon after these classes were established, I had the offer of certain trust funds, left by a humble Christian woman in Glasgow, the late Miss Morrison, who had accumulated by strict economy and great self-denial, in addition to a few other legacies, about £1100, with which she wished to establish an institution for training working girls in such domestic handicraft as would fit them for a working man's fireside. During last summer I was thus able to erect additional premises in the Old Wynd, and particularly a Mission Kitchen, thoroughly furnished for all good work of this kind. During the winter nearly a hundred girls

attending school have had regular training; and on the Saturday afternoon a hundred more, grown up and at work, have had lessons in all that is needful for the table and the sick room. About twenty-five are present at each lesson, and when the various articles of food are prepared the girls cover the table, some sit down and others wait. Two members of the church superintend and explain the various lessons, detailing each item of the cost; and a tidy active woman teaches the other domestic details. When the winter's work is over the summer will be devoted to the laundry. Each cooking lesson, so far as food is concerned, has not cost more than half a-crown.

We are now about to erect on part of the playground a Mission-House, with accommodation for a matron, a few Christian girls who need a home, and perhaps a bible-woman, or district nurse. Here we propose to carry on the training of household servants; so that, beginning with a good English education, followed by the various duties of a household, and crowned by a knowledge of the gospel, we hope to send forth many, the counterpart in Christian life of the little Hebrew maid

in Naaman's house. An admirable matron has devoted herself to this work, and will take charge of our whole industrial training.

A department for specific Missionary Training is also organized. The course will embrace two or three sessions and five lines of study:

- 1° Laws of Health;
- 2° Laws of Mind;
- 3° Bible Resources for Mission Work;
- 4° Christian Doctrine;
- 5° Mission History and Organization.

Several competent friends have already agreed to take part in this course. The instruction will not be confined to lectures; but will extend to various exercises in teaching, exhorting, dealing with difficulties of faith, and generally to the practical working of a variety of mission agencies. A Library of all English books on missions, or illustrative of the great variety of Christian life and work, is being formed. Those who have not already a sufficient preliminary education, will enter the preparatory classes. For these, as well as for the mission curriculum, the introduction of a minister will be the only preliminary condition. It is thus proposed to train

for all varieties of mission work in which high literary qualifications are not required; but whenever a student indicates qualities fitted for higher training, means will be found to facilitate his progress. It is hoped that thus many may be fitted for the home and foreign field, and that hundreds may take advantage of the course for sabbath school teaching, or other congregational and district work. These classes may gradually form the centre of a Home Mission College; and, as in a gothic structure we may add from time to time parts not drawn in the first design, so we may affiliate to this such helpful institutions as our work may suggest and God's good providence may still, as hitherto, permit us to build. Some such additions are already designed, but have not yet place in this WORK IN THE WYND.